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Frontier Times

May, 1969 FT K

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MODERN KITCHEN 50 YEARS OLD!
A MIGHTY BREW!
All over the West, Most folks agreed;
AFTER THE COFFEE, THINGS AIN'T SO BAD!

8

RELICS
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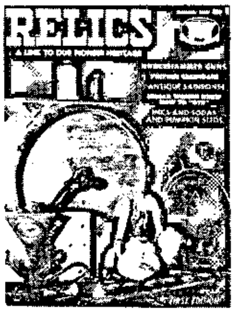
Shown below are the issues we've published to date—each one a valuable collectors item in its own right! In order to insure that new collectors may be afforded an opportunity to acquire a COMPLETE SET of these important reference volumes, we've reserved a limited supply of each issue. Order these back issues BY NUMBER, NOW!—while they're still to be had at their original price, 35c each. Better yet, SUBSCRIBE NOW, so you won't miss a single issue from here on out. Your subscription will start with the current issue shown at top of page. Treasure hunters and relickers know that bargain opportunities of this sort just DON'T LAST! So . . . HURRY! (RELICS will not be available at newsstands!)



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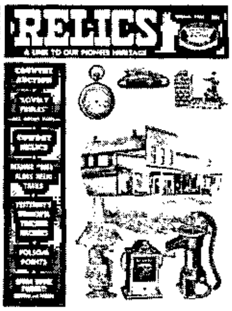

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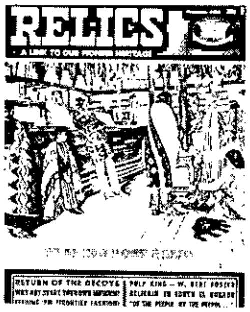

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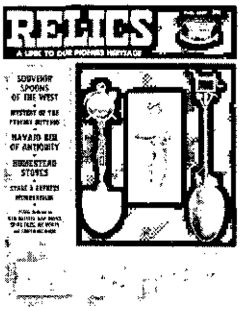
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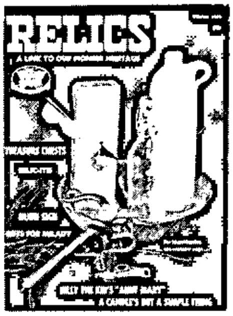

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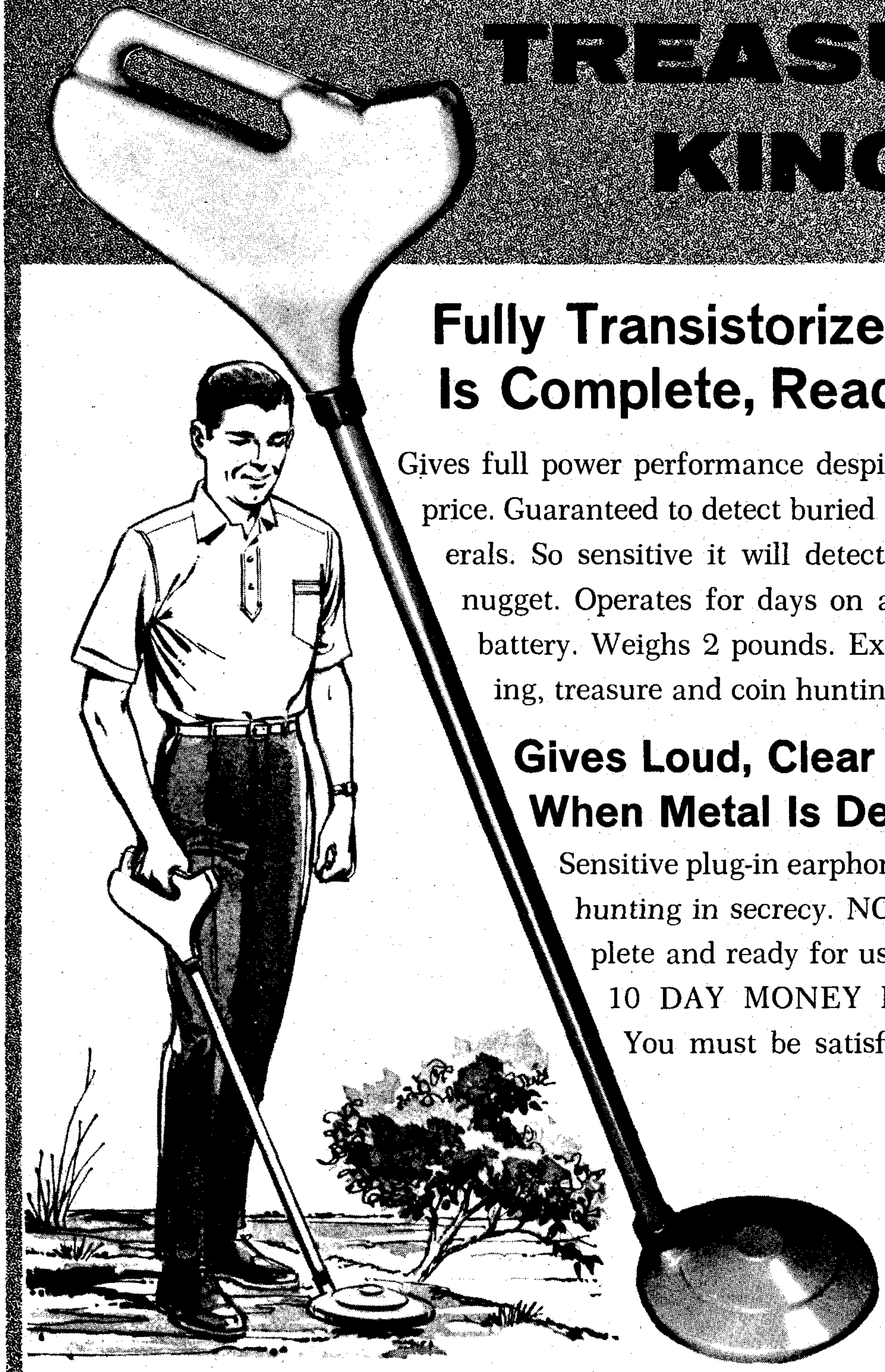

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FRONTIER TIMES

A Joe Small Publication

April-May, 1969
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True Stories of the West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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"Smallpox—The White Man's Gift"

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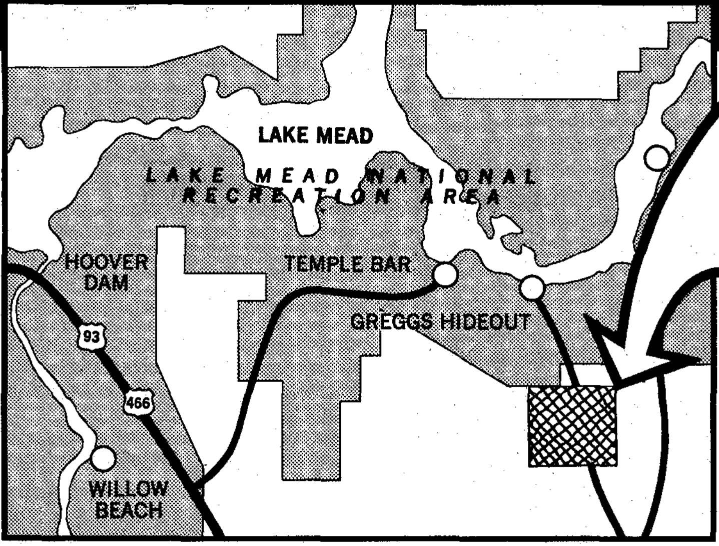

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FRONTIER POST

The Santa Fe Trail

Dear Sirs:

In noting an article in your January 1969 FRONTIER TIMES, written by Ike Osteen, I decided to add my bit if you permit.

My father, Jesse Hood, traveled along the Santa Fe Trail with his family in 1885. They camped overnight at Cold Spring's campground but moved on west into New Mexico, then returned in 1894.

At that time my father took squatter's rights there and a short time later he homesteaded 160 acres in that area, including the spring and campground in 1895.

Much excavating had been done on the old campsite by seekers of buried treasure. This search continued even after we settled there. I can remember one Sunday we visited and had dinner with a neighbor. Returning rather late we discovered we also had had visitors who had left many pits and so on throughout our yard and corrals. None of these had been refilled. My father was very much provoked but there was nothing to do but refill the holes and level the ground.

We found no trace of the finding of buried treasure of any kind. But we wish Mr. Osteen the best of luck.—Annie Hood Carter, Box 1275, Rifle, Colorado 81650

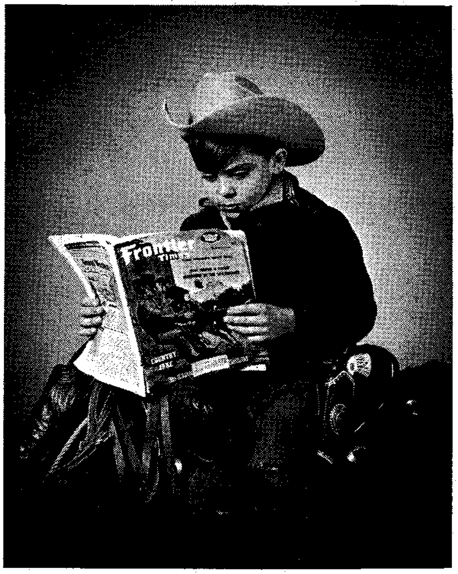
Palo Pinto

Dear Sir:

The story "Trailing West" in the January 1969 FRONTIER TIMES is very good. I lived in Palo Pinto County from 1933 to 1942 and have seen many places there. The picture of Palo Pinto on page 23 looks like the buildings across from the old courthouse. Several were there in the late 1930s. It was during that time that the old courthouse was torn down and rebuilt. Each block was cleaned and put back in the building with nothing wasted and made a very beautiful building on the same site. While the rebuilding was going on, the buildings across were used in place of the courthouse.

I have been to Palo Pinto and through there many times. It was the only town between Strawn and Mineral Wells in Palo Pinto County during the time we lived at Mingus not far from Strawn. Mingus was on the railroad line from Fort Worth to El Paso. We also lived for a time near Weatherford at a little place called Garner. The railroad there ran from Weatherford to Mineral Wells and back and was a spur of the Fort Worth to El Paso line.

The T. P. lake for the railroad was at Mingus. We lived on a hill above the lake. East of Mingus were two lakes at Thurber, a coal mining town. When we moved to Mingus in the early 1930s the mines had just been closed down and also the mine between Strawn and Mingus closed down later as it was flooded out. Some coal mining went on enough though (at Strawn as late as 1941) to keep the people around there in coal, but no coal was shipped out anymore. People moved out of Thurber and of course the school had to close too. Mingus had a school and also Strawn. Many people still live there as farming and cattle raising keep it going. I hope they go on for many more years.—Bessie A. Vann, P. O. Box 3194, Poplar, California 93257



Our Buddy

Dear Sir:

I am a professional photographer and assistant manager of Ken Photo Shop here in Casper, Wyoming. Also I am the secretary-treasurer of the Wyoming Professional Photographers of America. With this picture I won the Masters Award for the best print of the year in the state competition for 1968. Also I won first place in the child portraiture division in the Rocky Mountain Professional Photographers Association competition 1968. And to top it off the picture won a merit award in the Professional Photographers Association of America and hung in Chicago at the 1968 Convention. So you see that I am very proud of this photograph; the little boy in the picture is my seven-year-old son, Stacy.—E. G. Haughawout, 1114 W. 20th Street, Casper, Wyoming 82601

Ben Daniels

Dear Sir:

Have you ever run a story on Ben Daniels? I worked for Mr. Daniels for a time as auto driver while in my teens. Now what has bothered me for many years—who was the originator of the six-shooter belt suspension Mr. Daniels used? His was the only one I have ever seen. Everyone that knew Mr. Daniels on seeing that hook-up connected it with him. Like all well-dressed males of that time, I had my own Colt .38-40 on a .45 frame but countless times when Mr. Daniels would want someone to come in, he would hand me his belt and .45 Colt and say, "Put this on and tell so-and-so Ben said to come see him."

I never had an argument with him. I never asked him where he got the hook-up. I will try to explain what it looked like. A regular screw was taken out and a special elongated one substituted. There was no drawing. He simply grasped the handle and pushed down, tipped the gun on a level for hip shooting, or raised it slightly and pushed forward and it was free of the belt. Mr. Daniels used a plain belt, no cartridge loops.

One night while driving him to Nogales, a coyote ran in front of the car. Those old car seats were high enough so that a person's waist sitting down was higher than the dash. Mr. Daniels forgot that there was a windshield. He tipped up his .45 and shot right through it. I don't know where the coyote went.—Rex McDonnell, Orange, Texas 77630

Rex we can't help you with your question, but see page 6 for a story about your boss. Hope you'll enjoy it.

Tripe Recipe

Readers of FRONTIER TIMES:

This is to you old-timers and I know some of you will come through for me. Along about forty years ago or more, ranchmen and farmers butchered their own meat. Most of the men were good cooks also. Along with the butchering they removed the tripe, better known then as stomach or paunch. This was cleaned, parboiled, scraped, stuffed and baked slowly—sometimes in a Dutch oven—until it was very moist and was delicious. As I was rather young I did not ask too many questions so what I did observe does not stand me in good stead now. I know it had onions and potatoes and other things in it along with seasonings. I am wanting this recipe very badly, along with friends of mine. Will some of you old-timers be a good neighbor and send me the ingredients? I can prepare the tripe.—Nona Fleming, 5035 Alpha Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida 32205

Kerwin

Gentlemen:

Your story of old Kerwin in your July 1967 FRONTIER TIMES reminded me of an authentic story I know about the old town.

We had leased the ranch owned by Old Dad with the understanding that he

(Continued on page 72)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

RANGE LIFE

Rawhide Rhymes, Singing Poems of the Old West (Doubleday, $4.95) is a collection of the poems of the old maestro, S. Omar Barker. This is the first book appearance of most of the poems previously published in such widely diverse magazines as the *Satevepost* and *The Cattleman.* Fred Gipson wrote the foreword and says it all the better than your reviewer possibly could—"It's as western as sagebrush, authentic as a brush-scuffed old boot, and full of warm-hearted humor that seems always to be a part of the men who ride where the range is wide." Nick Eggenhofer contributes a series of some twenty fine drawings. Omar and Nick know how to team up on cows, horses, cowboys, ranchers, outlaws and their doings. You'll love it.

LIFE ON THE RIO GRANDE

Following the Drum (Steck-Vaughn, $5.95) by Mrs. Egbert L. Viele and with a new introduction by James M. Day is a reprint in Steck-Vaughn's Life and Adventure Series. Mrs. Viele describes a trip from New York to Texas via Cuba, New Orleans, and Galveston as a young army wife. Her experiences in an army fort on the Rio Grande in the early 1850s—Ringgold Barracks—are related with detail and color. Mrs. Viele even describes the personalities of the chickens. Her remarks on Havana, Cuba might be made today, except for some of the principals—"To the Cubans, the word freedom is a mockery; the suspicious and vigilant watchfulness practiced by the Spanish authorities is almost incredible to us." The food in Texas was flavored with red ants . . . "they tasted something like caraway seed, and were not as disagreeable as a novice might suppose." She describes the heroic and chivalrous Texans and the loving nature of the Mexicans. Of the Comanche she said, "He is bloody, brutal, licentious, and an innate thief. . . . Actual extermination seems to suggest itself as the only remedy against this scourge." She later relents somewhat recognizing the Indians' grievance at having their lands stolen. After ending her stay in Texas and returning to New York, Mrs. Viele's final thought was, "The past is very tender at my heart, and I can now only recall the bright and glowing recollections of following the drum." This book ranks with the best written by army wives of the early West.

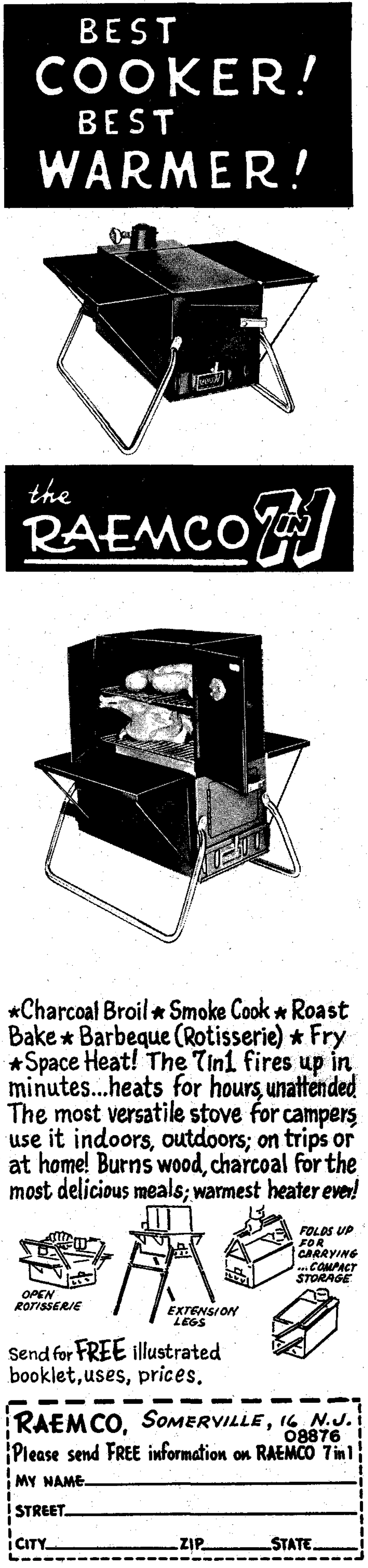
NO PICNIC!

Hell Holes and Hangings (Clarendon Press, $5.95) by Fred Harrison of Amarillo, Texas, former newspaperman and now a free lance writer, is an informal history of Western territorial prisons. Idaho, Utah, Montana, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Arizona, Colorado and California prisons are treated in separate chapters. The Arizona Territorial Prison at Yuma may have been the worst of the lot—the "Hell Hole" was only 137 feet above sea level and some of the inmates felt that the temperature was about the same. While the prisoners in the other territorial jails did not have to endure the heat and humidity of Yuma's Hell Hole they too had their problems—brutal guards, poor food, forced labor and corrupt officials. This is the author's first book and he has packed a lot into it—sketches of the more notorious prisoners, prison breaks, the Congressional investigation of the U. S. marshals and the first abortive attempts at prison reform. Much has been written about the outlaws who ended up in the territorial prisons and the peace officers who sent them there but this seems to be the first attempt at a survey of the conditions under which the wrongdoers paid their debts to society. There is a bibliography but an index would greatly facilitate the use of the text. The pictorial section is quite good and the publisher has produced an attractive volume.

PICTURES PLUS

The Enduring Navaho (University of Texas Press, $17.50) is a beautiful book by Laura Gilpin, the well known master photographer of Santa Fe. It *is* a picture book and a great one, but a picture book plus. To this reviewer the text is almost as fascinating as the pictures—in all respects they complement and supplement each other. Perhaps Miss Gilpin did fall under a spell of the Navaho but the story comes through loud and clear—and objectively. She spent fifteen years gathering the material for the text and some of the photos were made as long as thirty years ago. This is fortunate since the pictorial record she made constitutes a bench mark in the changing times and ways of the Navaho. This is a big book and many of the 240 photos are reproduced in full-page size and over twenty are in full color. They cover Navaho land and people and just about every aspect of life in their country. A

(Continued on page 62)



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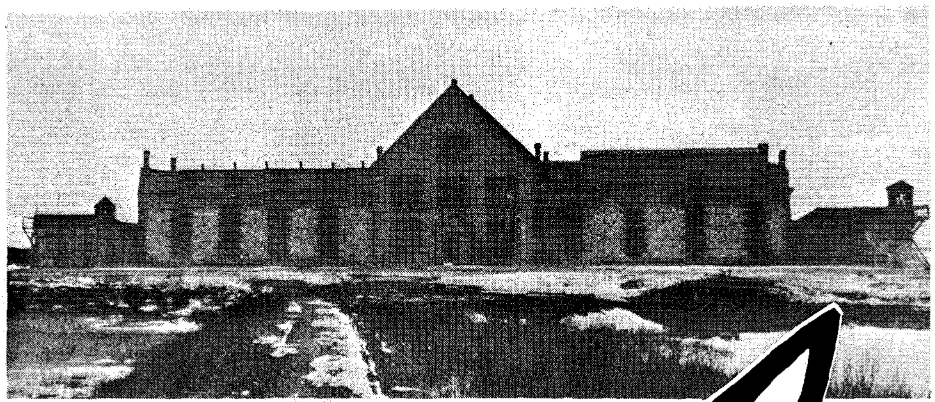


Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

The state prison at Laramie, Wyoming, as it looked when Ben Daniels served his sentence for attempted theft of government mules.

Fighting

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

Ben Daniels had a past that wouldn't stand the spotlight. Living it down turned out to be the biggest battle of his life . . .

Author's note: Few men lived as colorful a life as Benjamin Franklin Daniels and yet western historians have scarcely mentioned his name. He is inevitably listed as one of the colorful characters of old Dodge City, but few writers have ever bothered to tell us why. He was and is a man of mystery in the annals of the Frontier West, but he cast a big shadow and his record as a man is worth bringing into sharper focus. Robert M. Wright, the eminent pioneer and historian of old Dodge City, perhaps summed up what writers generally felt about Daniels. "I regret," wrote Wright in his book, *Dodge City, The Cowboy Capitol,* "I cannot give . . . Daniels a more extended notice for want of space." This has been his fate and perhaps it's just as well for it seems that no one really knew much about him. Even Wright, who knew Ben in Dodge City, told inaccurate stories concerning him to the newspapers.

But if Daniels, the enigma, has been passed over by the historians Daniels, the man, is well worth examining. It is high time he is given his proper niche in the story of the West. At last he has the space and this is his story.

"DAMMIT BEN, why didn't you tell me about these things?" The stocky man with the pince-nez glasses and bushy moustache squinted at Ben Daniels and pounded his fist into his hand. "Washington is full of people just waiting for me to make a false move and this thing is giving them all the ammunition they need to help shoot me down!"

Daniels shifted his position in the chair and appeared obviously ill at ease, but he looked his antagonist squarely in the eye as he spoke. "I'm sorry, Mr. President, I should have mentioned these things, but they just didn't seem important. These people are making something out of nothing. As for my record—well, I had just clean forgotten about that." It was as simple as that to Ben Daniels and as far as he was concerned he would rise or fall on that statement. He settled back in his chair and began chewing on his pipe.

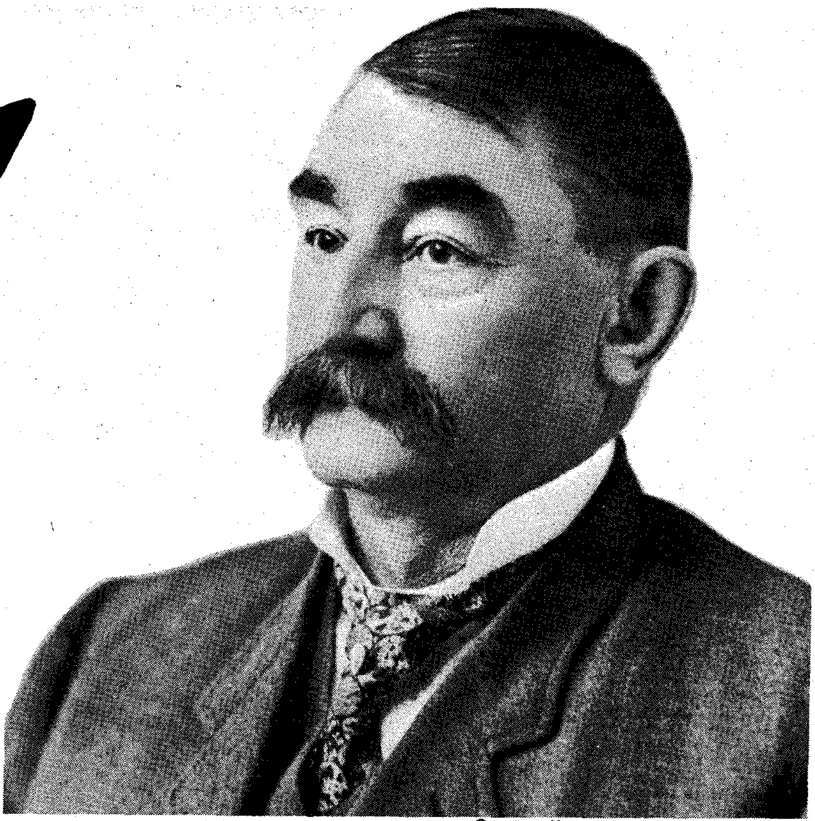
Theodore Roosevelt paced quickly over to where Attorney General Knox was standing by the window. After conversing in low tones for a moment, the President asked Daniels to wait in the outer office. Ben closed the door behind him and strolled slowly over to an elaborately draped window. As he gazed out over a snow-covered Washington, D. C., a thoughtful expression came over his face and he dug his pipe into a time-worn leather tobacco pouch.

Perhaps he wondered at this time just why he didn't simply disappear and forget the whole thing. After all, what business did he have standing outside the President's office? What right had he, a poorly educated Westerner with a past steeped in violence, to call a President friend? And why should he expect Teddy Roosevelt to stick by him when he (Daniels) had caused so much trouble and embarrassment? But what was done was done and there was no use feeling sorry for himself now. He would see it through to the end and hope for the best.

It was cold outside and as Ben looked out the window he thought about the long trip back to Arizona Territory. He thought too about the past and the long trail which had culminated at the nation's capitol. Forty-eight years ago it had all begun—not really so long ago, but it seemed like ages. How could so much happen in such a short span of years? Perhaps he thought of the home on the Illinois prairie and of the mother, brothers and sisters he could hardly remember. Thinking and remembering of the restlessness and the wandering, so long ago.

BEN WAS BORN on November 4, 1854, in LaSalle County, Illinois, near the small town of Dayton. His parents were Aaron and Virginia Daniels and they decided to name their new son after a great American, Benjamin Franklin. Little is known of the early life of Ben, but he had two brothers and four sisters and they undoubtedly grew up in the typical

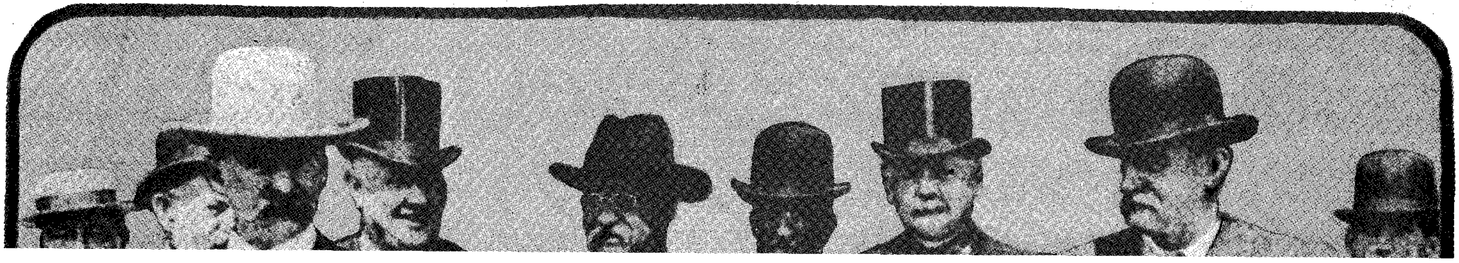
Man!

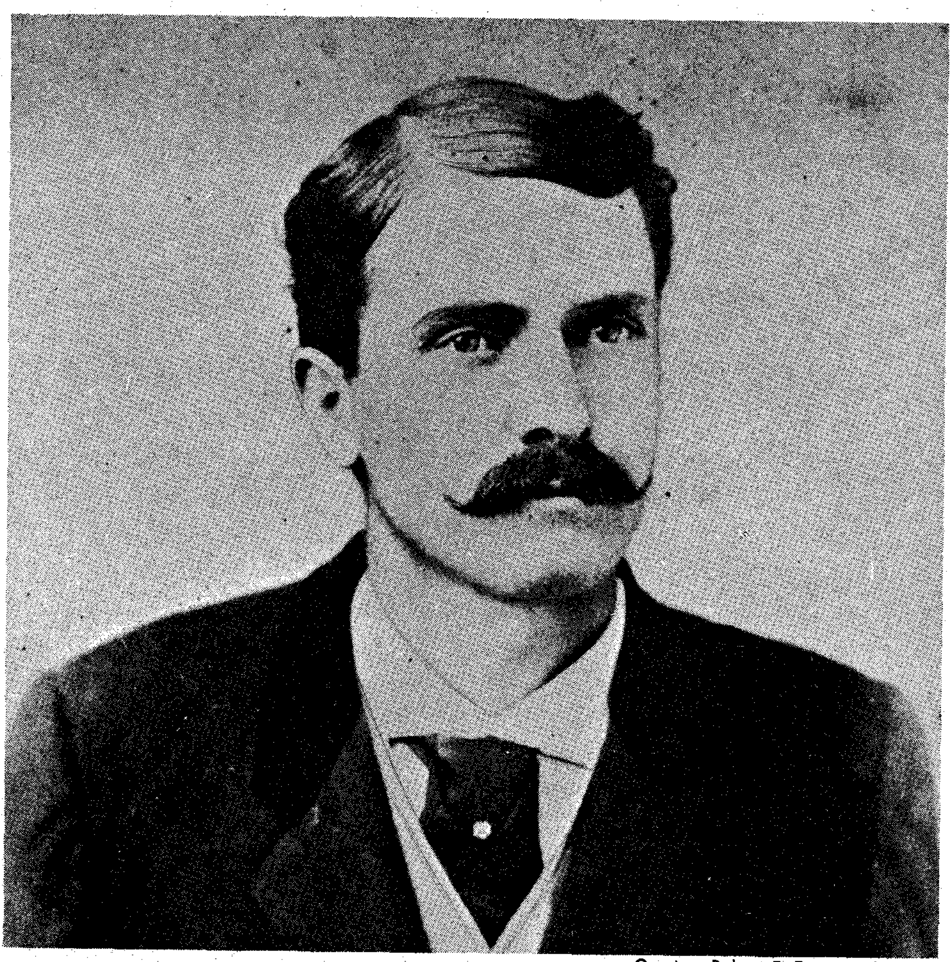


Right, Benjamin Franklin Daniels, United States marshal for Arizona. When the old fighting man had made good, he sent a copy of this photograph to his former boss, Bill Tilghman. Below, Denver gave Teddy Roosevelt a big western welcome and parade when he visited there in 1910. Roosevelt, center left, is shown leaving Union depot with Governor Shafroth on his right. Fred Dodge, the veteran Wells Fargo detective is on the left, foreground, and the big man on the right is former U. S. Marshal Ben Daniels.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society





Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Collection

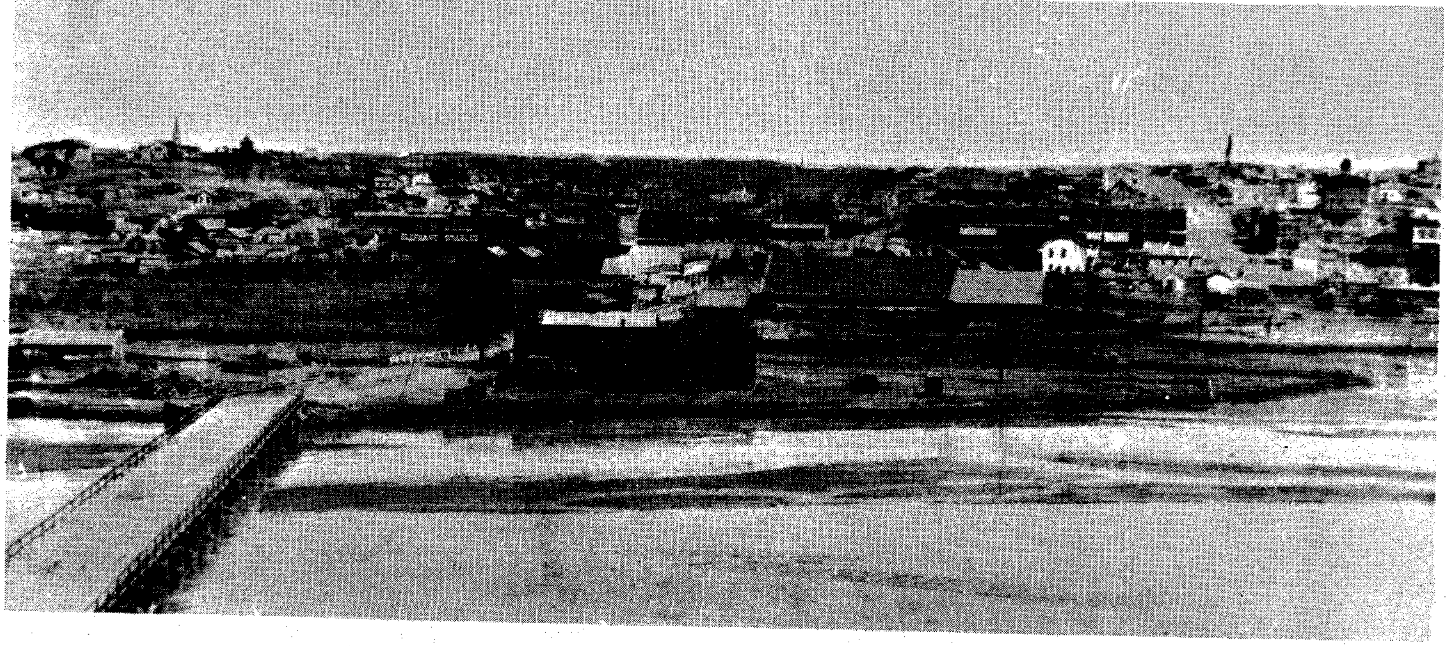
Bill Tilghman, one of the most respected and colorful peace officers of the West, as he looked in the 1880s when Daniels was his assistant in Dodge City.

farm atmosphere of the period. It isn't even known for sure that the elder Daniels was a farmer, but the fact that he lived some distance from his neighbors would seem to indicate that this was the case.

Sometime in 1865, Aaron Daniels was away from home when a terrible tragedy struck the family. An old newspaper account gave a brief recital of the occurrence. "At this time [Ben's] mother, his two brothers and four sisters died from Cholera, and he himself was left for dead, but he was resuscitated by a neighbor who saw signs of life in him. From Illinois his father, who had survived the scourge, moved to Kansas, taking the only remaining member of his family with him."

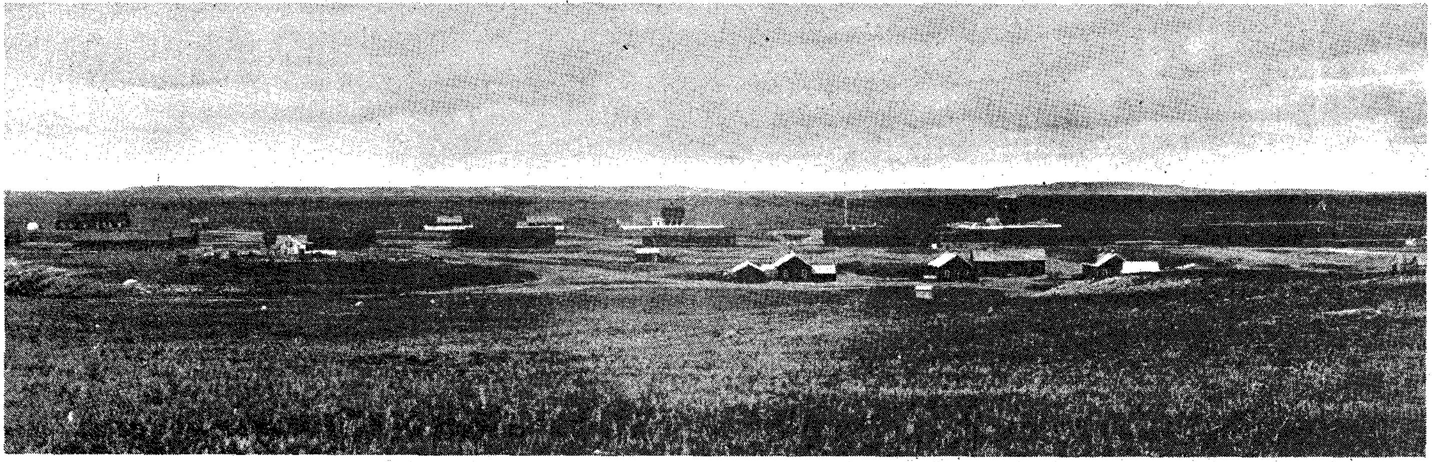
Young Ben and his father settled in Ottowa, Kansas, and began to rebuild their shattered lives. Whether there existed a breach between father and son because of the tragedy they had sustained, or merely a restlessness which was building up in Ben even at this age, is not known, but the boy decided to leave home. According to another old newspaper account, Ben wandered south into Texas. He was only eleven years old at the time, but was big for his age and eventually wound up as a cowboy. This phase of Daniels' life was confirmed many years later in a letter written by one Sam W. Wormwood, who stated that he had worked with Ben on the range in Texas from 1868 to 1871. Abilene, Kansas, was the shipping point for Texas cattle in those days and if Ben made any of these drives he undoubtedly experienced the cowboys' wild way of life which he would help to control many years later at Dodge City.

The Panhandle of Texas was the scene of extensive buffalo hunting in 1877. Spring of that year found many of the hunters gathered at Charlie Rath's camp, which had come to be known as Rath City. It could hardly be called a town, much less a city, but the little settlement of soddies, tents and buffalo hide buildings was a supply depot and resting place for the hunters. They were gathered there as word spread out over the buffalo ranges that the Comanches were raiding again. Earlier that winter, a group of hunters had gone out after the Indians, but had been badly outnumbered in the resulting battle and merely succeeded in stirring up the Comanches more. It is thought that Ben Daniels was hunting at this time and took part in the fight, but there is



Looking across the Arkansas River at Dodge City in 1887. Ben's Green Front Saloon was in the group of buildings in the middle foreground, just before crossing the tracks to Front Street.

Courtesy Original Robert E. Eagan Collection



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Camp Carlin, Wyoming, as it looked in the 1870s. It was here that Ben Daniels tried to steal some army mules and was caught.

nothing to substantiate it beyond legend.

It was in keeping with Daniels' restless nature for him to have tired of the drudgery of ranch life and become a buffalo hunter. In later years he mentioned to friends his Indian fighting days, although he was never specific. It is substantiated, however, that he was at Rath City during the spring of 1877 and that he lolled around camp with the others, waiting for news of the Comanches.

One day a hunter spurred into Rath's with the news that John Sharp had been wounded by Indians just a few miles away. A group of hunters went out to bring in the injured man and returned just in time to see a raiding party of seventy-five Indians driving away all of the horses from Rath City. The whole settlement was now without horses deep in Comanche country.

Ben and the other hunters no doubt felt mighty foolish, but they were fighting mad too. They secured more horses from the ranches around Fort Griffin and organized an expedition. Twenty-four hunters set out and scouted in wide circles but, although they struck an Indian trail, the Comanches knew they were being followed and led them all over the countryside. A few weeks later the hunters aligned themselves with Captain Nicholas Nolan and sixty troopers of colored cavalry. The combined force, referring to their expedition as the Forlorn Hope Campaign, set out to locate the Indians, but found only a blistering, sun-baked landscape, thirst and privation. The whole command came within a whisper of dying of thirst, and the hunters eventually wound up at the saloon in Rath City where they were told the Comanches had returned to the reservation. By the time they could get organized and fix up their gear it was late September, but at last the big buffalo guns were booming again.

Thousands of the buffalo hunters were getting into new lines of work by 1878 as the hunting had clearly become a very limited business. Dodge City was the headquarters for many of the hide hunters and dealers and Ben inevitably drifted there when hunting became too competitive. H. P. Myton, an early city official and peace officer of Dodge, wrote that he first met Ben there in 1878.

H. P. "Charlie" Myton, a good friend of Daniels at Dodge City.

Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Collection

NOTHING is known of Daniels' activities after he left the buffalo range except that he spent some time at Dodge. He was still wandering, drifting from one line of work to another, trying to find his place in life, and he no doubt sustained himself by various odd jobs. Possibly life in Dodge soon palled on Ben after his years of living in the open. Whatever the case, he soon left town and drifted north. He may have decided to seek the bigger buffalo herds of the northern country, but all that is known for sure of him between 1878 and 1880 is that he found himself traveling with a tough group of men. Whether these men were out-of-work hunters who were down on their luck, or just hardcases to begin with, is not known, but their influence on Ben Daniels was anything but good, and he soon obtained his first press notice.

The following brief item published in the Cheyenne *Daily Leader* on June 11, 1880: "The District Court—Judge J. B. Sener, U. S. vs. Benjamin Daniels. W. W. Corlett moved for a sentence, and there being no objection, the court allowed Mr. Daniels to make a statement after which he was sentenced to 3 years and 6 months imprisonment in the penitentiary at Laramie City."

It would be interesting to know what Daniels said when he made the statement, but so far the court records of the case have not been located. In later years he stated simply that he had fallen in with a bad set of men and had been left holding the bag when the chips were down. Little is known of the affair except that Ben and at least one other man had attempted to steal some government mules from Perry Orgen, the pack master at Camp Carlin, Wyoming. Ben was caught, tried, and sentenced as related above.

Information contained in Daniels' prison record is revealing and gives us not only a physical description, but some indication of the hard life he had lived. "U. S. vs. Benjamin Daniels," the record relates, "Crime—Larceny. Age—28, Occupation—Laborer, Height—five feet, ten inches, Complexion—fair, Hair—Dark Brown, Eyes—Brown, Religion—

Patrick Sughrue, sheriff of Ford County in 1884 and under whom Daniels first worked as a lawman.

Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Collection

JENNINGS & Co.
LAW LOTS LANDS LOANS

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Ingalls, Kansas, where Ben Daniels played his part in the violent county seat war of 1889.

Methodist, Education—common."

The abstract of the record continues with a more detailed description: "He is a large, strong built man weighing 165 pounds. Has a thin face, large roman nose, bushy eyebrows and ears that stand out straight from his head. Nose has been broken and the lobe of his right ear is missing. The letters B. D. are in Indian ink on his right arm. A small scar is under the right knee and a small scar on the left knee. A large round scar on the left shoulder blade. He is pockmarked slightly on the body and considerably on the face. Has had small pox."

What story lay behind these scars and unchronicled years? Where had he been and what had he done? We can only speculate and wonder.

Ben was a model prisoner. He was allowed time off for good behavior and was discharged on August 28, 1883. He lost no time in putting Wyoming Territory behind him and seems to have gone directly to Dodge City, where he had friends who could perhaps help him find work and settle down. His friend Charley Myton was by then a deputy sheriff of Ford County and Ben was probably relieved to find out that no one knew anything about his Wyoming troubles.

Daniels found work, renewed old friendships and cultivated new ones. Dodge City looked pretty good to him after a Wyoming prison and he thought he might like to get into police work. He met Bill Tilghman, Bat Masterson, Neil Brown and other members of the six-shooter set. Ben liked and admired these men and was often seen in their company. Tilghman was operating a saloon at the time, but he sold out and in April 1884 was appointed city marshal with Tom Nixon as his assistant.

EARLY in the summer of 1884 Ben was offered the post of deputy sheriff of Ford County and he accepted the position. Pat Sughrue was sheriff and, since he was out of town quite often, Ben was kept busy learning his new business and carrying out his duties. We can assume that Daniels proved to be an efficient officer since he was hired for ten days' duty as a special policeman in July.

Daniels helped arrest gambler Dave St. Clair on July 6 after a shooting in Webster's saloon. Bing Choate was a young cattleman from Goliad, Texas, and after imbibing a little too much cowtown tanglefoot, he announced to all within earshot that he "was the fastest s-o-b in town." He was in an ugly mood and began abusing St. Clair and poking his cane in the gambler's face. When Choate began waving his pistol around, St. Clair stood up with his arms folded and told him that he would "take that pistol and shove it where it would do the most good," or words to that effect. At that Choate tried to draw his weapon, but the gambler drew and killed him. Daniels and several other officers soon arrived and arrested St. Clair, but it was obviously self-defense and he was released and immediately headed west.

Tom Nixon had replaced Mysterious Dave Mather as assistant marshal after the election in April and there were hard feelings between the two men. Marshal Bill Tilghman always maintained that Mather was hanging around Nixon's wife and that this was the cause of their feud. Whatever the roots of the trouble were, things took a turn for the worse on the night of July 18. Unable to put up with the situation any longer, Nixon took a shot at Mather as he was standing at the head of the Opera House stairs. The assistant marshal missed his mark although Mather's face was powder-burned and his hand was injured by a flying splinter. Sheriff Sughrue arrested Nixon and put him in jail, but Mather cunningly refused to make a complaint. He would settle this his own way. As the Dodge City *Democrat* noted in its columns ". . . from all appearances the end is not yet." Three days later the feud was ended.

Tilghman had told his assistant, "With a man like Mather, you ought to shoot straight or not at all. Watch out, Tom, or he'll get you."

About ten o'clock on the night of July 21, Mather was just coming down the stairs of the Opera House, where he had a saloon. It was exactly the same situation as when Nixon had shot at him previously, almost to the hour. As he reached the foot of the stairs, Dave saw Nixon standing a few yards away at the corner of Front and First Streets. One can imagine the crafty smile that must have flitted across Mather's face as he saw his hated assailant. He called out Nixon's name as he pulled his pistol and as Tom turned, he called out again. Nixon fell at the first shot and Mather pumped three more shots into him, almost any of which would have proved fatal. Mysterious Dave then shoved his pistol into his pocket and walked back up the Opera House stairs. Dodge had another marshal for breakfast. Sheriff Sughrue came sprinting down the street with Bill Tilghman close on his heels. The two officers caught Mather as he was walking toward the rear door of his saloon and he surrendered quietly.

Mysterious Dave was eventually tried and acquitted for the killing, but he bore Tilghman a grudge for helping to arrest him and probably also because he was a close friend of Nixon. He left Dodge for a time, but swore to come back and kill Marshal Tilghman and several other Dodge citizens who had incurred his wrath. Meanwhile, the town was without an assistant marshal during one of its biggest cattle-shipping seasons.

AFTER Nixon's funeral, the city officials asked Tilghman whom he would like for his new assistant. He picked Ben Daniels and the new assistant marshal was duly appointed on July 24, 1884.

This was to be a big year in Dodge City's history with some 300,000 cattle coming up the trail from Texas. With the cattle came the drovers and Tilghman carefully coached his new assistant in his personally evolved psychology on handling the wild, young Texans. Tilghman, besides being perhaps the best of the frontier peace officers, was a kindly man and a shrewd judge of human nature. He explained to Ben that the efficiency of an officer should be judged by the trouble that does NOT arise on his beat.

"Have fun, boys," he would tell the frisky cowmen, "but don't start any trouble." He could be tough when the need arose, but only as a last resort.

Ben's duties didn't consist wholly of handling obstreperous cowboys and he knew from his previous experience that police work was generally routine. There were the water barrels to check and make sure they were always full. City ordinances had to be complied with by the merchants and the meager sanitary regulations must be enforced. Sometimes he made the rounds with Tilghman collecting licenses and fees for the city. The marshal drew an extra $25 for this service, otherwise both he and his assistant were each paid $100 a month in salary.

One day Tilghman asked Daniels how he had come to lose part of his right ear. "In a fight," was all Ben would say on the subject and in later years Tilghman recalled how Daniels would always have his photographs taken from the left side so the tattered ear wouldn't show.

One of Ben's first shooting scrapes as a Dodge lawman was recorded by the Dodge City *Democrat* on August 9, 1884:

"On last Monday night, a cowboy went into Nelson Cary's saloon and commenced playing at one of the 'free-for-all' games. He had not played long, however, before he and the dealer got to quarreling, both using some very bad language. The cowboy then started out, but when within three feet of the door he reached down and pulled a six-shooter from his boot and commenced firing at the gambler. After firing three shots he turned and ran, with the assistant marshal in close pursuit. He could not be captured, however, and the marshal returned after giving him a long chase and firing five or six shots at him. The only blood that was drawn was when young Hart went through the back window. He was going at such speed though that he received but slight injuries."

On December 10, 1884, Ben arrested a man named Claussen who was wanted in Newton, Kansas. Claussen had been keeping steady company with a young German girl, and when she transferred her affection to another man there was trouble. Obviously of an unstable nature, Claussen had seized upon a plan of revenge and at the first opportunity had thrown vitriolic acid on the young lady. It was thought that the acid had merely struck and destroyed a heavy cloak the girl was wearing, but when Marshal Curry of Newton arrived to pick up the prisoner, Ben learned that the girl had been disfigured for life and that Claussen would be facing a mighty uncertain future.

Earlier in the year the Dodge City *Globe* complained editorially about the use of pistols in town. There was an ordinance prohibiting weapons in the city and the newspaper seemed to think that the police weren't doing enough to enforce it.

Whenever there was a fight, guns seemed to appear, but in all fairness to the officers it would have been impossible to search everyone in town. Pistols were hidden in back pockets or boots and were easily available in saddle bags or hotel rooms. At the election in November, however, the *Globe* had nothing but praise for the marshal and his men. "We feel proud," noted the newspaper, "of the fact that there was no need of a large extra police force in this city on election day. Marshal Tilghman and his usual daily force attended to their duties nobly, and peace and quiet was the order of the day. We feel proud of these facts."

ONE DAY Mysterious Dave Mather returned to Dodge. He had not forgotten his pledge to kill Tilghman and he took a room in a local lodging house, stocking it with an ample supply of weapons and ammunition. Luckily, someone noticed Dave's arrival and notified Tilghman. The first time Dave tried to leave the building, he found his intended victim waiting for him and he dodged back inside his quarters. The only entrance to Mather's room was by an outside stairway and the mysterious one could be picked off easily by anyone waiting for him. Even at night he could not leave, as a street light shone full on the stairway.

Tilghman, Ben Daniels and one Doctor Chouteau, who was also on Mather's list, took turns watching the stairway and Dave couldn't even come down for a bite of food. At the end of a week, the badman had had enough and one day while Ben was on duty he noticed a white flag waving from Mather's room. Ben sent word to Tilghman that the vigil was over and while the marshal and Doctor Chouteau talked with Dave, Ben kept his pistol ready. Tilghman's terms were simple. If Dave would come down the stairs with his hands up and no weapons on him, he would be escorted to the station where he could catch the next train. Further, he must promise never to come back. Since he had no choice in the matter, Dave readily accepted.

Tilghman was registering in a hotel in Kansas City six months later when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to face Dave Mather and it was a tense moment as the two men looked each other in the eye. To Tilghman's relief, Dave merely asked him how he was and inquired about the news of Dodge City. After talking for a few minutes, Mather left and it was the last Tilghman ever saw of him.

Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Collection

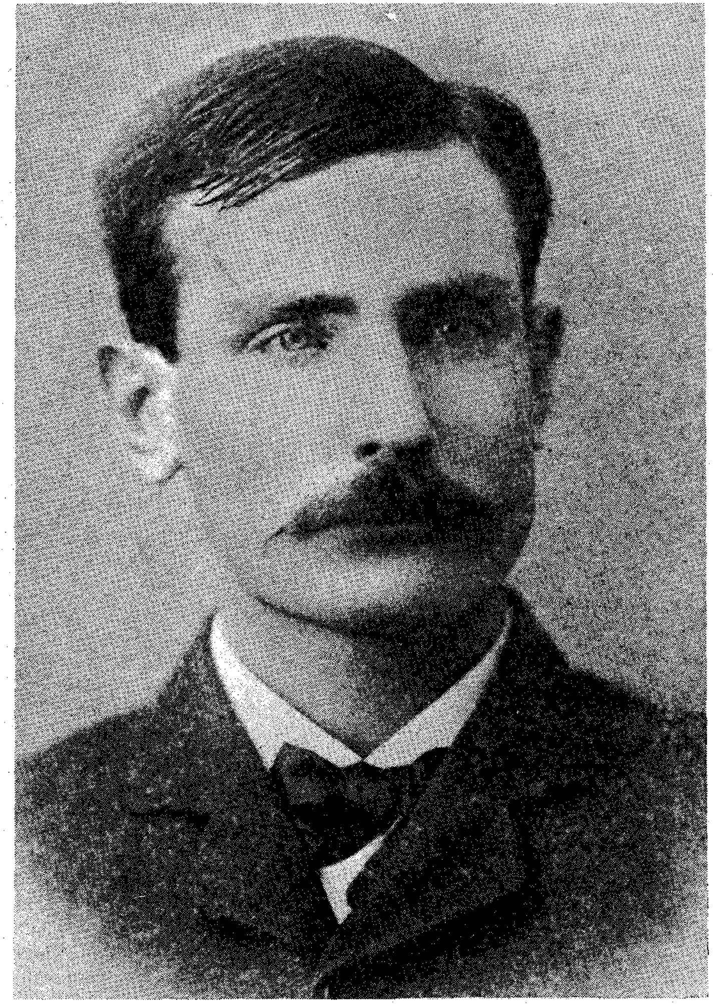
Robert M. Wright was mayor of Dodge City when Daniels was a lawman there. Wright later defended Ben during his Arizona troubles.

Since this incident never appeared in the Dodge papers, we can only assume that one of the terms for Dave's surrendering was that the story would be kept quiet. Undoubtedly the magnanimous Tilghman would not have let the story get out anyway and it was only many years later that he related the incident to his wife.

On April 7, 1885, the annual election was held and Robert M. Wright was chosen mayor. Both Tilghman and Daniels were immediately reappointed to their respective positions so we can conclude that they had proved able and efficient officers.

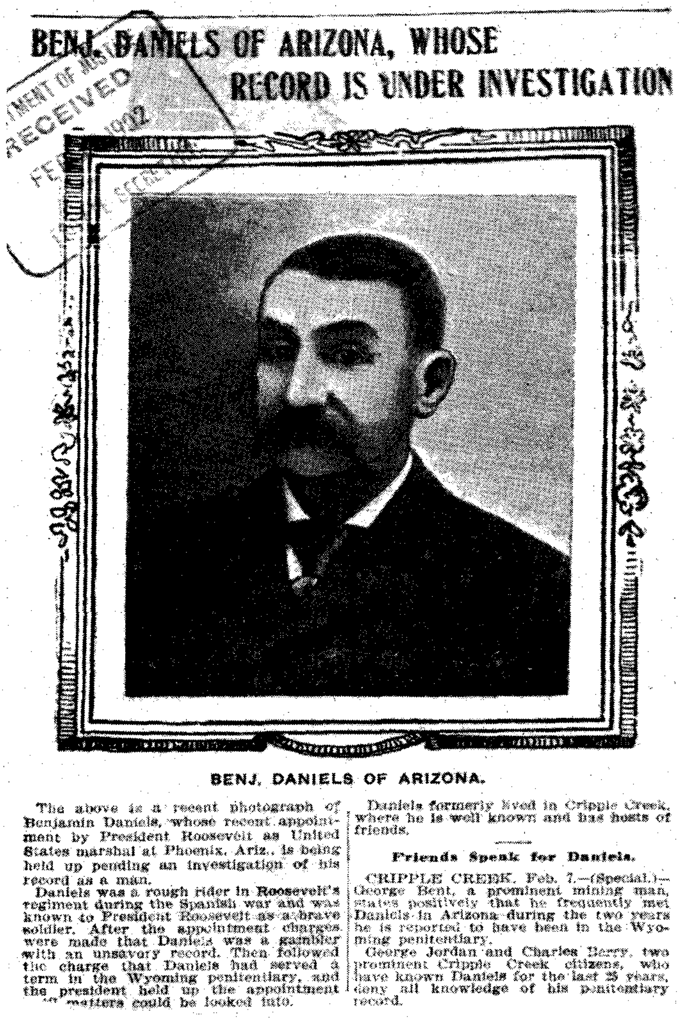
In his regular patrols of the city, Daniels was often called "below the deadline," as the red-light district was known, to break up fights and generally keep order. One of the girls was a particular troublemaker and seemed to enjoy giving Ben a bad time. Finally he had enough and the result was chronicled in the Dodge City *Kansas Cowboy* on May 16, 1885.

"Miss Fannie Nash, a soiled dove of color who has been in the habit of giving Ben Daniels a little chin music, was caught up by him last Monday and put in the jug. Ben was a little afraid of getting his eyes scratched out, so he encircled his arms about her and walked her off in a very pleasing manner."



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Jim Masterson, brother of Bat, made the raid on Cimarron with Ben and later both headed for the new Oklahoma country.



RECEIVED
1902

BENJ. DANIELS OF ARIZONA, WHOSE RECORD IS UNDER INVESTIGATION

BENJ. DANIELS OF ARIZONA.

The above is a recent photograph of Benjamin Daniels, whose recent appointment by President Roosevelt as United States marshal at Phoenix, Ariz., is being held up pending an investigation of his record as a man.

Daniels was a rough rider in Roosevelt's regiment during the Spanish war and was known to President Roosevelt as a brave soldier. After the appointment charges were made that Daniels was a gambler with an unsavory record. Then followed the charge that Daniels had served a term in the Wyoming penitentiary, and the president held up the appointment matters could be looked into.

Daniels formerly lived in Cripple Creek, where he is well known and has hosts of friends.

Friends Speak for Daniels.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Feb. 7.—(Special.)—George Bent, a prominent mining man, states positively that he frequently met Daniels in Arizona during the two years he is reported to have been in the Wyoming penitentiary.

George Jordan and Charles Berry, two prominent Cripple Creek citizens, who have known Daniels for the last 25 years, deny all knowledge of his penitentiary record.

Courtesy National Archives

This photograph, which appeared in a Denver newspaper, identified Daniels as the same man who had served a prison term in 1880. It cost Ben his job as U. S. marshal for Arizona.

In June, Barrett's New United Monster Railroad Show played in Dodge and provided an incident which pointed out the more ordinary aspects of a lawman's job. Ben was on duty at the show grounds when a German couple came running up to him, demanding that he take action against the show people. After calming them down somewhat, Daniels listened to the couple's story of how their little boy had disappeared. The parents were frantic and were sure the circus people had kidnapped him. Ben got a description of the boy and, acting on the assumption that he may have gone on home, searched the area between the show grounds and the family's neighborhood. He soon found the boy sleeping quietly in a neighbor's house where he had wandered by mistake. He returned the child to the grateful parents.

MARSHAL TILGHMAN was frequently out of town on business and Ben had to hold down the town by himself, although the sheriff or one of his deputies was usually around. There was the usual amount of trouble in the summer, but Ben's only newspaper notice came when he threw two combatants in the "cooler" for engaging in a "scrapping match" on Front Street. By October the cattle shipping season had tapered off and Daniels attended the races in nearby Kinsley with Tilghman, Bat Masterson, Charley Heinz and Neil Brown.

Kansas had passed a prohibition law in 1880 and although the last bar wouldn't be closed for many years, everything pointed to the fact that the salad days of the Kansas cattle trade were over. A cattle trail was established just west of Dodge and many of the Texas herd were driving north to Colorado. Too, a quarantine law had been passed prohibiting the entrance of cattle capable of transmitting Texas Fever. Settlers were flooding in with their accompanying fences and new townsites, and although Daniels and his kind knew that their Wild West would die hard, die it most inevitably would. An item in the *Globe Livestock Journal* recalled almost nostalgically the wicked days which were drawing to a close: "A fashion item says that leather belts are in favor. They were in favor here at one time. Perhaps there was a difference in them, ours were stuck full of cartridges and were very popular."

In late November a fire broke out in one of the sporting houses on Chestnut Street and before it could be stopped it had destroyed over half the block. The city had no sooner recovered from this disaster than another fire broke out on December 7, 1885. This second fire started in the Junction Saloon and before it could be brought under control it had burned most of the block on Front Street bordered by Bridge and First Avenues. Rumors were flying that prohibitionists had started the blaze, but it undoubtedly had a more ordinary origin. As the fire was spreading, merchants along Front Street began carrying goods from their stores and stacking them outside, trying to save what they could. Tilghman quickly deputized several extra policemen and together with Daniels the men patrolled the scene and maintained order.

At the height of the fire, one of the policemen ran up to Ben and told him a man was helping himself to some of the goods in the street.

"Well, why don't you arrest him?" inquired the assistant marshal.

"Hell, Ben, he's one of those tough Texans an' I ain't gettin' paid enough to mess around with those people."

Just then the policeman saw the man filling his pockets from a showcase and pointed him out to Daniels. Ben walked up to the man and asked him what he was doing.

"What the hell does it look like I'm doing?" responded the thief.

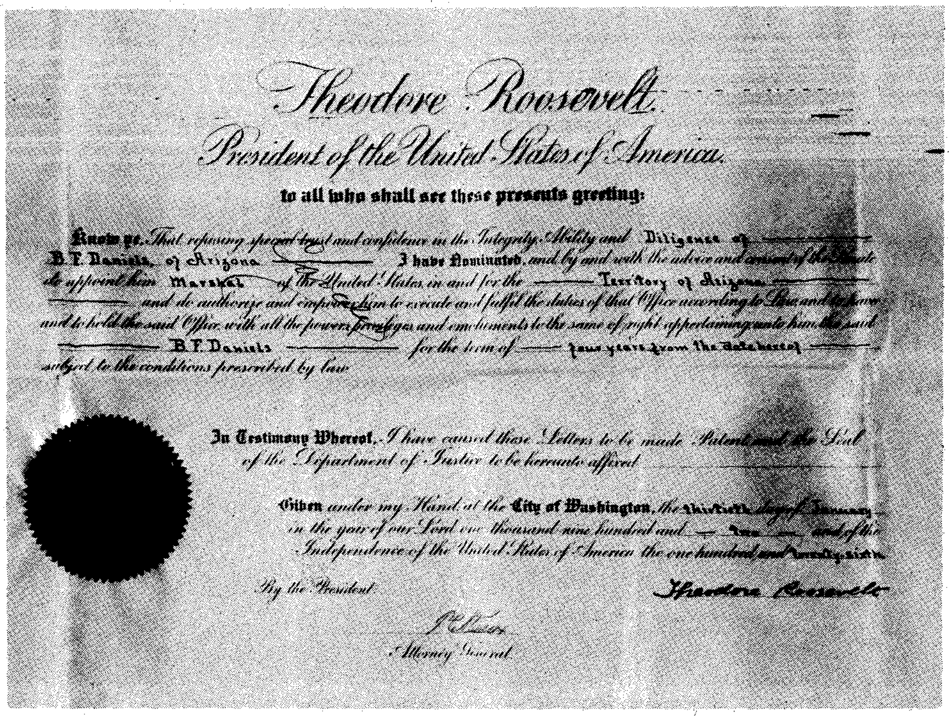
Ben read him the riot act, telling him

that if he caught him in the area again he would be thrown in jail. Grumbling, the man walked on down the street.

About an hour later the same policeman reported to Daniels that the Texan had been seen wearing a pistol and making some tough talk against him. Ben located the erstwhile looter and with a minimum of trouble took his pistol away from him and locked him up in the city jail. Two of the Texan's friends, after promising to sober him up and see that he appeared in court the next morning, secured his release on a $50.00 bond. Ben turned him loose and went about his duties attending the fire.

The next *morning* Ben charged the Texan with carrying a concealed weapon. The judge fined him $50.00 and costs, which the Texan paid without a word but he turned to Daniels and said, "Marshal, if you will lay off your gun, I'll show you how fast I can lick you."

As he told the story in later years, Ben's response was immediate and violent. Tossing his pistol to the judge, he jumped over a courtroom railing and pounced on Mr. Texan. It was a brief but rousing battle, during which some furniture was broken up and the stove knocked over, while the judge stood on top of his table waving the pistol and demanding peace in his courtroom. Sitting astride his prostrate opponent, Daniels asked if he had changed his mind about being able to whip him. The Texan readily agreed that he had reconsidered the matter and Ben then turned to the judge and pleaded guilty to disturbing the peace. After he had paid his fine, Ben made the same complaint against the Texan who was fined an additional $25.00. The Texan remained in Dodge City for several months, but was the source of no more trouble to the city police. Ben, in telling the story, added that his own fine was later returned by the judge.



Theodore Roosevelt,
President of the United States of America,
to all who shall see these presents greeting:

Know ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the Integrity, Ability and Diligence of B. F. Daniels, of Arizona I have Nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate do appoint him Marshal of the United States in and for the Territory of Arizona and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfil the duties of that Office according to Law and to have and to hold the said Office with all the powers, privileges and emoluments to the same of right appertaining unto him the said B. F. Daniels for the term of four years from the date hereof subject to the conditions prescribed by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have caused these Letters to be made Patent and the Seal of the Department of Justice to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my Hand at the City of Washington, the thirtieth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

By the President: Theodore Roosevelt

Attorney General.

Courtesy National Archives

First commission of Ben Daniels as U. S. marshal of Arizona Territory. The document has "cancelled" written across the face of it.

BILL TILGHMAN resigned as city marshal of Dodge City on March 9, 1886, just one month before his term expired. Perhaps Daniels had sniffed of the political winds and knew that he wouldn't be reappointed when his term was up on April 10. Whatever the case, he had been shopping around and decided to go into the saloon business. His place was known as the Green Front and was a bar and dance hall located south of the Santa Fe tracks on Locust Street. He seems to have had trouble almost from the first as a result of the noise and disturbances which emanated from his saloon, the principal complainant being E. J. Julian. When the two men met to discuss the difficulty, they almost came to blows.

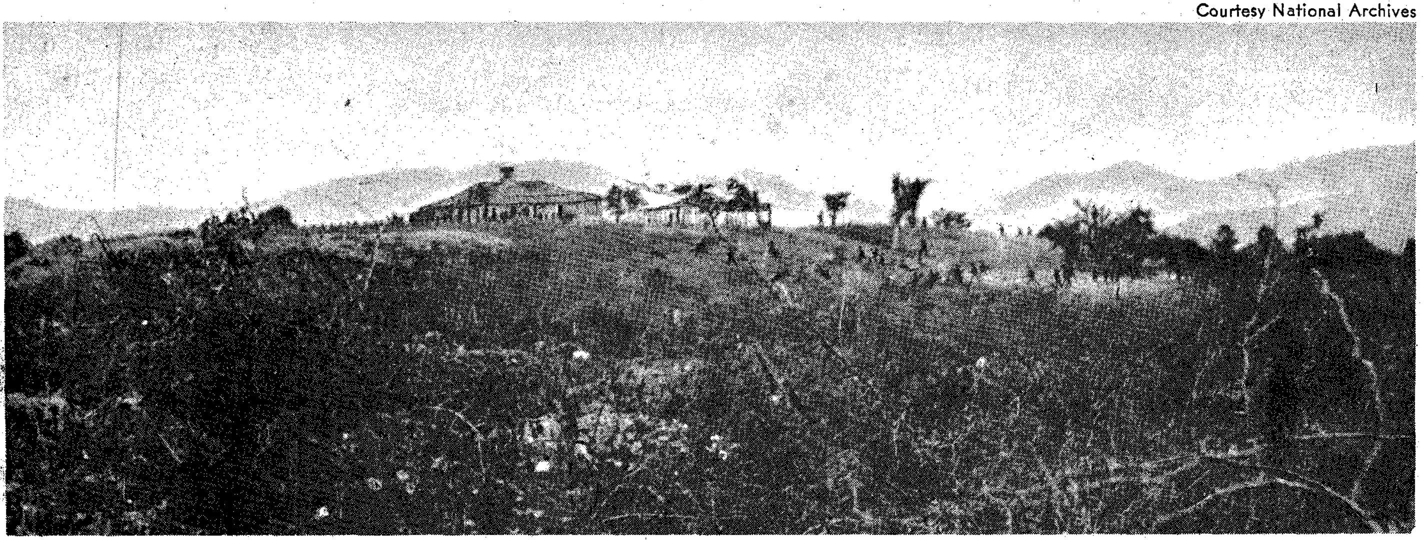
Ed Julian was an ex-soldier who had been a farmer in Concord township. When his crops failed he came to Dodge City and opened a restaurant. He was a tough customer and had been arrested by Marshal Tilghman in November of 1884 because of a fight in his cafe. It seems three cowboys and their girls had supper at Julian's one night and then refused to pay. When he demanded his money, the cowboys proceeded to wreck the place, but found that they had tangled with the wrong man. According to a short article in the Dodge City *Democrat*, Julian knocked two of the cowmen down and chased the third out the door. When they scrambled outside, the cowboys sent some bullets through the window and then ran away. Apparently there was more to the story than the newspaper printed since Julian was arrested and no mention is made of the cowboys. He was fined $10.00 and costs and the verdict was immediately appealed.

There is another story told of one of Julian's escapades about which no news-

(Continued on page 41)

The fabled charge up San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898, as viewed from a distance. This is said to be the only photograph made of this event.

Courtesy National Archives

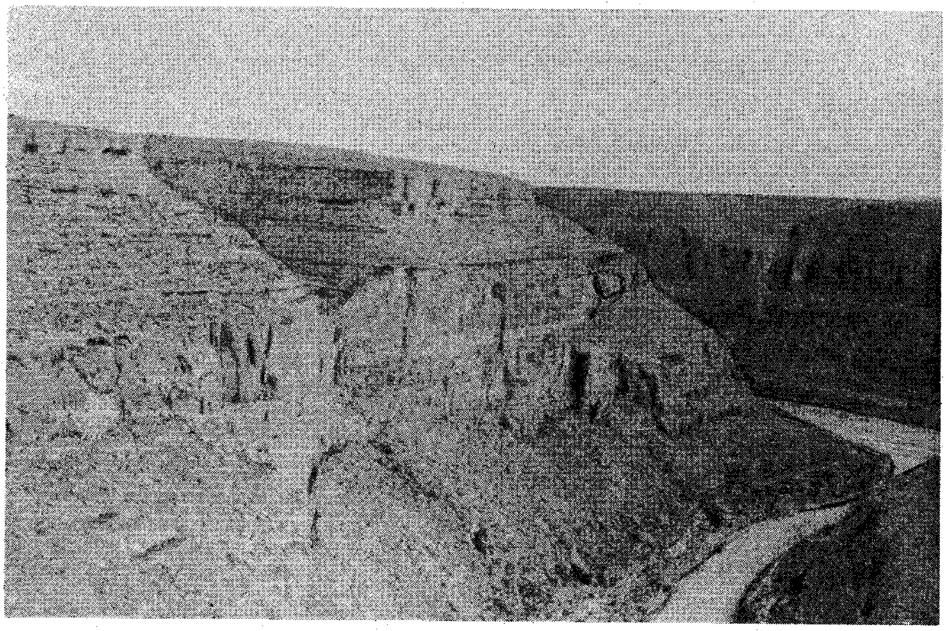


Left, Reagan Canyon near the area of the concealed caves. Right, first excavation site under a ledge at the base of a cliff. A grass basket, many bird points and musselshell beads were found here.

The risks are plenty in these old Indian caves deep in the interior of a country where few white men have ever been

BIG BEND TREASURE

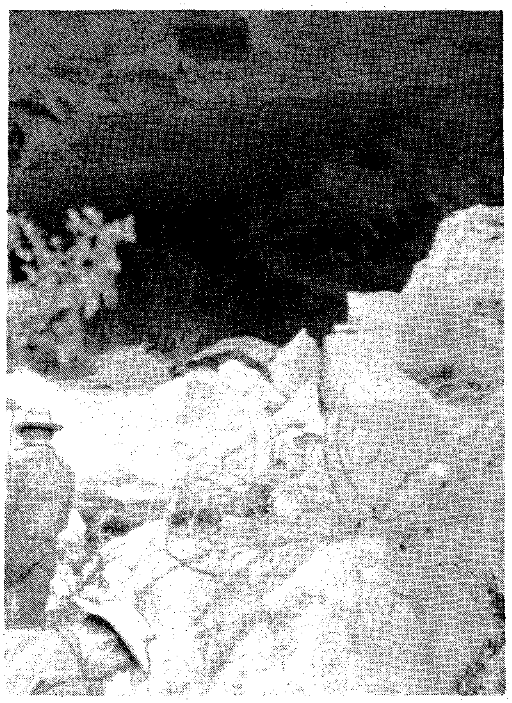
San Francisco Canyon joining the Rio Grande.



IN A WAY, old-time prospectors in Texas were as short-sighted as the Spanish. While looking for gold, these men walked over untold wealth in land alone. At one time it could have been had by only filing a claim.

In their travels through the region flanking the Rio Grande, they have looked at and thrown away Indian artifacts for which museums possibly would have paid thousands of dollars. One such prospector's wife, who lived in a small town close to the Big Bend, made a living and grubstaked her roving husband for twenty years by finding and selling arrowheads to tourists.

When I signed a contract for a teaching position in Sanderson High School in the Big Bend region, I had no conception of the country. I had never ventured there; I had merely heard that in this section one could find almost every species of wild animal, flower, shrub, reptile or bird which thrives on the North American Continent. In the field of geology some of the greatest



By BILLY J. McKINNERNEY

Photos Courtesy Author

HUNT

discoveries of fossils and rock structures have been found where three mountain chains, Sierra Madre, Sierra del Caballo Muerto, and foothills of the Rockies tie together in the Big Bend National Park. These are some of the "wonders" which prompted my signing of the contract.

The first day of school I became acquainted with Charlie Harris, who was nearer my age than any other member of the faculty. He, too, was new to this part of Texas and a very devoted hunter of Indian relics. In our first conversation he said he had moved in two weeks early in order to spend some time searching before school opened. Indian relics, I presumed at the time, meant arrowheads or points, and I could scarcely imagine wasting two weeks searching for them. However, I told Charlie I would enjoy going out to the wilderness with him some weekend.

LESS THAN a month later, Charlie and I got together for an excursion. We drove south of Sanderson to a small canyon. Here we left the car and hiked up the canyon floor to a cliff which was undermined at the base. This opening extended inwards approximately ten feet. It was 150 to 200 yards wide. Small black stones piled near the opening attracted my attention and I asked Charlie about them. He described them as rocks which had been heated for cooking meals. By the size of the mounds, one could estimate how long the inhabitants had stayed in that particular place. The Indians had resided at this site a long time.

Charlie was already at work. He had brought with him a carefully constructed screen of durable wire whose openings were just large enough to let the earth sift through. Screening one shovel-load was a ten to fifteen-minute operation.

We soon developed a system to decrease the time required for each inspection. Because I was the "amateur," I operated the shovel and Charlie took the screen. He knew what we were searching for and I didn't.

The first stage of the excavation was clearing the place of debris. Under this trash the floor was a rich, fuliginous dirt, as fine and dry as powder. I sank the shovel into it and poured a load onto Charlie's screen. Almost immediately he sang out, "How is this for a start?" I stepped to his side and took from his hand a tiny arrowpoint. Charlie told me the Indians followed a pattern or design in their shaping of the points and that this design was called *Toyha.*

Indian relic hunting suddenly seemed exciting. The thrill of this first find produced a wide smile and an anxious desire to see what unknown object would be left on the screen the next time. The bug had bitten me. I had experienced the strange thrill of discovery and developed a keen thirst for it.

During the first day I found an Indian bead made of ivory. A collector offered me ten dollars for it. Arrowpoints bring seventy-five cents or more in tourist trade. We found a quantity of them. I could see the profits in artifact hunting; however, the things I have later found are hard to give up at any price.

Charlie and I dug at the cave several weekends. We were having considerable luck, finding several oddities. One in particular was a well-preserved basket.

One afternoon Charlie was talking to a prospector who had covered most of the territory and knew it intimately. He told Charlie of a place close to the Rio Grande which concealed four caves. He showed us an arrowpoint picked up near one of them. Charlie had never seen another like it. We decided to explore these caves right away.

The prospector told us it was the policy of everyone who ventured that far south to take along at least a two-weeks supply of food. One never knew when it might be impossible to recross some of the big canyons. We were also advised to take along sidearms because of bandits who would kill for a dollar. Guns would also serve as protection against javelinas, cougars, or other wild animals which might use the caves for shelter. The prospector warned us not to build a fire or have a light after dusk. Such fires could be seen for miles and would lure rather than protect.

ONE FRIDAY afternoon we packed the car, double-checking to make sure we had everything. The next morning at 3:30 we were on our way. The road was only a rough, narrow ranch road. Three hours and fifty-two miles later we reached the place from which we would have to proceed on foot. We unpacked our gear and locked the car.

Dawn gave us an opportunity to pick our way up the mountain. An odd-shaped cactus made me shiver. I touched the .22 revolver for courage, and thought of the mountain lion we had seen hanging on a cattle guard on our way in.

Soon we reached the approximate location the prospector had described for the caves. A few minutes later we found one on a ledge below us. It was vacant, so we started to work.

A grass mat was struck about three feet down. Uncovering it was slow, tedious work. With careful handling we eventually were able to place the ancient woven covering into a box. Under the mat we found part of an arrow shaft and four perfect arrowpoints. I dug around carefully hoping there might be a money pouch or gold bracelet tucked away also. How I wished for a metal detector to sound out the cave! At mid-afternoon our work was stopped to let the dust settle. We had been so busy with this first cave the thought had not occurred to look for the other three.

About thirty yards away, the entrance of another cave could be seen. Closer inspection revealed yet another farther down the canyon wall. I walked to the mouth of the nearest one and looked in. Water could be heard running somewhere inside. That this second cave was larger than the first was evident but its smaller opening provided very little light.

Charlie had brought a rope and flashlight. With the rope tied securely, I entered the cave. My flashlight beam picked up the glitter of water running gently from a small hole in the back wall. Using the light beam, I followed the water across the cave floor to another opening. Here, it was running down out of sight. The floor showed signs of animal life; the odor also confirmed their presence.

When the rope jerked against my waist, I could go no farther. I stopped and slowly scanned the room with the beam. To my right was an opening between two huge rocks embedded in the cave wall, but I couldn't reach it without leaving the rope. Checking to be sure of my line of direction to the cave entrance, I turned loose the rope and moved cautiously to the aperture between the rocks.

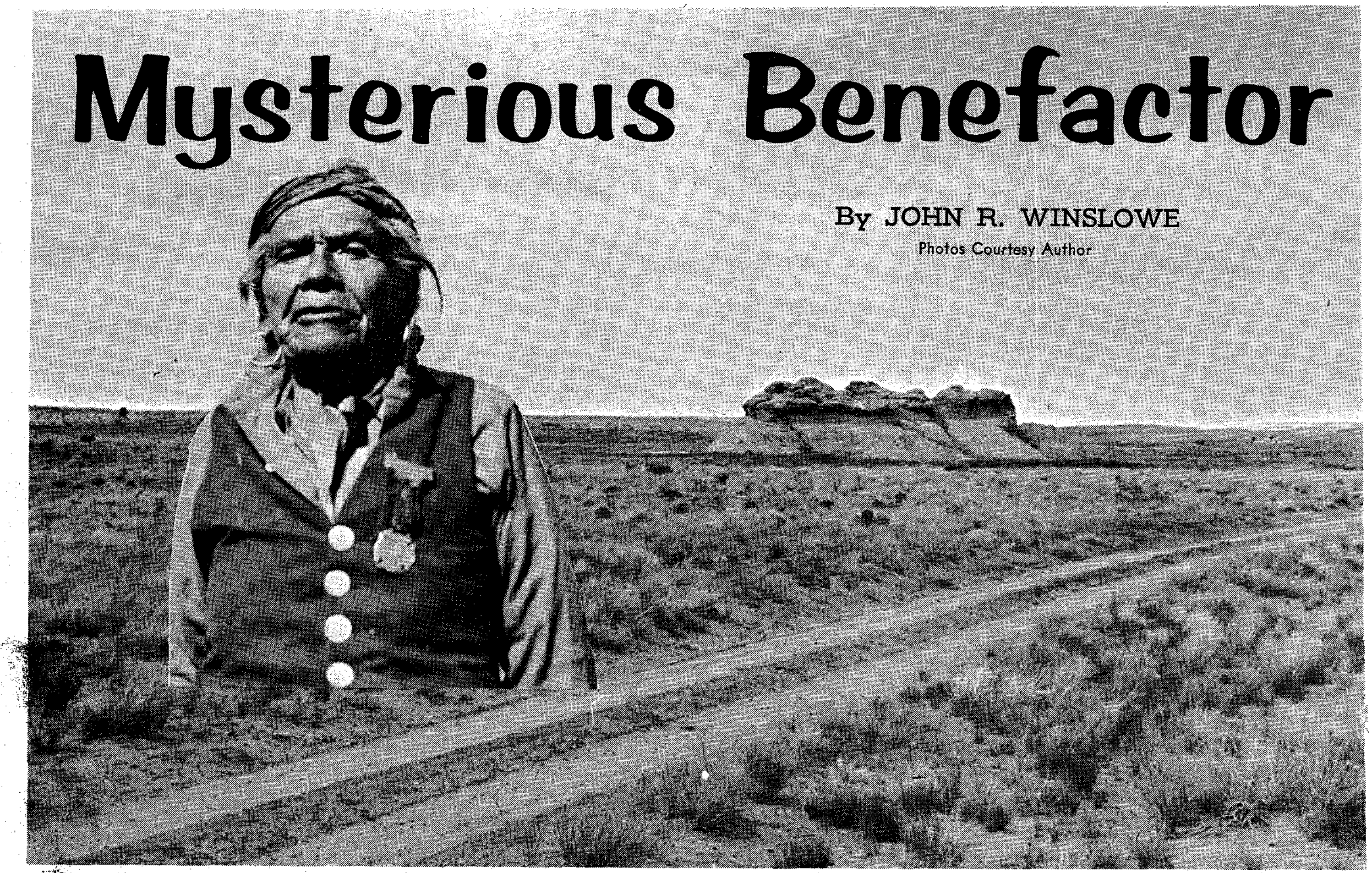
Approximately seven to ten feet inside this passage a huge boulder blocked the way. Atop the boulder there was possibly space enough for a small man to slide over, and in this space, facing me, was a human skull. Lying coiled next to the skull was the biggest rattle-

(Continued on page 68)

Mysterious Benefactor

By JOHN R. WINSLOWE

Photos Courtesy Author



Eagle Nest Rock and the road to the deep crossing. At left, John Boone, ex-army scout who told of experiences with the mystic Gray Robe.

BLACK HAT rode the Red Valley trail whistling at night, which no Navajo should have done after sundown. From Black Mountain he headed for the big canyon country against the distant Colorado River.

Abruptly his horse perked up its ears and slowed its trot. Black Hat's whistle ended when he saw the gray form off the trail. The robe-clad figure stood motionless and somewhat indistinct, which was peculiar in a bright, starry night.

Reining up Black Hat inquired, "Hai-sha 'anit'i?" (Who are you?)

Not one sound came from the unknown one who turned, motioning for the Navajo to follow. Afterwards Black Hat recalled that the strange man's feet had made no noise as he strode ahead through the purple sagebrush.

Moving a couple of hundred yards from the trailside, the dim figure turned slowly, pointing toward a rocky ridge. After indicating that Black Hat should go there, he faded into nothing.

These mysterious circumstances did not frighten Black Hat. There had been something gentle about the one whose gray robe was fastened about the waist with a heavy rope-like cord and whose face revealed no distinctive features.

Black Hat was a newcomer to Red Valley deep in the Navajo country of north-central Arizona. Thus he did not know that the one leading him from the trail was known as Gray Robe.

The ridge had been specially pointed out to him, so he rode there in a walk. At its rocky base, clearly revealed in the starlight, lay an unconscious Indian with a broken left leg.

After a brief examination, Black Hat climbed the ridge, quickly gathered dry sagebrush, and kindled a signal fire. A quarter hour elapsed before he was joined by a dozen Navajos living close by. The injured man had been thrown from a horse which had returned to the home hogan after sundown. Except for Black Hat he might have died before he was found.

How did it happen that Black Hat came upon him lying there? Questions were put to him while the injured man was being attended. The big Indian hesitated, whereupon the faces before him grew certain of something.

"I was riding along," Black Hat began tentatively, "and I came off—"

"Led here by Gray Robe?" an elderly Navajo broke in to ask.

Despite some doubt that he might be ridiculed, Black Hat then explained exactly what occurred. He had been sent off the trail by a shadowy man who had disappeared.

It was then he heard the timeless legend of the benefactor of Red Valley Indians. It was following another mercy appearance that I also heard about him. The Navajo accounts are almost two centuries old.

THE LEGEND begins with Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante on a cold November day in 1776. That year, with Fray Francisco Atanasio Dominguez as leader of the expedition, Escalante and his party had left Santa Fe on July 29 passing north through a part of Colorado and entering Utah. After reaching Utah Lake it turned south. In October the explorers were in what is now the Arizona Strip country, seeking a crossing on the Colorado River opposite Navajo Mountain. Succeeding in doing so on November 7, the next three days were spent rounding Navajo Mountain via an old aboriginal war trail. Crossing Rainbow Plateau and thence into Red Valley, they reached a harvested field near Eagle Nest Rock on the 13th.

After entering Arizona, members of the expedition were down to eating an occasional horse to keep alive. The Indians encountered, whose own fare consisted chiefly of grass seed, pine nuts and cactus, had little to spare. Supplies obtained from them were quickly exhausted. Back to eating horse meat they went.

South of the Colorado River their weakened condition grew worse, but Frs. Escalante and Dominguez had been assured by the Piutes that below them was the country of the Havasupais, whom they called Cosninos. These people were farmers, raising large amounts of maize (Indian corn) annually. From them surely could be obtained sufficient food to last the expedition on to Moquiland.

However, it didn't turn out that way. They met with some wandering Navajos who told them that the Havasupais had gone into the mountains gathering piñon nuts. Having harvested their crops they carried all their food with them, or else

# of the NAVAJO

A ghost called Gray Robe saved the lives of countless men. Eerie and unexplainable, he has stood many times between them and death!

it had been cached.

The weather was cold, snow falling some days, and the party was close to exhaustion. The stock remaining was poor, stringy and barely edible.

Two Indian guides in the expedition went among the dry cornstalks and found some ears the harvesters overlooked. The entire party then searched, collecting enough corn for a few meals. Father Escalante was so grateful over the providential incident that he blessed the area and its people.

This cornfield, according to Navajo tradition, occupied flat floodlands between two deep washes near Eagle Nest Rock in Red Valley. Details of the coming of the "white strangers" is related in their clan history. Special mention is made of the benefactor whom they called Gray Robe ever after. Three or four Navajos had accompanied the expedition there, while a dozen more lingered close expecting their kinsmen to be slain by the whites. Of course, this didn't happen, and it was those standing by who reported what had been done by the real Gray Robe.

The expedition had not been gone many months before Gray Robe made his initial appearance, as told by the clan historians. From that day to this he has been a saviour on many desperate occasions. According to the individual accounts I heard for over half a century he appeared in times of extreme distress to lost children, injured people, and in the old days he warned of approaching raiders. In every conceivable way, when death was close at hand, he aided the unfortunates.

Gray Robe is not described as anything like a spirit or ghost. There is no superstition whatever connected with him. He is casually accepted as an unfathomable being neither Spanish (Nocki), American nor Indian. He appears and disappears on errands of mercy, and never speaks a word. That no superstition whatever has been attached to him, as with *chindi* (evil spirit), is somewhat surprising. Nevertheless, it is true. Those living in Red Valley, which is about twenty-two miles long, believe in him as faithfully as they do their most revered holy one, Yeibetchai (Grandfather of the Yei).

FROM the beginning, the few Navajos who saw Escalante (neither then nor now knowing the fray's name) described Gray Robe as looking like the "man who gave the blessing on bended knees." But they do not say this being is Escalante or anyone else. Those who have seen him, some more than once, could never describe any facial features at all. When questioned they looked puzzled. Finally it developed that they could not be sure Gray Robe actually had a face!

One of the first stories I heard about him concerned a crippled woman, alone and starving to death in an isolated hogan. For several days she had been unable to stand; her strength was gone and she had given up hope that anyone would happen by in time to save her.

Then out of the moonlight one night Gray Robe appeared in the hogan door. He motioned that she should rise and walk outside. To her intense surprise she actually had the strength to do so. Experiencing no pain from her twisted legs, she followed him nearly a mile to the side of a long-abandoned horse trail. There Gray Robe left.

Sinking to the ground, the poor woman had waited only a short time when a Navajo and his wife came riding along single file. They had been to Cowsprings Trading Post and were carrying homeward sacks of food. For no reason they could explain, an urge had beset them to return by this old trail. They took the crippled woman to their home and cared for her until she recovered.

On learning why and how she happened to wait beside the trail, heads nodded wisely. Gray Robe had entered the minds of her rescuers to direct them there.

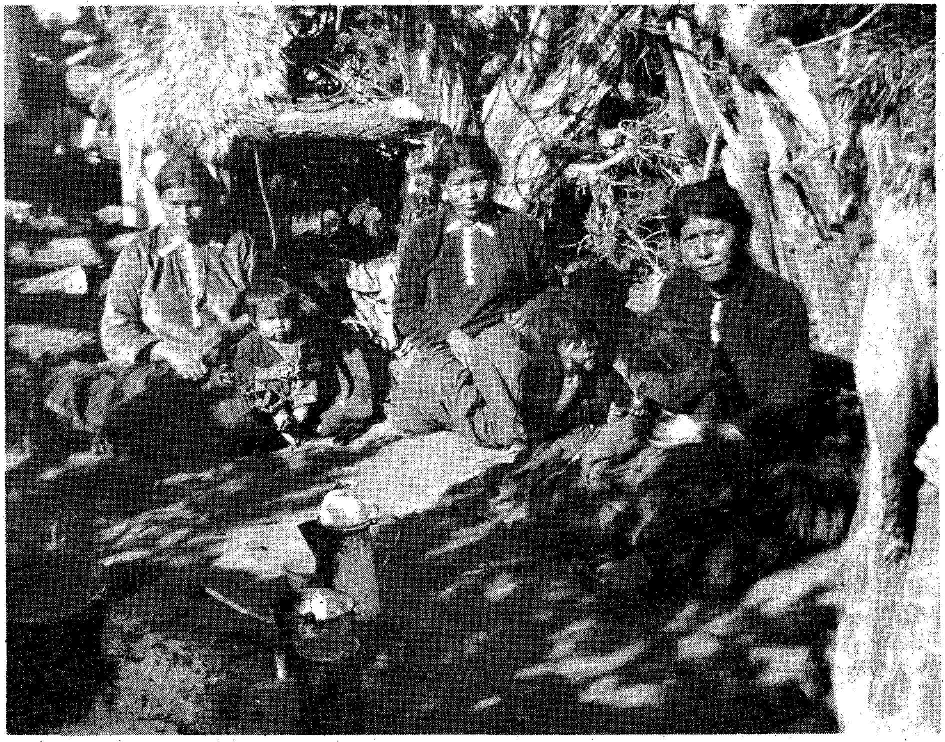
In my time (1928) the case of the lost boy and girl happened. The boy four years old, and the girl six, were from the Jerry family. While playing after sundown, they strayed off from a summer sheep camp pitched near Red Lake (every waterhole in red clay is a *bake'l chee*—Red Lake).

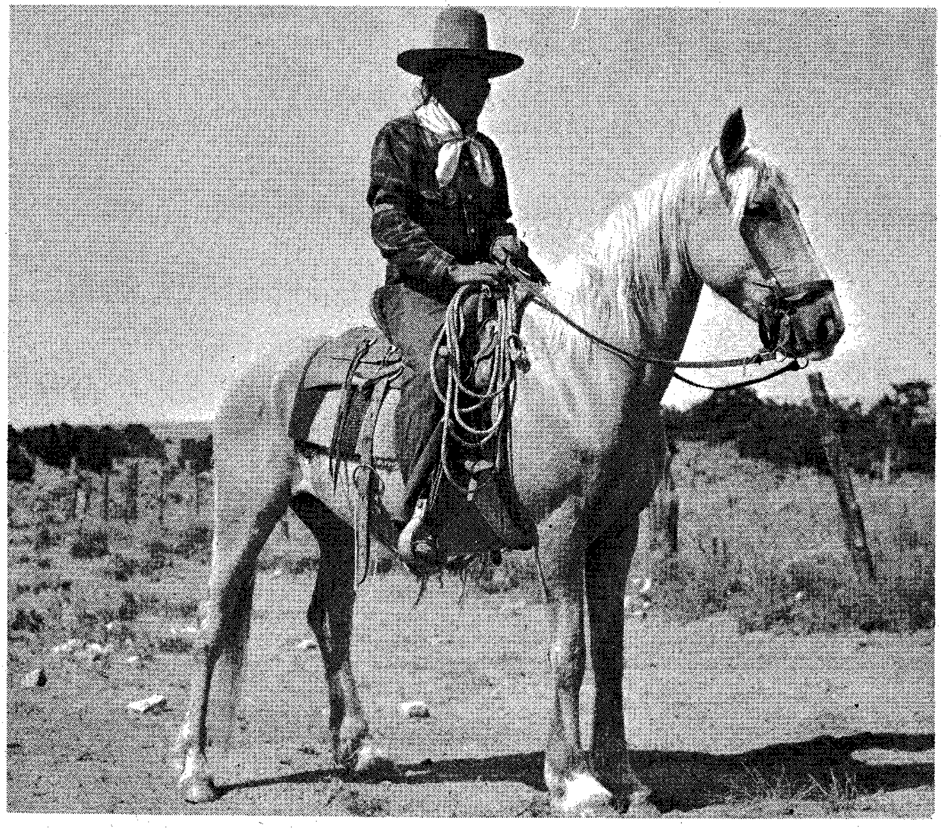
The small children were gone a couple of hours before the alarmed family sent out riders to search. Recent heavy rains had created bog holes in the valley. They were bottomless and dangerous; livestock sometimes disappeared in them.

By midnight, the family became very distraught. Messengers were dispatched to alarm the sparsely inhabited area, asking for help at daybreak. Many responded at once and were at the camp when the children walked in at two o'clock in the morning, unharmed and well.

The means of their rescue surprised

The two women on the right were lost in a sandstorm as girls: this photo was taken some years after they were married.





Black Hat, so named as a small boy, found the Navajo with a broken leg.

no one. Playing along the lake shore the children were unaware of passing time. They moved around the lake to the east, and on trying to return discovered they were lost. Wandering around crying, they at last sat down to rest on some rocks in the sagebrush.

Suddenly the children looked up to see Gray Robe standing before them. Both froze still as mice, watching but not frightened. After a minute or so he indicated they were to follow. Gray Robe led along slowly, until topping a small sandhill. To the southeast leaping firelight could be seen in the sheep camp. Elated, the children looked around before setting off in a run, but Gray Robe was already gone.

Many Navajos have narrated their miraculous experiences to me. I neither believed or disbelieved them. Nothing of the supernatural attended the incidents, other than a mysterious wraith-like being approaching those in trouble.

Too well do I know of stranger things yet, happening in Navajoland. One is sand reading, little known and seldom discussed even among Navajos themselves. Yet these men by reading the "sands of time" locate missing objects, persons, stock and so on. The really uncanny incidents are those in which people predict the exact time and day when they will leave this life. According to ancient custom they distribute their property to heirs and arrange their own burial. At the time stated—a few days, weeks or months—they die.

Old-time traders such as George W. and J. H. McAdams, S. I. Richardson of the Navajo Mountain country, John Wetherill of Kayenta and Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr., of Oraibi, never ridiculed these happenings. I have heard them say, almost in identical words, when some outsider asked bewildered questions as to why it could be so, "I do not know why or how these things happen. All I know is that they do." That is as good an explanation as any for the unknown and unknowable.

INDIAN TRADER Joe Lee entered the western Navajo country when he was six years old, remaining there until his death in 1952 at seventy-nine. In 1895 he was personally involved with Gray Robe.

It began while he rode across White Horse Mesa, which with Red Mesa forms the entire northwest side of the valley. A sudden fierce sandstorm forced him to seek shelter in the lea of some towering rocks. The storm slackened only a little at sundown, the wind continuing to howl. Somehow Joe made it a short distance on to a Navajo friend's hogan.

There he encountered calamity. The women were all weeping. The men sat tense and straight. Two little girls, ten and twelve years old, had been herding sheep when the violent storm struck. The flock, with animal instinct, trailed to the home corral out of Red Valley. No visibility existed and the girls did not find their way home. They were out there somewhere in the storm perhaps now covered by sand.

Men who rode out, desperately seeking them, were in turn lost and found their way back with utmost difficulty. The storm lasted two more days, the grieving family unable to do no more than huddle in the hogan waiting it out.

When the wind abated, Joe went out with the searchers who fanned out in every direction. They hoped to find the girls quickly, alive or dead.

Joe discovered the first evidence that they had somehow survived. That afternoon far across Red Valley he came upon their dragging moccasin tracks in freshly riffled sand. Somewhere they had found a protected place and were wise enough to stay in it rather than try getting home.

Summoning the nearest searchers, Joe led them to the sign. Since the girls were obviously very weak and unable to travel fast, the men expected to come onto them almost any minute. Yet darkness put an end to tracking. The searchers then rode in circles yelling for them, which also proved futile.

When the search party was forced to quit for the night, Joe started directly across the valley toward White Horse Mesa, alone. A full moon hung in the sky when he reached a spring called *Naschito*. The water came out from the base of a bench forming an elongated pool in a flat.

On the south side of the glimmering water Joe could see a tall man in a gray robe. He was quite distinct, holding both hands out before him over something lying on the ground at his feet. Joe was astonished to see that it was the two girls. Wiping his eyes to clear them for a better look, he discovered something else. What he saw were actually very sharp impressions reflected on glass-smooth water where not a breath of wind stirred ripples.

Joe considered the thing a mirage. As he came out of a semi-trance the scene vanished. Uneasy, but remembering Navajo stories of Gray Robe, he rode around the shallow lake and emerged from the flat. A flickering blaze on the high mesa rim cut through the night. Not a hundred yards ahead of him, the two lost girls walked along holding hands. Before them, moving in a rather fluid motion, was Gray Robe.

Putting spurs to his horse Joe galloped toward them, and at the sound of thudding hoofs the girls halted, facing in his direction. Gray Robe followed suit, standing a moment watching silently before dissolving into nothing.

After firing two signal shots in the air, Joe dismounted. The girls had sunk to the ground again, as completely exhausted as their tracks had indicated they had been before. Joe put them on his horse and started toward the mesa trail where the other riders reached him. They packed the girls on in. As they rested and ate, the children related their experience.

When Joe saw Gray Robe with them it was the second time he had come to them. Soon after the storm blinded the world he appeared in the gloom, leading them to safety in a small cave. After the storm ended, they started homeward very weak but didn't get far. In fact they were lying on the frozen ground when Gray Robe returned to them. They thought he prayed over them but couldn't hear a sound from his lips. Surprisingly, however, they had the strength to follow him.

Not even the oldest inhabitant ever heard of a small cave in the sandhills where the girls claimed to have waited out the storm. Yet when it was looked for, sure enough the cave existed.

Navajos related the story to their traders, and actual witnesses detailed Joe's part in the girls' rescue. A few without the dyed-in-the-wool experienced traders' philosophy remarked, "Shucks, Joe Lee's lived with Indians too long. Spooky like they be." If he mentioned Gray Robe at all, Joe couldn't explain him and didn't try to.

AWAY BACK in the 1880s Red Valley inhabitants barely avoided being wiped out. Peace had dwelled long in the glorious land, but the hated Ute Indians were about to break it. Their chiefs, Old Posey and Poke, crossed the San Juan River southward intent on murder and stock stealing.

Little suspecting the danger of a whirlwind attack, the Navajos were off-guard. This fact the Ute spies reported, so the raiders expected an easy conquest and successful retreat to their Utah stronghold.

An *endah* (squaw dance) in the upper end of the valley had reached the final day and night. All Navajo families in the region were gathered, enjoying themselves and feasting in great brush shelters. Eastward a stand of cedar and piñon timber shielded the encampment. Through this screen the Utes planned to strike.

A little after midday three young Navajos were sent for more firewood. Their method was to find a fallen tree, tie on with a rope and drag it back. As they rode through the timber laughing and talking, Gray Robe showed ahead on high ground in a small clearing. The three halted until he signaled them to advance.

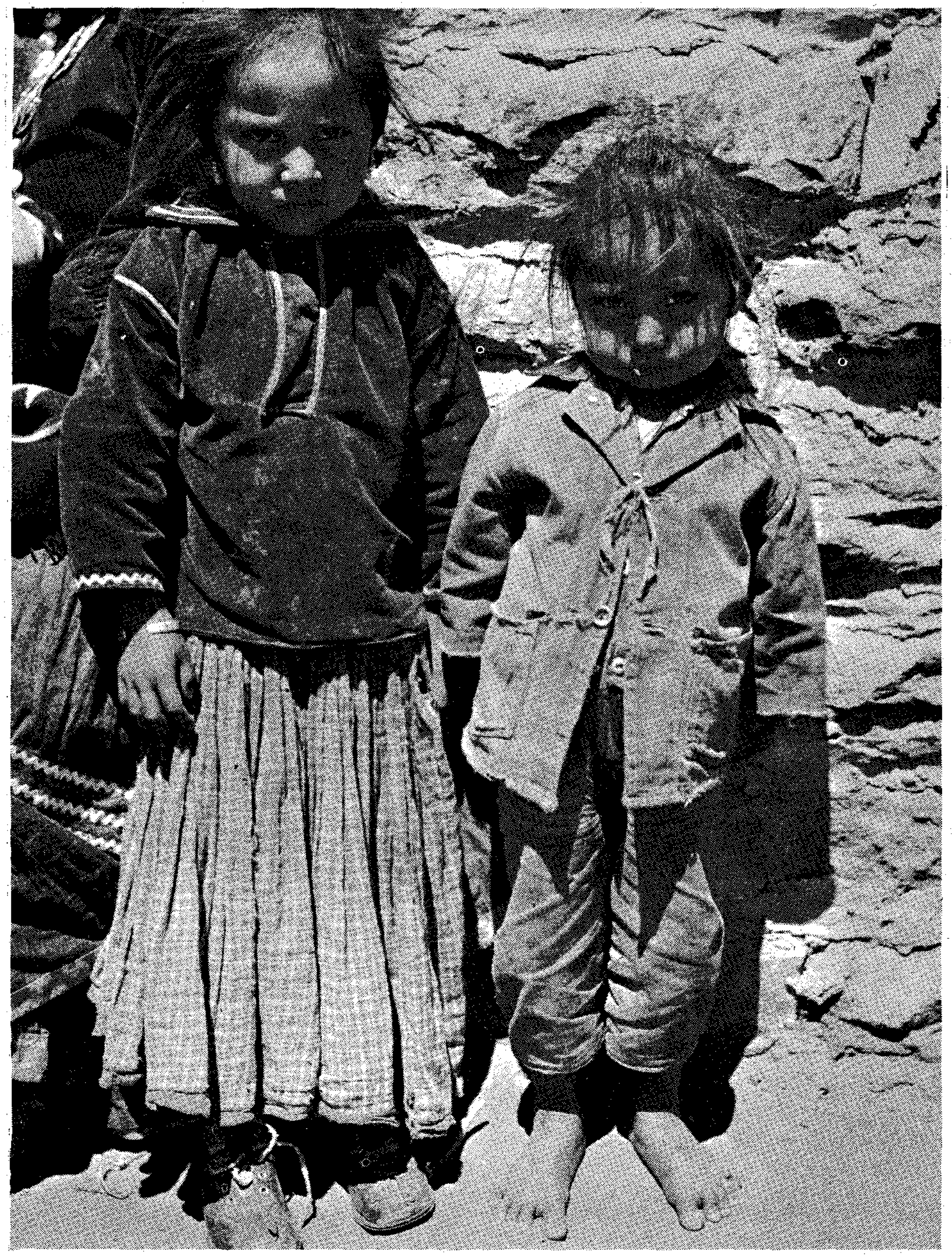
As they approached, Gray Robe moved on in a kind of wafting motion although his feet never left the ground. Each time the riders paused he beckoned them on. A mile or so through the timber he paused on a ridge which afforded a good view of a sparsely timbered valley stretching toward Tseghi Canyon.

As the riders came up to join him he pointed. Their jaws fell apart in sudden apprehension. Visible through scraggly timber and streaking toward them were at least a hundred heavily armed Utes.

"'Ahehee, 'acheii!" (Thank you, maternal grandfather) one of them called as they wheeled their mounts to race away. But Gray Robe was no longer present.

Reaching the encampment they gave the alarm. The Utes were still about three miles away. The Navajos were able to arm and move forward, selecting an ideal ambush. Nearly thirty attackers fell from their saddles during the first surprise blast of gunfire.

Retreating and recovering momentarily, the Utes attempted a flanking movement. Bullets thundering among the raiders again drove them back in wild flight. Navajos, gaining in force as they moved, pursued the remnant all the way across the San Juan.



The two Jerry family children who were lost.

The oldest reported instance of Gray Robe told to me by a living witness concerned the Havasupais and a Ute raid. The Havasupais were still tilling the blessed farm. They occupied that area in family groups in the southern part of today's Navajo country until about 1888, although some had retreated into the canyon occupied today.

They also farmed around Redlake, today's Tonalea, and down at Moen Ave and Tuba City. After harvest, they always retired to the vicinity of Tuba City. The winters there were mild compared to the deep snow and cold farther north.

Both the Havasupais and Navajos had horses and a few cattle in Escalante's time. They had either bartered for or stolen them from the Hopi Indians. They acquired their livestock from New Mexico. Sheep in numbers were to come in later, although the Havasupais never had them. But at that time the Navajos did not own many horses. Most of those Escalante encountered were afoot. Some of his interpreters could speak their language.

The Havasupais had more horses than all other Indians in that *terra incognito*. They were excellent horsemen as they are today. Utes north of the San Juan also had plenty of horses, obtaining them very early from the Spaniards. Equipped also with better arms, they raided other Indians periodically for slaves which were in demand by the Spaniards in New Mexico and brought a good price.

Engaged in this pursuit they came south one spring as new grass popped from the ground. The Havasupais were then back on their farmlands preparing the soil for planting. They had set out some peach trees obtained from Oraibi, which were then in bloom. To assure abundant crops they had originated the

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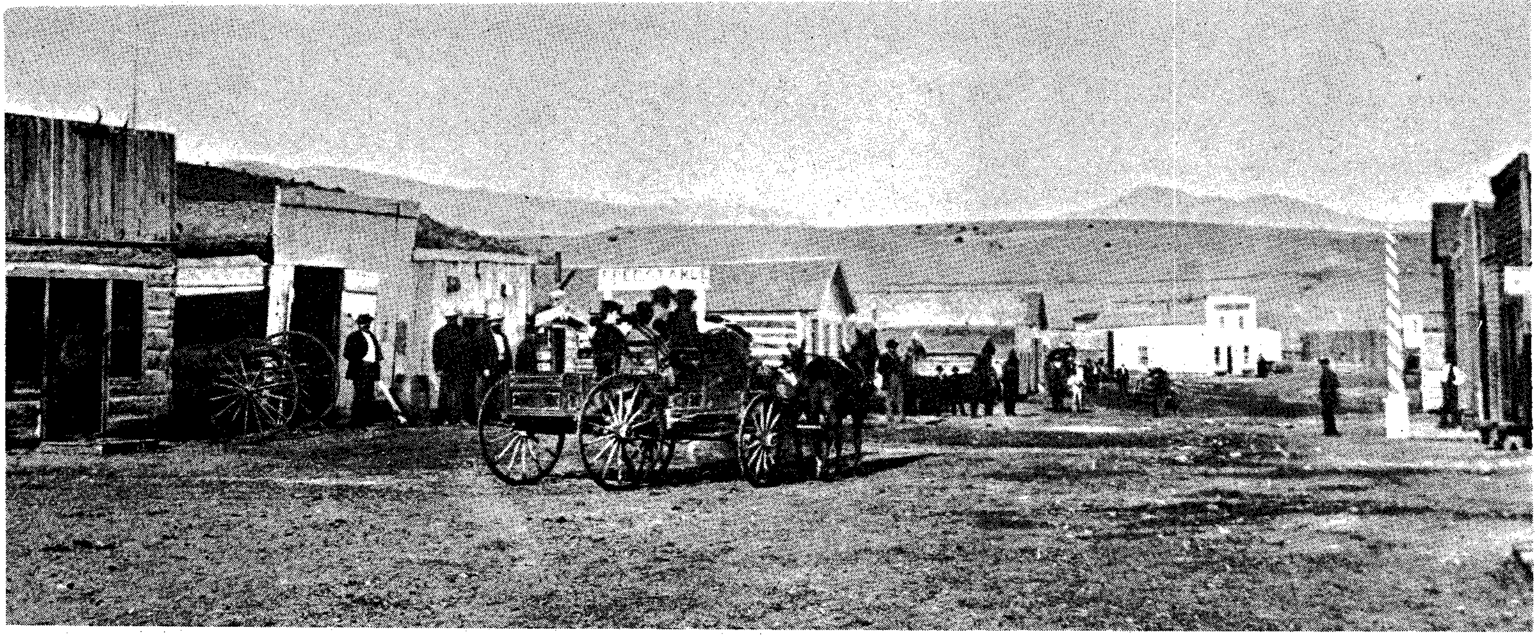


Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Early photo of Radersburg, Montana.

RADERSBURG—

A TOWN THAT SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE

RADERSBURG, Montana, as described by an old-timer, was "never exactly an all-bad camp or exactly an all-good camp—you just sort of split the difference. It had the usual honest, hard-working miners and businessmen, and the usual hard-working crooks whose sole purpose in life was to gyp the honest residents and outsmart their fellow crooks.

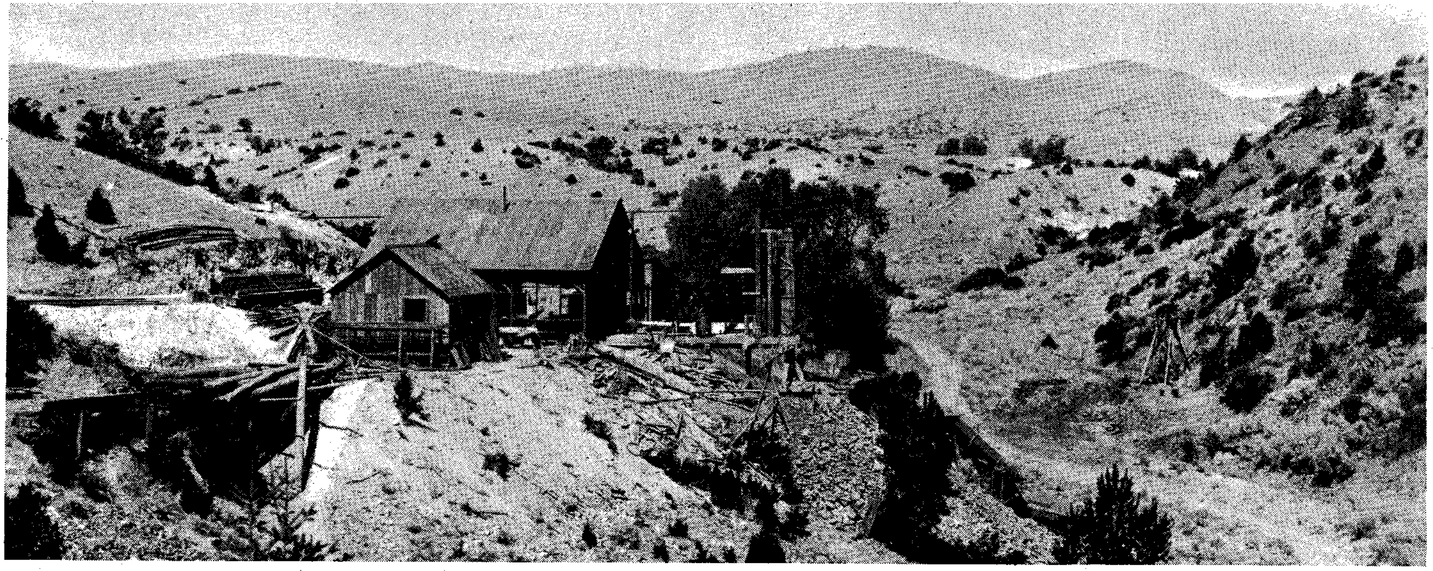
"A man who had committed murder attempted a fast getaway, but his horse refused to cooperate and he had to turn back to Radersburg for a faster one. He was caught by angry miners who gave him, instead of a fast horse, a fast hanging. There was considerable drinking and gambling, but on the whole I guess it wasn't any worse than other mining camps of the 1860s. We had lots of fun and used most any excuse for a celebration, and as Radersburg had more women than any other camp its size, the social life leaned to box socials and dances. We would dance on rough board floors all night and the next day we could barely hobble around, our feet would be so sore.

"We had several real good prizefights and there was none of this sissy modern stuff with padded gloves and a lot of fussin' over. Miners were great betters and would wager on most anything you can think of from how much gold they would pan in eight hours to the exact time the stage would pull in on its all-night stopover between Bozeman and Helena."

It was said that when a man came out west in the 1860s, he either hungered for adventure or wanted to seek his fortune. John A. Keating, early-day prospector, claimed both reasons for coming to Montana Territory in 1866, where he discovered a rich quartz lode in what was

Ohio Mine near Radersburg.

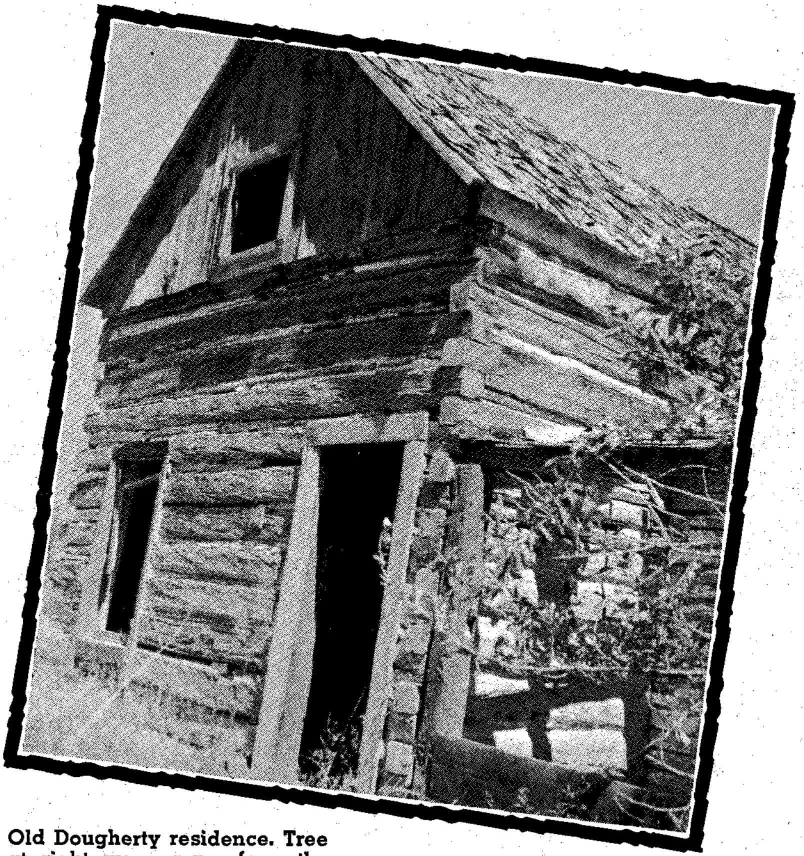
Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena



Good news for you summer vacationers — here's a mining camp which is easily accessible without a jeep or a horse, and you can't hardly find them kind no more!

By JEAN M. MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author



Old Dougherty residence. Tree at right was grown from the seed of an apple purchased in Helena.

to be known as the Radersburg area. His mine was appropriately named "The Keating," which also gave its name to the mining camp of Keatingsville, located approximately one-half mile from the mine itself. Of Keatingsville little seems to have been written or recorded except that for its short life it was evidently quite prosperous.

James Waters, whose cabin was the first one built in the area, found the first free-milling gold ore where the Keating mine was located six years later.

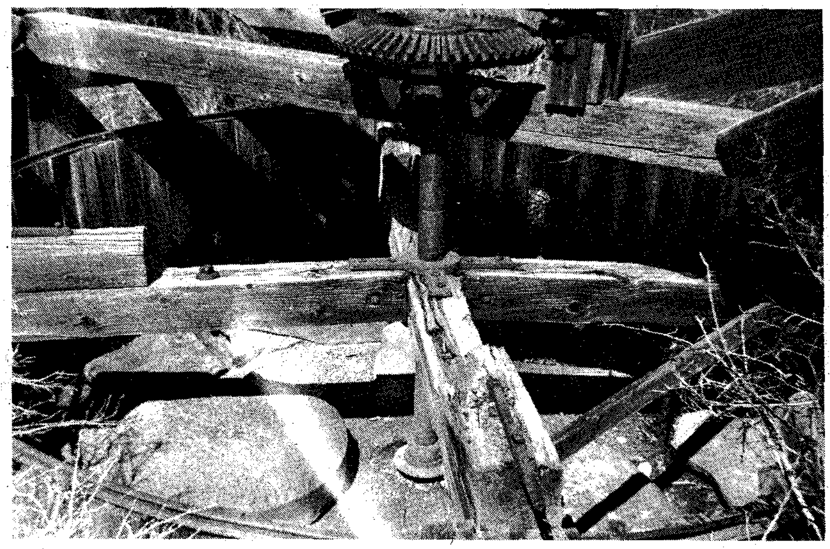
Keating and his partners, Blackner and Oldman, also located and operated the Ohio-Keating, the Leviathan and Congress mines and constructed the Keating and Blackner stamp mills, which they equipped with amalgamating plates. The mines remained active until 1877. The Keating, however, became the most important property in the area.

From its very beginning the big problem around Radersburg was the lack of water. Unless a prospector was fortunate enough to have a claim near Crow Creek, which ran east of the camp, he was forced to carry dirt to the stream, a distance of about one-half mile. This inconvenience was not only a nuisance but took up much precious time.

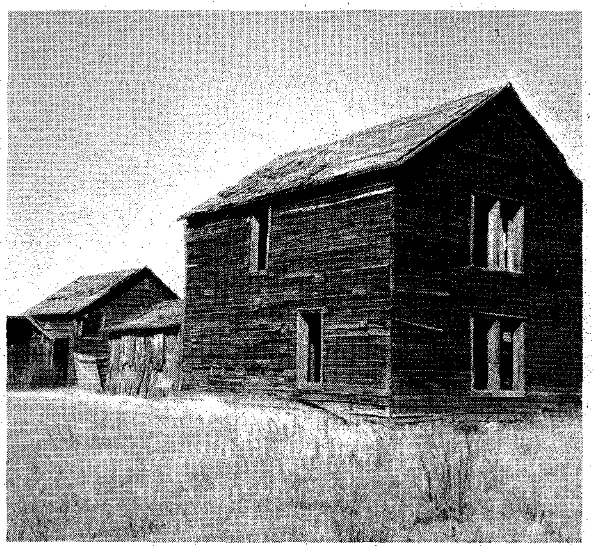
Mines in Faith, Hope and Charity Gulches obtained water from Payton and Company's ditch and were able to operate the Greyhound, Rabbit and Bay Horse Bars. Hydraulic placer mining enabled them to take out over $500,000 in gold.

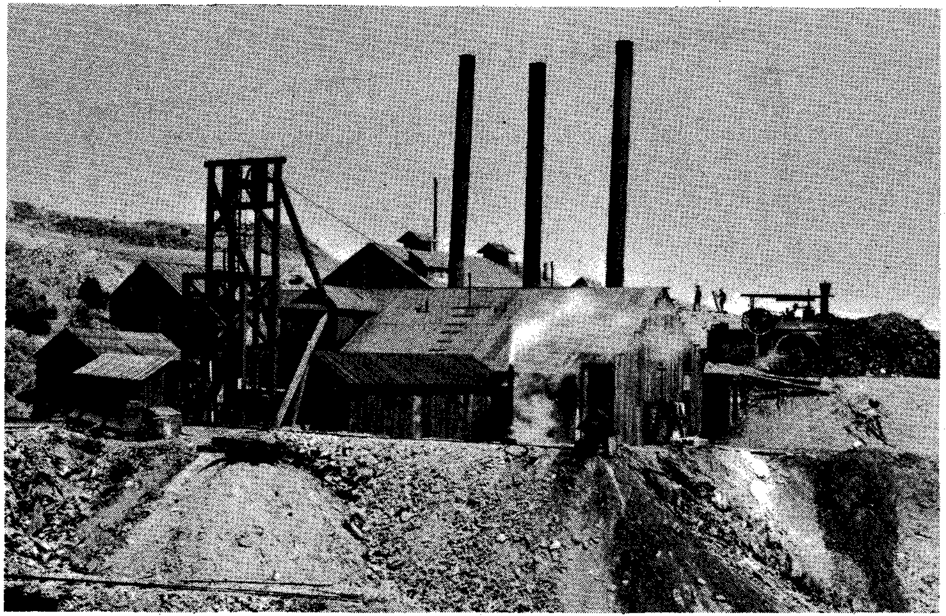
William Quinn and Company also helped solve the water problem by putting a five-mile ditch, patiently dug with picks and shovels down through the hillsides and into flumes over low places. The miners paid a high price for the water but felt it was well worth it when they reaped their golden harvests.

An arrastre built by John and Claude Rauls and Tom Lutey in Cable Gulch, Radersburg area.



Deserted building near Radersburg.





Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Keating Mine, close to Radersburg.

When in the late fall the water so necessary for placer mining froze, prospectors turned their attention to quartz mining and the hillsides became dotted with men all hoping for a nod from Lady Luck.

ALTHOUGH most who came in for the Radersburg gold rush were those who had taken part in stampedes to other mining districts, there were also businessmen who hoped to create new business activities where competition would not be a problem. Named for Ruben Radersburg, who donated the townsite, Radersburg had two streets. They were called simply Front and Back Streets. Saloonkeepers, and it took five saloons to satisfy the miners' thirst, were ready for business as soon as news of the rich placer discoveries leaked out.

The camp grew until it had three hotels—the Planter's House, Tremont House and the Quartz Hotel—plus a variety of business houses such as a small general store, a hand laundry, a butcher shop, furniture store and small boarding house. There was a post office and an auditorium where traveling theatrical troupes gave weekly performances in good traveling weather. The first schoolhouse was a sod-roofed two-room cabin and the first scholteacher was Miss Mary Gilman. A school term was made up of the three winter months: November, December and January. In 1872 the schoolhouse was replaced by a new and much larger building with sixty-two pupils enrolled for a summer term.

As qualified teachers were not available at first, anyone who wished to teach school (providing he or she could read and write) could apply for the position. One young, ambitious-appearing applicant turned out to be a fugitive from matrimony with two wives and four children back east. Another one who managed to get hired, although extremely conscientious when sober, was seldom in that condition and had a distressing habit of falling into drunken stupors during classes.

About twenty Chinese placer miners followed closely on the heels of the white men and started a small Chinese village a short distance above Radersburg, where they minded their own business, bothering no one. One evening an inebriated white man filled with whiskey courage decided it was his duty to get rid of them. He solicited the help of other drinking friends and together they set out under cover of a dark night to dynamite the Chinese village. Their mission accomplished, they returned to their drinking. When morning came there was no sign of the Chinese population. The Chinese were accustomed to the cruel moods of the white men and, knowing they—the Chinese—represented the minority, had simply disappeared.

The nearest railroad was at Corinne, Utah, and it took freighters at least four months in the warm season and between five and six months in the cold season to deliver freight to Radersburg. In later years the town's residents found it convenient to shop in Helena (first called Last Chance Gulch), a day's journey with horses and wagons.

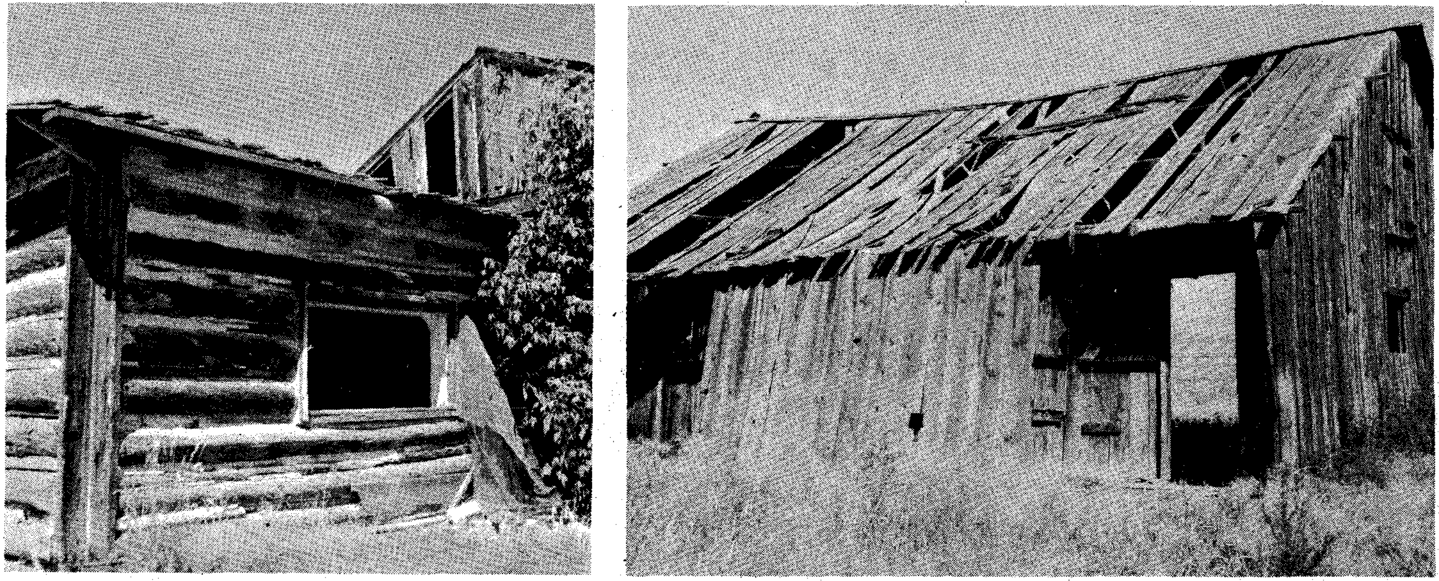
A Mrs. Dougherty, who came from Maine to Radersburg, sadly missed the apple orchards back home and was exceedingly hungry for a taste of the scarce fruit. She asked her husband to buy some apples when he went to Helena to purchase supplies. He arrived home with five small apples.

"Where are the rest of them?" she asked her husband.

"There aren't any more," he answered, "for these cost me one dollar apiece."

Flour sold at $100 a hundred-pound sack; eggs were 25¢ each; and dried fruit, a real luxury, commanded a price of $6 a pound. Housewives did manage to grow lettuce and parsley in window-boxes and in the summer wild fruits such as plums, gooseberries, raspberries, sarvis berries and choke cherries were free

Left to right: Old jail, barn and store in ghostly Radersburg.



for the picking and made fine jellies and syrups.

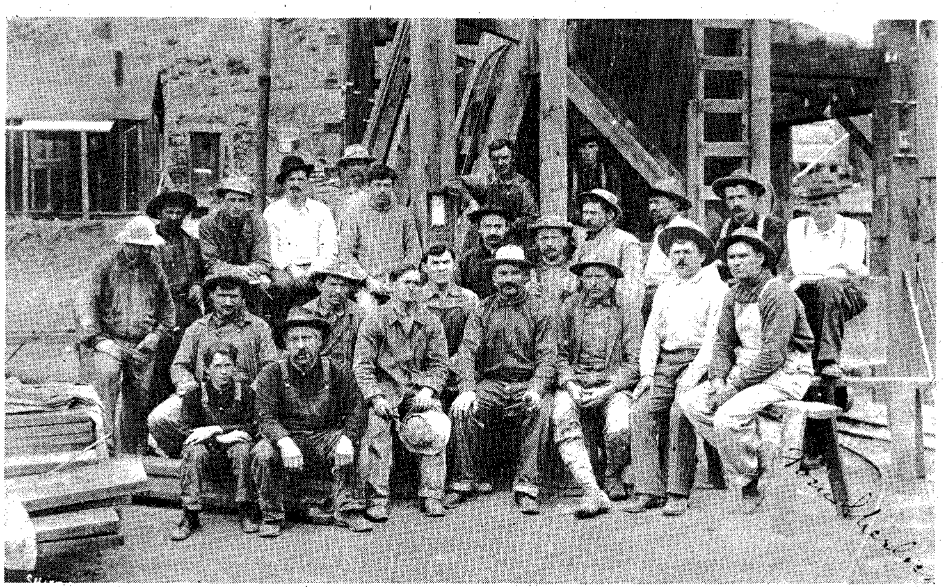
BY 1868 the population of Radersburg numbered about 600. Water was hauled to town by Joe Poe from Crow Creek during the winter. The only other supply for drinking, cooking and household cleaning was melted snow, very often dirty and full of debris. Finally a town pump was installed at the head of town and housewives considered it a great privilege to stand in line for clean water.

Quartz mining in the Radersburg area began in 1870 when recovery of the oxidized gold ore was made possible by amalgamation. In eight years oxidized ores were exhausted and the mines, with the exception of the Bonanza Chief and the Deer Lode, were shut down.

The total production of the Radersburg area through 1937 as listed in a United States geological survey was about $3,000,000. By 1910 a few properties, including the Black Friday, were still operating, but the boom days were in the past. In 1933 which saw the price of metal raised, the chief deposits were lodes of the Keating, East Pacific, Custer, Iron Age and Kleinschmidt.

When Radersburg was the seat of Jefferson County, it had a courthouse and jail that cost the impressive sum of $26,000 to build, but in 1883 it was forced to relinquish its seat of government to Boulder, a small community west of the Elkhorn Mountains.

RADERSBURG has dozens of early-day stories, but many re-tellings have varied them somewhat. There is an interesting tale about a Virginia-born slave who, after gaining his freedom, took his master's name, Charlie Portergrave, and went to Kentucky. He became excited about the gold boom in Montana Territory and decided to get in on it. He managed to get some claims in Radersburg and then talked his bootblack friends into financing his trip to the new camp to look over his investment.



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Miners at Black Friday Mine, 1908.

Portergrave hadn't been around long until he got acquainted with a white man who possessed a beautiful ore sample and a convincing manner. The result of this meeting was the loss of his hard-earned money and his confidence in friendly strangers, but he did learn a lesson and decided that two could play at the same game. By pretending that he did not know the value of some rich ore he had borrowed for the purpose, he managed to sell a worthless mining claim to the man who had taken him in.

The story of young Charity Jane Dillon is also a favorite. Charity arrived in Montana looking for her fiancé who had headed west to seek his fortune. He had promised to return for his sweetheart, but she never heard from him again. She worried about her lost love—wondered if he had met with foul play—until she finally set out in search of him.

Charity located her roaming Romeo in Radersburg, but he was a married man with a family. She remained in the Radersburg area, supporting herself by running an inn at the Crow Creek crossing just below town. Although she was popular and could have had her choice of several men, she preferred to remain single. One day a neighbor, wondering why she hadn't seen Charity for some time, investigated and found her dead in her bed. A trunk, which was believed to have contained a considerable amount of money and gold dust, had been ran-

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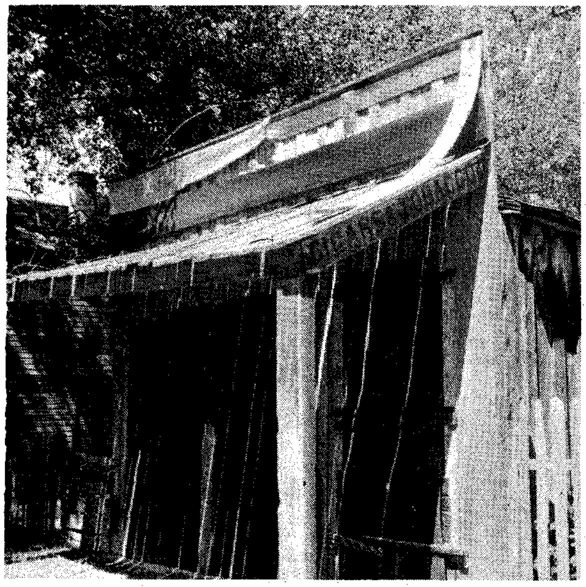
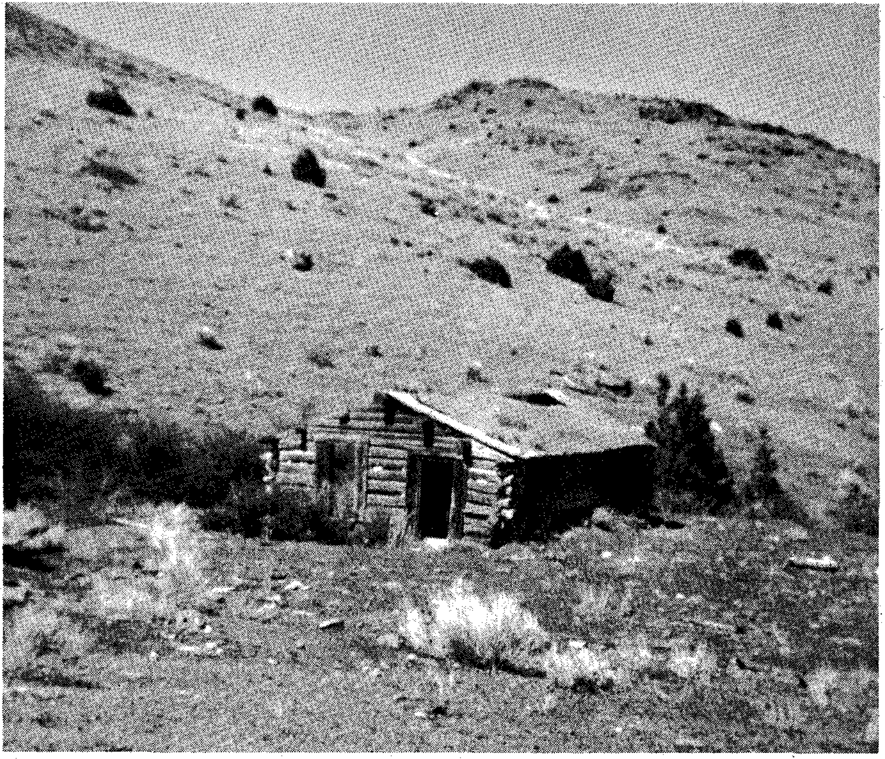


Cable Gulch cabin, the first built in the area.



SIEGE OF THE

Courtesy Author

By RAFAELITA PRYOR

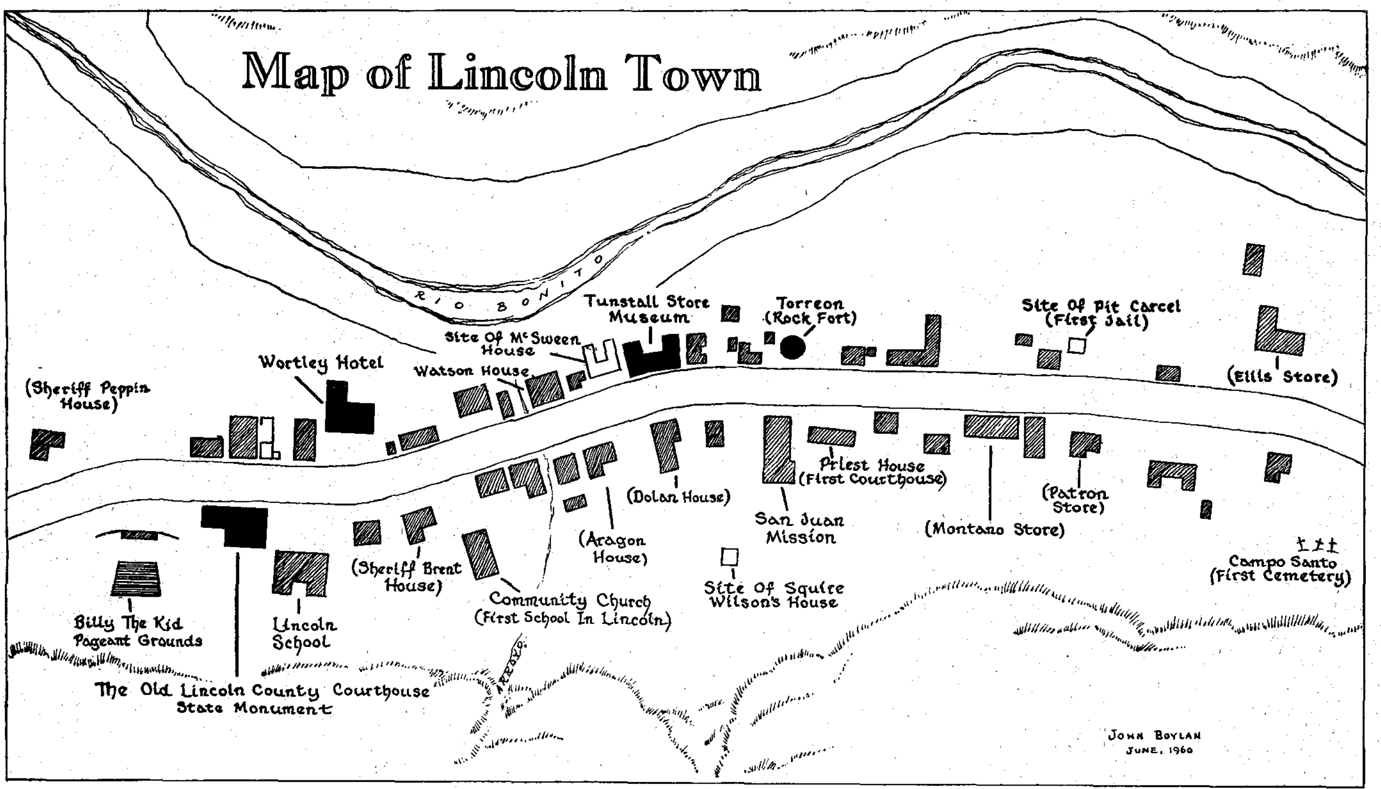
Explanatory note: Rafaelita Pryor is the granddaughter of Captain Saturnino Baca of Lincoln, New Mexico. Her grandfather was in Lincoln during the terrible three days' battle and a witness to many of the things that occurred. Her brother's father-in-law, Yginio Salazar, was not only a witness but a participant and a survivor of that ordeal.

Thirty-six years ago, when Mrs. Pryor was a senior in high school, she asked Mr. Salazar for an account of that famous encounter and he gave a record of his experiences and observations.

Captain Baca was born in Valencia County in 1830. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature of New Mexico and in 1869 he introduced into it a bill which created Lincoln County, comprising all the territory which is now Lincoln, Chavez, Eddy, Roosevelt, Lea, and part of Otero Counties. It encompassed al-

Left, Yginio Salazar who was struck by three bullets and yet survived the battle that killed six. Below, a map of Lincoln Town. At right, a photo of Lincoln taken about five years after the Lincoln County War.

Courtesy John Boylan


Map of Lincoln Town
RIO BONITO
Tunstall Store Museum
Torreon (Rock Fort)
Site of Pit Carcel (First Jail)
Site of McSween House
Wortley Hotel
Watson House
(Sheriff Peppin House)
(Ellis Store)
Priest House (First Courthouse)
(Dolan House)
San Juan Mission
(Patron Store)
(Montano Store)
(Aragon House)
(Sheriff Brent House)
Community Church (First School In Lincoln)
Site of Squire Wilson's House
Campo Santo (First Cemetery)
Billy The Kid Pageant Grounds
Lincoln School
The Old Lincoln County Courthouse State Monument
John Boylan June, 1960

McSWEEN HOUSE

—the brief and vicious struggle which terminated the Lincoln County War!

most one-fourth of the Territory of New Mexico. Friends wished to have the new county named for Baca but he insisted upon naming it Lincoln.

His obituary records: "At the beginning of the Civil War, Baca offered his services to Gov. Henry Connelly, and in 1861 was made a first lieutenant in Co. E, First New Mexico Cavalry, which was under the command of Kit Carson . . . Before the war was over Baca was captain of Co. E and he remained at its head until his discharge in 1867. He participated in the battle of Val Verde on the Rio Grande."

Following the war Captain Baca served at Forts Stanton, Wingate, and Bascom, and also at Fort Defiance in Arizona. Captain Baca became the first probate judge in Lincoln County. He was elected sheriff in 1873 and served for three years. Later he was county commissioner. Captain Baca died at the age of ninety-four in Lincoln at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Frank Salazar. He was buried in Lincoln Cemetery.

Mrs. Pryor's maternal grandfather was Bernardo Salazar; Yginio Salazar was her brother's father-in-law, whose life was saved by his pretending to be dead while he lay wounded in the dooryard of the McSween house. Both he and Captain Saturnino Baca agreed on the following story.

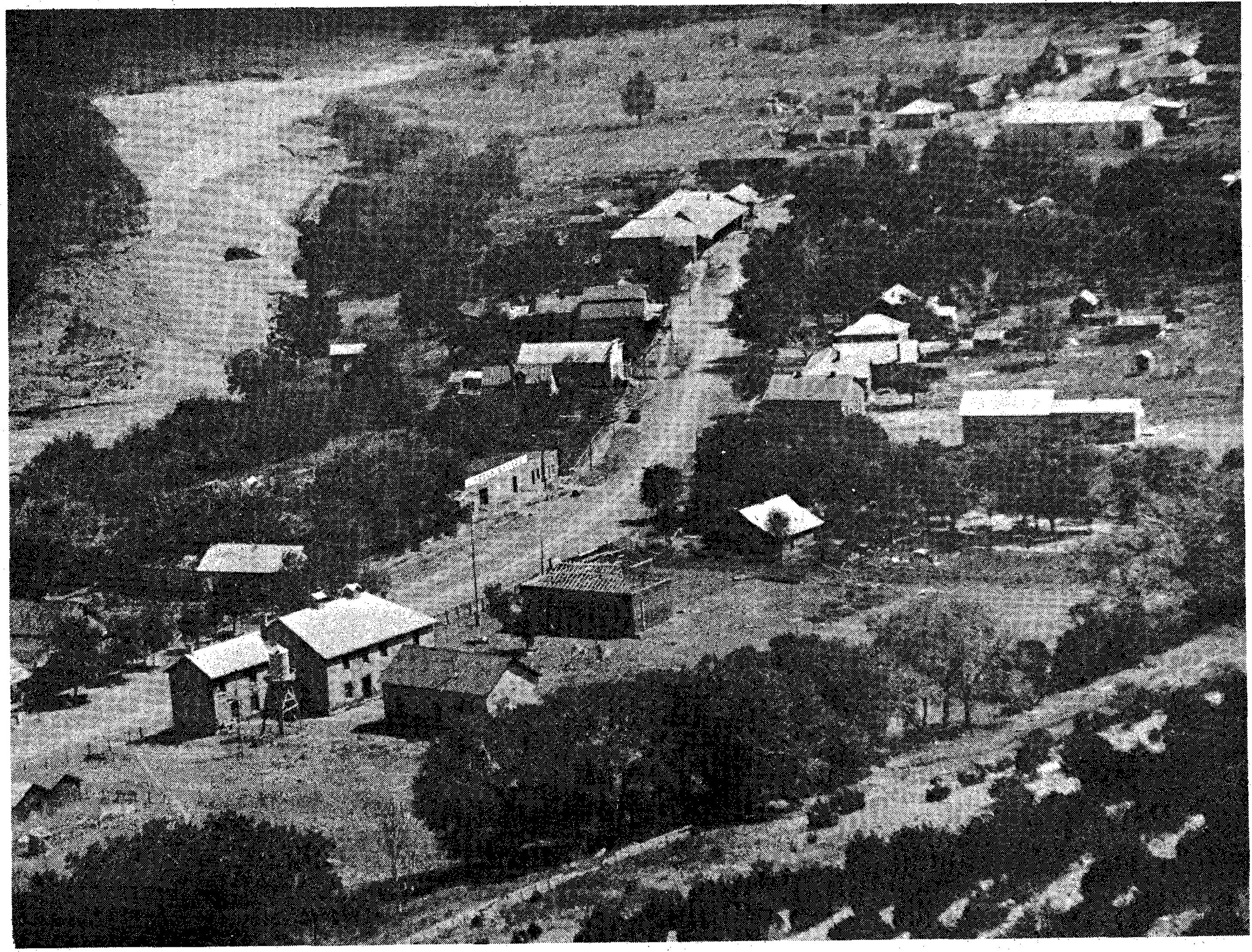
LINCOLN was settled in the early 1850s by Spanish pioneers who came from both the Rio Grande and northern New Mexico. They named the village La Placita del Rio Bonito, "The Little Town by the Pretty River." It consisted of a few adobe houses built about a plaza, and El Torreon, the fortified tower built for protection against the Apaches.

In 1869 the name was changed to Lincoln and it became the county seat of a huge county which occupied almost one-quarter of the Territory.

Because of the development of the great cattle ranges of the Southwest rival factions were created. That on the Pecos was led by John Chisum; Tom Catron, leader of the infamous Santa Fe Ring,

(Continued on page 54)

Photo by special permission from the M. G. Fulton Collection, Special Collections, University of Arizona Library, from Maurice G. Fulton's HISTORY OF THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR, edited by Robert N. Mullin, The University of Arizona Press, copyright 1968.



Many men have bargained with God and later regretted their extravagant vows, but Jesse Knight promised the world— and delivered it

Courtesy
Utah State Historical Society

THE MORMON WIZARD

By GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

THE ONLY mining camp in the West without a saloon—that's what they called Knightsville, Utah. Located in the fabulously rich Tintic Mining District, it was a most unusual boom town. Saloons were prohibited by law and miners weren't allowed to work on Sunday! But probably most unusual of all, it was "Uncle Jesse" Knight's town—lock, stock, and barrel.

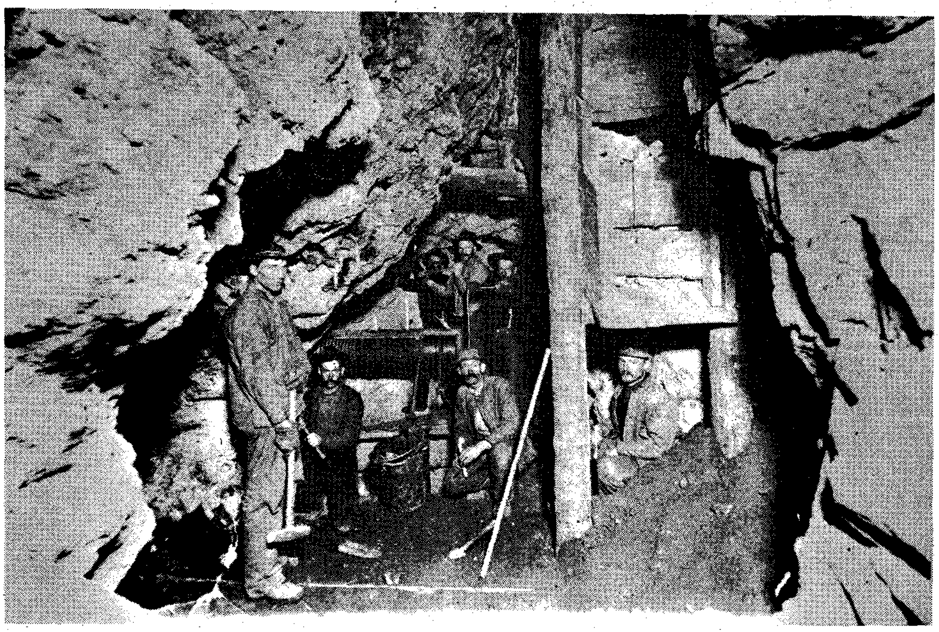
Jesse Knight was born at Kirtland, Ohio in 1845 and made the long hard journey across the Plains to Salt Lake City in 1850 with his widowed mother and seven small brothers and sisters. Even as a barefoot boy herding cattle in the foothills he was the man of the family. He was working in a sawmill when he was only sixteen and was freighting to the Nevada mining camps a year later.

Knight's mother was a devout Mormon and although she tried to raise her children in the church she found that young Jesse had little interest in Mormonism and following his marriage often spoke against its beliefs. It was after he had been married for several years that his favorite daughter died and his youngest child was extremely ill. His wife pleaded with him to call in the church elders and join them in prayer for the child's recovery. At first he refused but finally relented when doctors abandoned all hope. Jesse Knight prayed with the church elders and vowed that if the baby's life were spared he would pledge his life and fortune to the church. Almost as if a miracle had happened the sickness passed away and Knight found his future pledged to the Mormon Church.

NOT LONG after his child's recovery Knight turned to prospecting and one day as he sat resting on the slopes of Mt. Godiva he heard a voice say to him, "This country is here for the Mormons!" He interpreted the strange message as a heaven-sent sign and located a mining claim on the rough mountain face not far from where he had heard the mysterious voice.

Knight had faith that his claim would be a rich one but friends only laughed, for there had never been any minerals found in that area before. Knight asked Jared Roundy to help him stake and record the claim and as Roundy was writing out the location notice Knight told him to put his own name on it as half owner, but Roundy answered, "I want no part of such a damned humbug!" When he asked what name to put on the location notice Knight answered, "You have just named it. We will call it the Humbug!"

Month after month Knight worked at his Humbug claim without finding a sign of ore; still he believed that his



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Miners working in one of Uncle Jesse's mines.

fortune was there. Finally to speed work on the claim he mortgaged his home and hired two miners to help him and his son Will with the work. For weeks they drilled and blasted a tunnel deep into the hard rock of the mountainside, going deeper into debt at the same time.

Then one day to his son's surprise Knight said, "Soon we will have all the money we need and in time will save the credit of the church!" Young Will was amazed for they were deep in debt, had uncovered no ore, and it was said that the Mormon Church owed debts of more than one million dollars!

It was in August 1896 that the great ore strike was made in the Humbug tunnel. Miners Thomas Leatham and Thomas Mansfield had drilled a round of holes and when they returned to the end of the 150-foot tunnel to dig out the blasted rock they discovered a full face of glistening ore! Assays revealed the ore averaged 4 ounces of gold, 175 ounces of silver, and 34% lead to the ton. Knight did not appear in the least surprised but acted as if he expected the strike to be made that very day. Filling a wheelbarrow with the rich ore he wheeled it from the tunnel and turning to his son remarked, "I have done the last day's work I ever expect to do where I take work from another man. From now on I expect to make employment for others!"

Before news of the rich strike got out, Knight quickly located a group of mining claims around the Humbug, including the Godiva, Colorado, Beck, Iron Blossom, Dragon, and Uncle Sam. His strange powers bordering on clairvoyance also led to the discovery of rich ore in his newly staked claims.

At the Uncle Sam claim a tunnel was driven through barren rock for 350 feet without finding a pound of ore. The miners were questioning the wisdom of digging further when for no apparent reason Knight ordered the direction of the tunnel changed and within only a short distance a vein of rich silver was found.

At the Beck tunnel the same thing was repeated at 300 feet when the tunnel's direction was ordered turned 90° and broke into a great body of ore 40 feet thick. It was the same story at his other claims. Soon Jesse Knight was known throughout the mining world as "The Mormon Wizard." In only a few months his income soared to over ten thousand per month and production from the mining claims his friends once laughed at totaled over ten million dollars. He became the Mormon Church's greatest tithe payer, never forgetting the vow he had made when his prayers were answered.

IT WAS Jesse Knight's debt of honor to the Mormon Church which created Knightsville, the only mining camp in the West without liquor. He was appalled at the way miners would work for months and then spend their entire pay checks in one night of riotous celebration in the saloons of nearby Eureka. To help his employes and their families to a better life, Knight built his own town on a summit two miles east of Eureka. He started the town named in his honor with a group of substantial homes and a brick schoolhouse, all at his own expense. Before long the new town had stores and shops, a post office, boarding houses and liveries, and all the other businesses common to mining camps—everything except saloons.

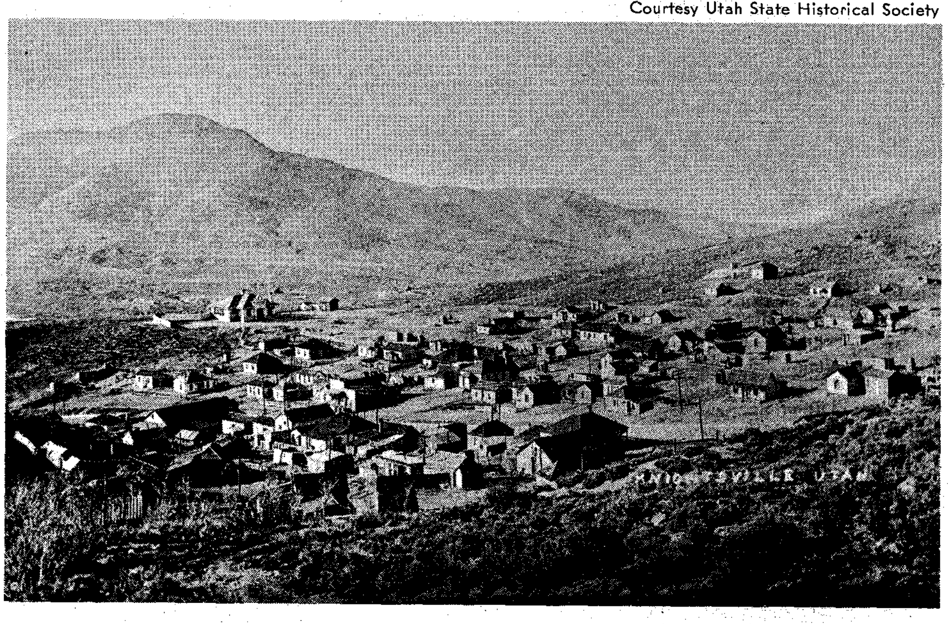
Knightsville grew steadily, its population reaching more than a thousand by 1907. For the first two years of its existence the town paid taxes to Utah County until a survey showed it was actually in Juab County. Miners at Knightsville were taxed two dollars each month to pay the schoolteacher's salary and were not allowed to work on Sunday. Knight paid his miners twenty-five cents per day more than other mines in the Tintic District; in effect, paying them seven days' pay for six days' work. Knight would hire only Mormon miners and would quickly fire any man found guilty of using alcohol or of neglecting his family. Any returned Mormon missionary was always sure of a job at Knightsville. Other mine owners in the district jokingly called his properties "The Sunday School Mines" but his miners, who had never been treated so fairly before, affectionately called him "Uncle Jesse."

Until Jesse Knight started Knightsville, mine owners of the Tintic District had been forced to ship their ore to smelters at Salt Lake City, 100 miles to the north. Knight thought that rates at the Salt Lake City smelters were too high and announced he would build a smelter of his own. He chose a site near Silver City, six miles from his mines, and began construction of the Tintic Smelting Company plant. Owners of the Salt Lake City smelters recognized the

(Continued on page 72)

Knightsville, Utah, the mining camp built by "Uncle Jesse" Knight.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society



"I'LL GIVE any man $500 who can break through the Californians' lines and deliver a message to Commodore Stockton!"

Excitement ran high among Captain Archibald Gillespie's small battalion of fifty Americans. Five hundred dollars was a powerful inducement, and each man carefully weighed his chances of carrying out the assignment.

Commodore John Sloat only recently had raised the Stars and Stripes over California's capital city of Monterey. Two weeks after Sloat's uneventful landing, Commodore Robert Stockton arrived from far-off Virginia and assumed command of all forces in the newly acquired territory.

Stockton, a man of action, wasted little time in occupying San Diego and Los Angeles, two of the last strongholds under Mexican rule. Meeting little opposition, Stockton assumed the conquest was complete and placed Captain Gillespie in charge as he sailed for his Monterey headquarters.

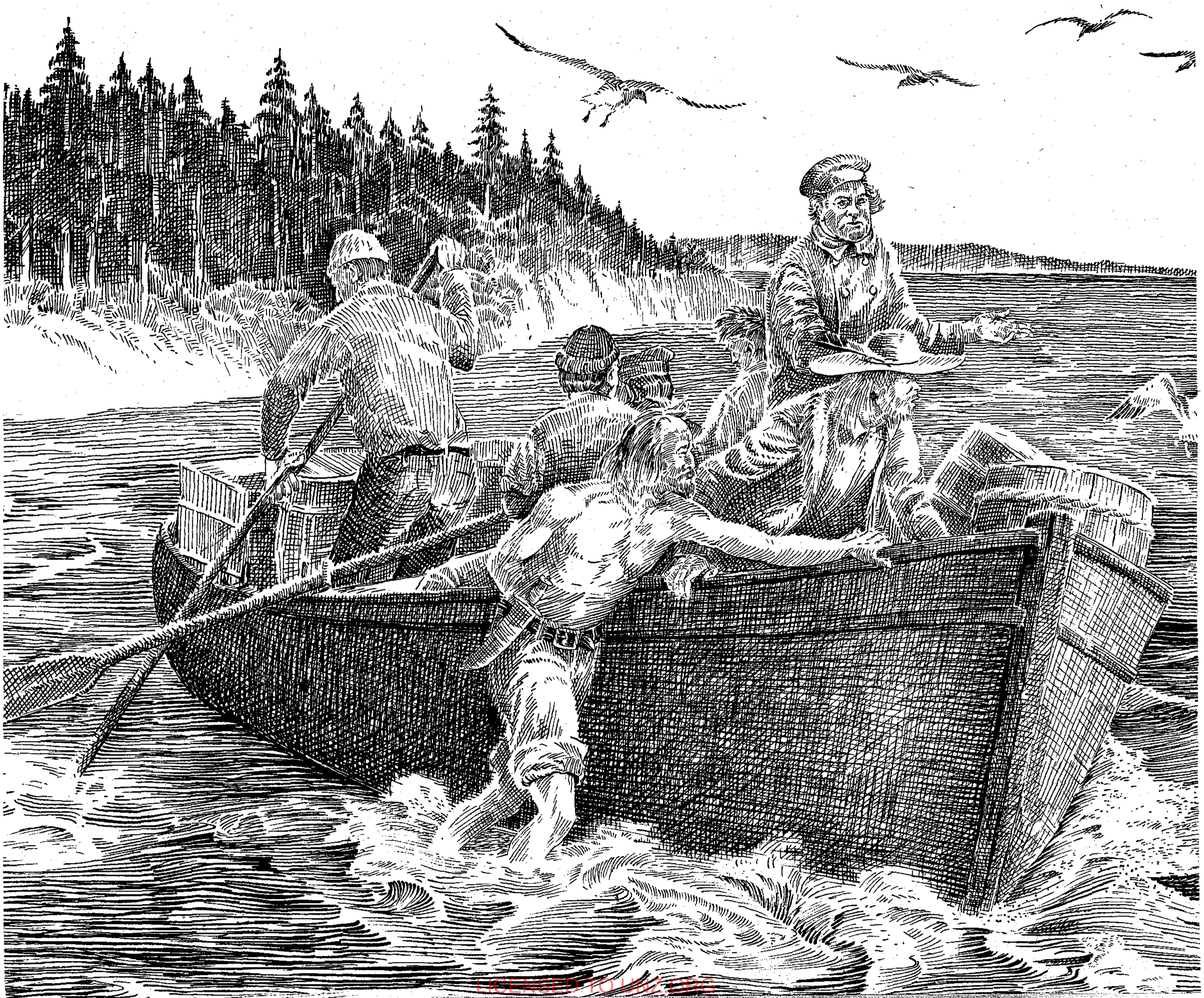
Through harsh rules and undue discipline Gillespie soon made many enemies among the native Californians. Jose Flores, Andres Pico, and Jose Carrillo, three of the better known, quickly organized a fighting force composed of almost 500 men. During the early morning hours of September 23, 1846, the small American outpost was surrounded.

As the sun slowly rose over Fort Hill, Captain Gillespie and his command realized, for the first time, the true danger in which they found themselves. Outnumbered ten to one, thoughts of outright combat were soon rejected. Their only hope was to get help, which meant a 350-mile ride through the Californians' defenses and on to headquarters in Monterey.

LEAN JOHN'S RIDE

By RANDALL A. REINSTEDT

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

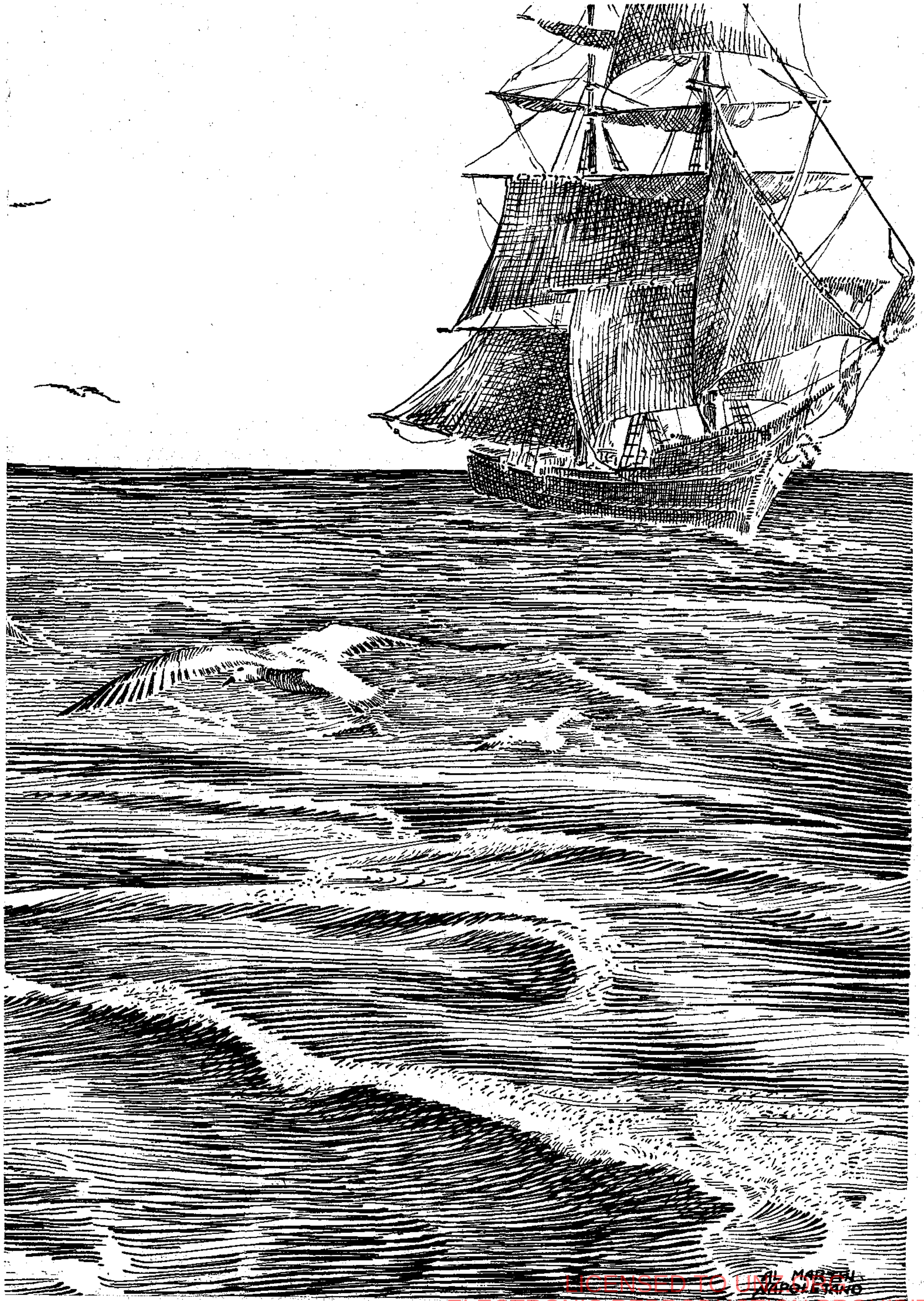


After much discussion the Americans decided there was only one man among them who might have a chance of making the long and dangerous journey. All eyes fell upon a tall slender immigrant who had only recently joined the American forces. He had the unspectacular name of John Brown, but due to his lanky frame was soon nicknamed "Lean John." Brown had a remarkable career even before he reached the shores of California. Born in Sweden in 1799, at fifteen he had run away from home and joined the British Navy. Seeing Napoleon Bonaparte as he was being exiled to the small island of St. Helena was one of his many experiences.

In South America Lean John fought nine battles under the famous Venezuelan general, Simón Bolívar, and was eventually captured and sentenced to death. Shortly before he was to face the firing squad he escaped and stowed away on a ship bound for far-off California. Lean John was discovered and unceremoniously put ashore as soon as the ship anchored.

While in California, Brown worked at many trades but enjoyed working as a cowboy most of all. He soon became known among the natives and quickly improved his horsemanship as well as his knowledge of the Spanish language.

Perhaps heroism is never wasted—but one thing for sure its reward can never be guaranteed . . .



BEING A TRUE adventurer, Brown wasted little time in joining the Americans when they arrived on the West Coast. During his stay in the "City of Angels" he had grown to dislike Mexican rule and hoped that the United States would supplant it.

Lean John was familiar with the territory and, with his ability to handle a horse and speak the language of the land, he seemed Captain Gillespie's only real hope of ever reaching Commodore Stockton's headquarters. As the Swede stepped forth and volunteered his services, a happy cry rose from the meager American garrison.

Brown was given the best horse the post had to offer and at eight o'clock in the evening, September 24, he mounted his horse and slipped through the guard at Fort Hill. Making his way successfully through enemy lines, he rode at top speed toward Cahunga Pass.

Even before he was out of sight fifteen Californians were mounted and on his trail, but combining his expert horsemanship with the speed of his mighty white stallion, Lean John had little trouble holding his lead.

A rising moon helped Brown follow the trail, but it also helped his followers to keep him in sight. Two miles from Fort Hill the pale light from the sky showed a wide gulch cutting through the center of the trail. Lean John knew his only chance of escape was to jump the gap and hope the enemy would not be able to follow. He spurred his charging mount straight ahead and held on for his life.

Gunshots echoed in his ears as the surprised Californians suddenly realized the lanky trooper had jumped the gulch and was quickly disappearing into the darkness. They had been fully aware of the thirteen-foot "arroyo" and were counting on it to stop the chase.

Brown's first feeling of relief did not last long. Within a matter of minutes he noticed his stallion beginning to falter. He rode the gallant animal for another two miles, then suddenly the horse fell dead beneath him. On examination John learned that one of the bullets had found its mark and had laid his fine horse to rest.

NOT HEARING any sign of his pursuers he grabbed his riata and started walking toward Rancho de la Virgen, owned by his friend Domingo Dominguez. It took John most of the night to traverse those twenty-seven miles over the rough countryside. Many times throughout the night he was forced to hide from the Californians, as they had managed a safe crossing of the arroyo and had resumed their pursuit.

Unaware of Lean John's twenty-seven-mile hike and of his acquiring a fresh mount at Domingo's ranch, Flores' men eventually became tired of playing hide and seek and returned to their companions and the hapless American garrison.

(Continued on page 56)

He never quit stalking the three men who had wronged him. Neither the tall green corn of spring nor winter's icy veils could obscure their retreating figures

A CHOCTAW'S REVENGE

By ADELE COLLINS

Photos Courtesy Author

ALFRED VICTOR, his wife and six-year-old son, Julius, were living in the Choctaw Nation when the Civil War started. This Choctaw man felt a duty to the Confederacy, and persuaded Mary to go to her parents with the boy, as he could not leave them unprotected. The territory was filled with outlaws and renegade Indians.

Tandy Walker, Chickasaw leader of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indian divisions who were joining the South, was Alfred's friend and idol. After securing his family with her parents, Alfred left for the war.

When it was over, this battered Indian man, having received a leg wound that never healed in his lifetime, headed home. He went to the farm of his wife's parents, but strangers were living there and no one knew of his family. Alfred rode the territory far and wide and deep into Texas. His search was painful and fruitless, and after two years he came back to be near his friend, Tandy Walker.

Eventually he married Lucy Moncrief, Tandy's half-sister. This Viking of a woman, six feet tall, handsome, well educated, could ride and shoot as well as any man. Alfred chopped logs and built her a house; later the place was called Emmet.

In 1875, at their home on Blue River in southeastern Indian Territory about two miles from the Chickasaw capital of Tishomingo, Alfred and Lucy Victor were living happily and enjoying their first child, a son. One day Alfred was out by his lean-to mending harness, lacing leather strings to the collar. Lucy was inside preparing the noon meal, when her husband looked up and saw a horse and rider turning into the lane. Laying down his work, Alfred walked toward the young stranger, wondering why he seemed so familiar. Could it be someone from the war? No—he did not know this man.

"Father, I am Julius."

"Get down, son," Alfred choked.

They shook hands, then embraced, and great sobs came from the two big men. They talked late into the night. Julius told his father that his mother and his grandparents had died of smallpox before the end of the war and that he had lived wherever he was given food and shelter. When he was old enough, he worked for ranchers and farmers and when he had earned enough to buy a

Right, standing left to right: Dan Kennedy, Alfred's daughter Mary Kennedy, Emmet Victor, Myrtle Johnston, Alfred's third wife Molly, Frank Cottner and Luecretia Johnston. Alfred Victor sits in front next to an unidentified child.

Left, wedding picture of Emmet Victor (half-brother of the murdered Julius) and Lee Desmond. They were married in 1898 at the home of Douglas Johnston, Governor of the Chickasaw Indians, outside of Tishomingo, I. T.

horse and saddle, he started searching for Alfred Victor.

JULIUS lived with his father and stepmother until his marriage to Annie Tussy, when he was twenty-two.

Annie had three brothers, all of whom had bad reputations, but her young husband seemed to get along with them and in time the four men purchased some cattle to start a herd in partnership. Beef was scarce at that time. One day the oldest of the Tussy boys drove eight of the longhorn animals to Denison, Texas and sold them. When Annie told her husband, he was furious.

Julius went to where the brothers lived and told them that he wanted his part of the money. They laughed and said, "We have no money and you are missing two cows."

Julius then went to the meadow where the cattle were grazing, cut out two fat steers, drove them home and butchered them. From then on bad feelings existed between them. The three Tussy brothers vowed openly to get even.

Julius was asked to go to Lexington, I.T. on business for his father. The young man was filled with anticipation at seeing a strange town. He packed his saddle bags with blue bread, told his wife goodbye, then started his two days' journey. It was dry for July. Grasshoppers flew with every step the horse made.

Julius could hear the hum of the wide-open town before he entered it. He was hot and thirsty, and decided he would have a drink without restriction before taking care of the business part of his journey. No one would suspect this fair-complexioned, blue-eyed man was part Indian.

Annie had told her brothers of her husband's trip and they had gone to Lexington the day before, hoping to find a way to make good their threats.

Young Tussy's friend, a petty outlaw, had a girl working in one of the saloons, and she promised Tussy that she would be on the lookout for Julius and would tell the brothers if he came in. The description she had been given was good, and the woman recognized Julius at once. Furtively she went to the back door of the dance hall where the two younger Tussys were waiting and told them that their quarry was at the bar.

The room was cool and the drink refreshing to the tall lean man. He decided to have another. When the treacherous barmaid asked him to buy her a drink, he did. She inquired where he was from and if he had ridden far that day. Julius replied that he was from down on Blue River and would not be staying long as his wife was at home alone. He bade her good day and had started for the front door when the first bullet hit him. Julius spun around and before he hit the floor, he was shot again. The barmaid in a moment of sympathy, fell to the floor and lifted the man's head into her lap. There he died. No one saw the older Tussy brother as he fled.

ALFRED recognized the clumsy bundle on the pack horse which the Indian policeman was leading, when he entered the lane.

"My Julius!" he cried.

The policeman told the stricken father what had happened. Alfred could not look at the officer. He allowed one tear to roll down his cheek from the veiled eyes. Even in his great grief he could not forget his deep sense of hospitality; he invited the man to stay for dinner. But the officer declined, as he still had to break the news to the dead man's wife.

Alfred and Lucy prepared the body for burial, wrapping it tightly in one of Lucy's bed sheets. Alfred walked east of the house and dug a deep hole in the ground—the beginning of the family cemetery. Hastily dressed in their Sunday clothing, Lucy, Emmet and Annie watched as Alfred threw spade after spade of dirt on his beloved son.

"Oh Shilombish . . . Oh Shilombish . . . Nahni-waya . . . Nahni-waya . . ." cried the grieving man. He knelt at the raw grave until dawn. Lucy had always been able to console her husband, but now she could not. This man—who had lost his first-born and found him only to lose him again—was inconsolable.

LUCY was preparing blue bread for the family. Alfred watched as she parched black peas, from which she made a powder. She put stone-ground corn meal, salt, lard and the blue powder into a large iron pot, and to this mixture added boiling water, stirring vigorously. The corn shucks had been prepared in advance.

Carefully folding little squares of the mixture into the shucks, she pushed the pot to the back of the hearth where they simmered in ham broth for several hours. "Thank God for this staple; it never spoils," thought Alfred. He knew his journey would be long.

He cleaned his gun, honed his knife to a keen edge, and wrapped a large package of blue bread with a side of bacon in one of the corn meal sacks. Then he kissed the boy Emmet goodbye. Lucy watched sadly from the doorway, for she did not know when her husband would return.

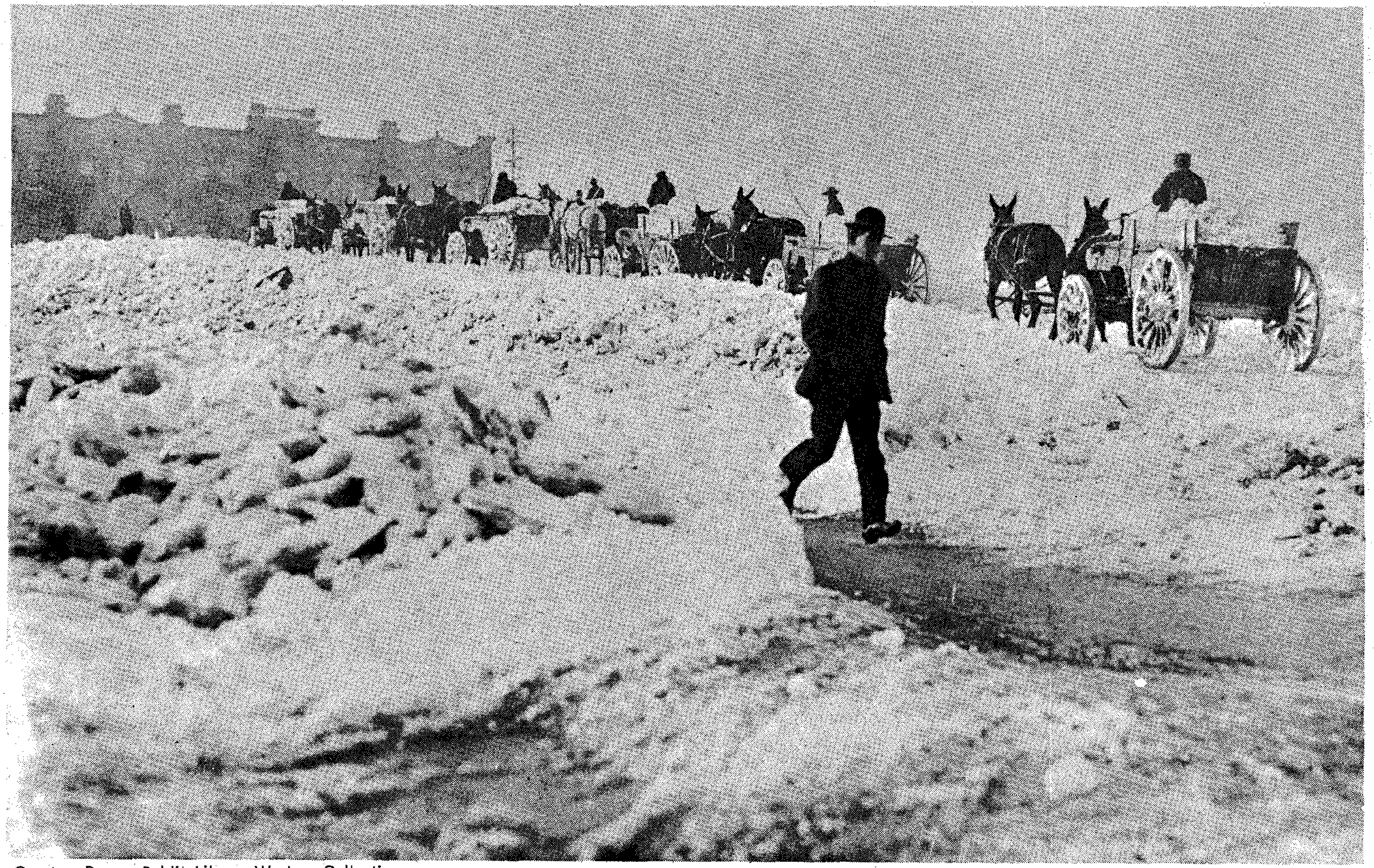
He sat very straight in the saddle for a man of his years, this Indian who had experienced too much to care about the consequences of his plan. Alfred rode directly to his dead son's wife. Her heart was broken, but she was loyal to her own blood. No . . . she had not seen her brothers. No . . . she did not know where they were.

Alfred rode next to the shack where the brothers resided. The place was empty, the water trough dry. Grimly, the rider turned his horse and headed north toward Lexington.

It was September now. Alfred, this pioneer and family man who had turned warrior again, had spent the intervening weeks searching for his enemy. While staying overnight with an old friend, he and his farmer host sat talking late into the night. They spoke of the son who had been murdered. The farmer had heard of the killing. He had been told one of

(Continued on page 64)

The first day, the second, the third, the fourth— At last the streets lay deserted:



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Snow from downtown Denver being hauled and dumped in the Civic Center.

THIRTEEN MILLION TONS

According to Weather Bureau officials, Denver's five-day storm in 1913 was the worst in the city's history. It was like living in a ghost town, with streets deserted and losing their outlines in deepening drifts.

Snow started to fall early Monday morning, December 1. Only the night before my father had said, "Sure a good thing we got that ton of coal last week." And my mother had agreed. However, it wasn't because they thought any storm might snow us in; such a thing had never happened since they had come to Denver around the turn of the century. It was just that miners in the southern Colorado coal fields were going on strike and coal prices would be going up.

That ton of coal made us one of the lucky families. There were many who suffered from lack of fuel. In some parts of town it was days, even weeks, before deliveries could be made, and then only with teams of four to six struggling horses.

Although the storm began on Monday, it was Thursday, December 4, before the city actually could bring itself to believe that this was no ordinary snowstorm. During the intervening time, people had been in a joking mood about it. One of the most common greetings was, "Think it's going to snow?" But when they woke up Thursday morning to see the flakes still coming down thick and heavy, the mood turned to one of concern.

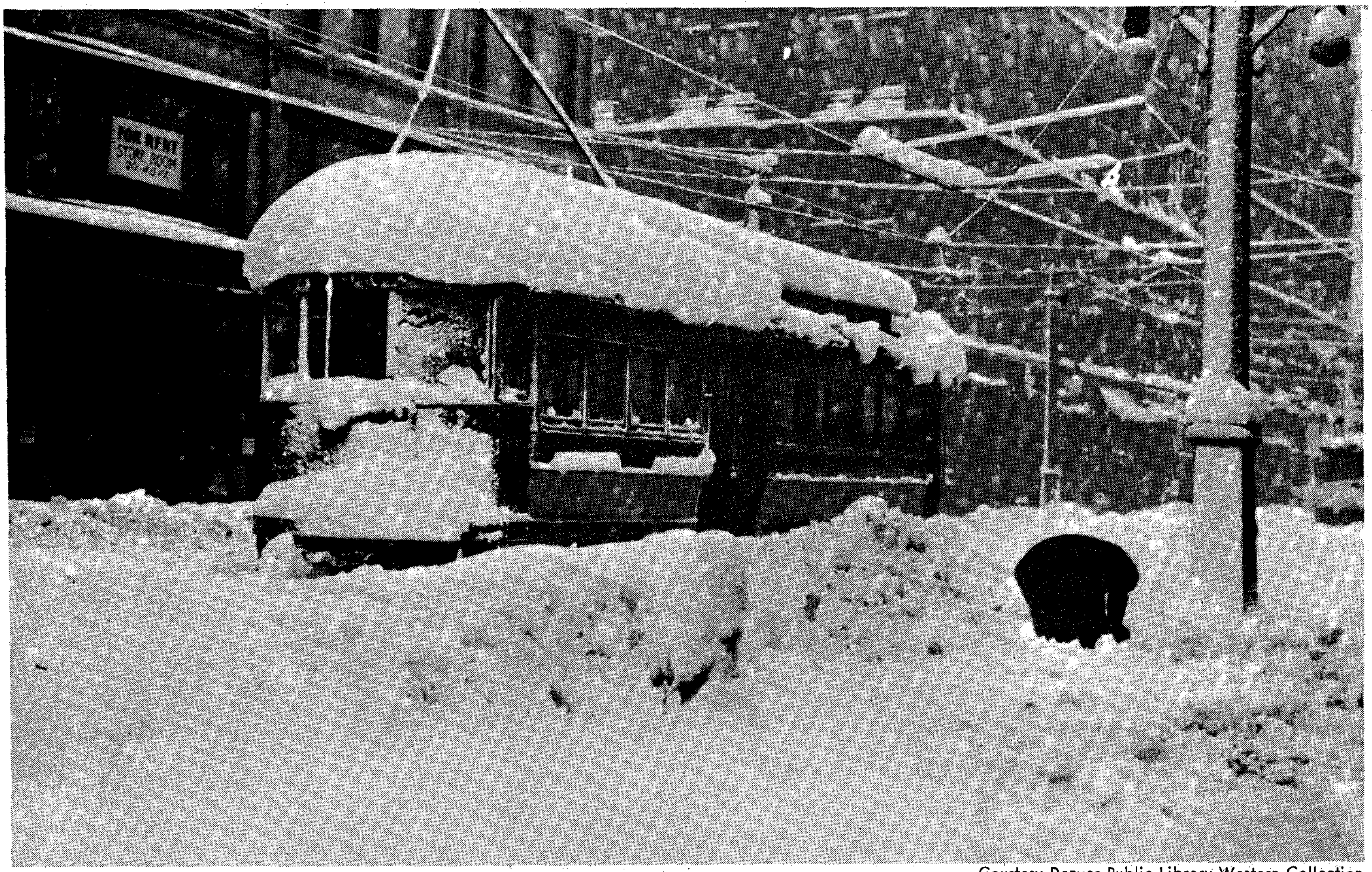
I was practically bug-eyed at the depth of snow when I got up that morning. I trudged off to school, as usual, but shortly after eleven o'clock all of us were sent home. Later came the news that all schools would be closed indefinitely.

Many stores and offices closed so employees could get home before the storm became worse. Others elected to remain open even though there wasn't much business. One cheering thought was that the Denver Tramway had crews out clearing the tracks and that streetcars were still running. What they didn't

and still it fell.
a great city had come to a halt...

By AGNES M. PHARO

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Streetcar stalled at 16th and Welton in the downtown district.

OF SNOW BURIED DENVER!

realize was—no matter how fast the men worked, winds blew the snow back even faster. The company put every snowplow and sweeper into service, and the cars kept going as long as they could. Eventually even plows and sweepers began to get stuck—the Colfax Avenue hill near the state capitol building was one of the worst spots. That was it. The streetcars finally had to give up.

BY NINE O'CLOCK Thursday night, after four days of continuous snowfall, streets were deserted except for an occasional lone hiker trying to get home under his own power, which was the only way to make it—if at all. Not too many tried.

Silence was the word for Denver, a deep, white, unbroken silence. There was no train whistling at the station on 17th Street. No trains could get into town; they were stalled in massive drifts out on the prairie. This was a storm which affected much of Colorado as well as Denver. No clang of streetcar bell, creak of wagon, or clop of horse's hoof was heard. There was nothing but snow and more snow.

Wind howled around the corners and through the brick canyons of the downtown area. Hundreds of workers and shoppers were stranded. Private clubs, bars and hotels were filled to overflowing that Thursday night. Office buildings, the city auditorium, even the city jail, were pressed into use as dormitories for these orphans of the storm.

One ill-advised reporter leaked the news that the hotel-based refugees whiled away the hours with drinking, dancing and other revelries. It was rumored that men who had to stay downtown engaged in hanky-panky, figuring their wives would never find out about it. The women probably never would have, either, but for these news stories. Reports fail to say just how many happy homes broke up after the big snow. They also fail to say just how wives acquired

(Continued on page 67)

DO YOU SAVE YOUR

By COLIN RICKARDS
Photos Courtesy Author

OR YOUR

Playing dead isn't easy when a knife is making its torturous circle!

IN THE OMAHA, Nebraska Public Library is a glass jar. And in the jar is the scalp of an Englishman named William Thompson who found America tougher than he had anticipated.

The telegraph had gone dead precisely at 9 p.m. on the night of August 6, 1867. William Thompson, telegraph operator at the isolated station of Plum Creek, Nebraska, cursed silently to himself as he trudged over to the section men's barracks.

It was bound to be the Indians. It always was. The telegraph did not break down of its own accord. For more than a year the Cheyennes had waged a private war upon it. The telegraph line and the railroad—their two enemies. Now the workers on both traveled heavily armed.

Thompson pushed open the door of the barracks and turned the men out. He cursed the day he had left his native Hampshire to go to America. And he cursed the day he had begun working for the Union Pacific Railroad.

After picking up their guns and tools William Thompson, Sam Wallace, Jim Delahunty, John Kearn, Tim Murphy, Pat Handerhand and Pat Griswold climbed aboard a handcar and began pumping themselves down the track to find the break.

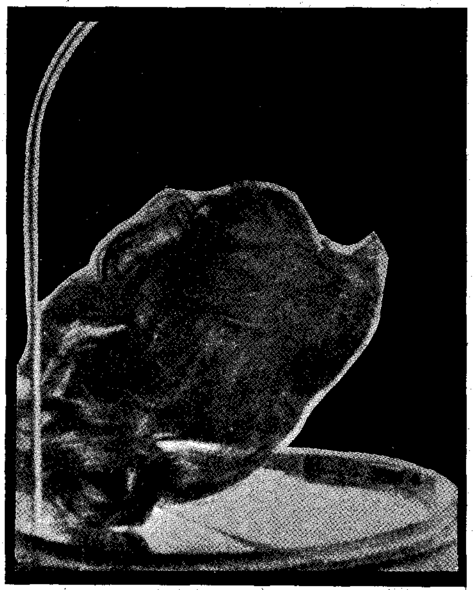
Three miles from Plum Creek Station the handcar suddenly leaped into the air and crashed down the embankment, spilling the seven men in all directions. Doggedly they staggered back up the incline on to the railbed. Thompson had time to see where a rail had been pried up from its sleepers and a rock thrust underneath. Then the Indians struck.

Screaming like fiends forty Cheyennes charged from the underbrush and began urging their horses up the incline, firing as they came. The railroaders scattered and ran. They had lost their guns when the handcar overturned.

Pat Handerhand was ridden down and hacked to pieces with tomahawks; Pat Griswold ran off into the darkness with three Cheyennes hot on his tail. Wallace, Kearn, Murphy and Delahunty plunged into the brush where the Indian ponies could not follow.

A painted warrior rode at William Thompson as he raced for the comparative safety of the brush. A bullet smashed into his right arm, and he staggered but ran on. The Indian urged his pony forward and swept past Thompson. His rifle swung downwards and the fleeing man spun to the ground.

Thompson was barely conscious as the Cheyenne warrior returned and sprang from his pony. He felt the Indian's fingers in his hair and then the brutal slicing of the knife as it scored a line around the top of his head. He wanted to scream but knew it would mean instant death. The pain was excruciating. He bit his lips while the Cheyenne jerked at the hair. Thompson felt as if the whole of his head were being torn away.



Photos from **Faded Frontier** by Frank Burkley, 1933

William Thompson's scalp in a jar in the Omaha Public Library.

The Indian stood up, clutching Thompson's bloody scalp, and grunted in triumph. In a moment he was on his horse and racing away to join the rest of the war party in their search for the other railroaders. But the blood from the scalp made it slippery. Thompson, half-blinded by gore, saw it fall from the Cheyenne's fingers.

As the Indian whirled his horse and jumped down to retrieve his trophy from the long grass, a long tendril of light suddenly stabbed out into the night. A seventeen-car freight train was approaching around the bend. The Cheyenne was momentarily diverted by the impending disaster.

THE TRAIN hit the raised rail at twenty-five miles an hour, tipped on its side, and sent up a cloud of steam. The tender and the three leading cars catapulted over the engine and plunged down an embankment as the remaining cars piled and slid from the tracks.

Fireman George Henshaw was trapped in the engine cab and scalded to death by steam. Engineer Brooks Bowers, tossed into the air as the engine tipped, was trapped in the wreckage. Conductor Kinney, riding in the rear car, was unhurt. He waited until the Indians had gathered round the shattered engine and then slipped from the train and made his way back up the tracks.

William Thompson saw the Cheyenne warrior abandon his hunt for the lost scalp and leap astride his pony. As his tormentor rode off to join the other Indians by the train one thought was uppermost in Thompson's mind—he must regain his scalp. Painfully he began to crawl to where he had seen it fall. At last he found it in the grass. The effort had weakened him. He barely had the strength to push the scalp inside his shirt before he blacked out.

Meanwhile Conductor Kinney had flagged down another freight train, reported the crash, and had the remainder of the cars backed up the line to Plum Creek Station.

There he found Wallace, Kearn, Murphy and Delahunty who reported the handcar wreck. They had seen Pat Handerhand go down under Cheyenne tomahawks and presumed that Pat Griswold and William Thompson also had been killed. But an hour later Griswold dragged himself into the station almost out of his mind with pain. A bullet had shattered his hip but he managed to crawl the three miles to safety.

News of the train wreck and Indian attack was sent to Omaha, nearly 300 miles away, and the railroaders bedded down as best they could for the night.

The following morning, reinforced by a party of armed settlers, they hitched a flatcar in front of an engine, piled a barricade of railroad sleepers across the

SCALP

LIFE?

front of it, and set off down the line once more.

A mile from the scene of the wreck they saw a man staggering about on the tracks ahead of them. It was William Thompson. His scalped head had turned black as the blood dried and his face was streaked with blood and sweat. He babbled incoherently and waved his grisly scalp at the horrified railroaders.

The men took Thompson aboard the flatcar and steamed slowly down the line to the wreck. It lay smouldering in the morning light, after burning brightly all night. The Indians had pillaged the cars and set them on fire. A few Cheyennes still remained nearby. They had tied bolts of colored cloth to their horses' tails and ridden madly around; ribbons had been plaited into manes; a barrel of whiskey salvaged from the train had been broken open and most of the Indians were drunk.

Jim Delahunty, brother of Pat, dropped a warrior with a long shot from his rifle and the Indians ran for their ponies and rode off, carrying their dead companion and such booty as they could.

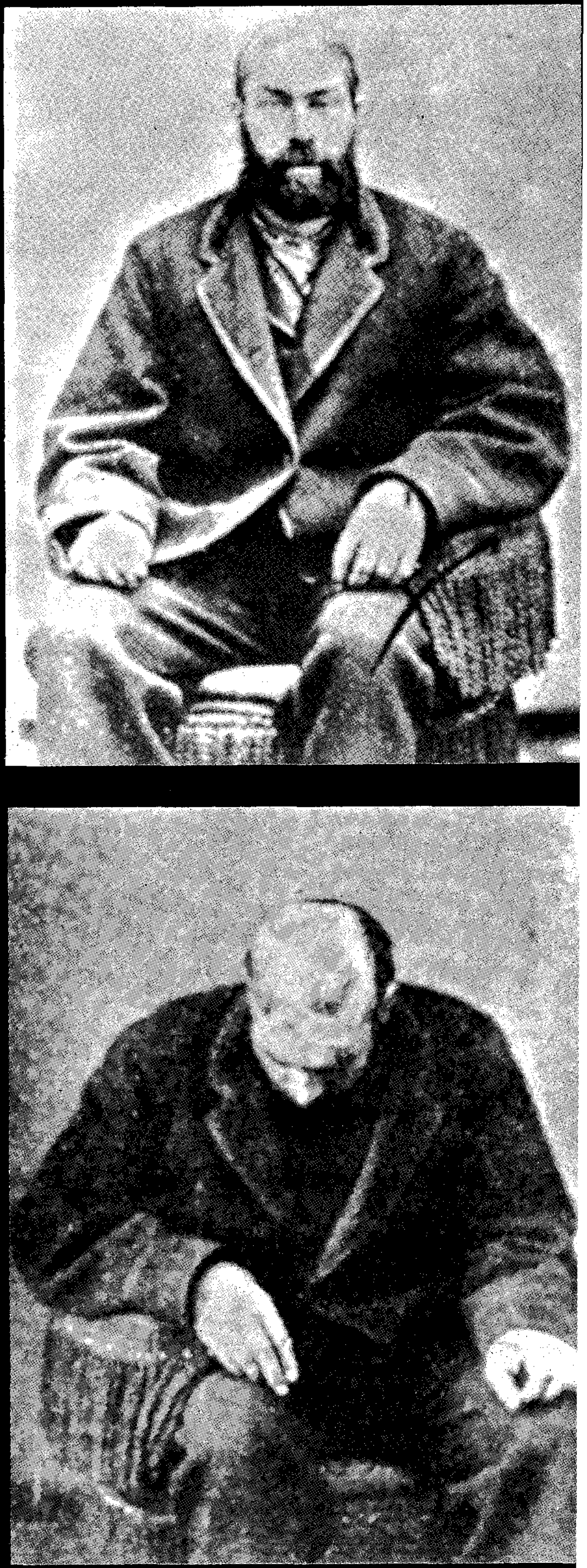
THE RAILROADERS found Engineer Brooks Bowers hanging by one mangled leg from the engine car. He was still alive. The Cheyennes had found it amusing to let him hang upside down as the flames from the burning train licked around him. It was a miracle that he still breathed.

The rescue party returned to Plum Creek with Thompson and Bowers. A trainload of soldiers already had arrived and more were being sent. The line was cleared and the two injured men were placed in a special car for a frantic dash to Omaha and the nearest doctor.

William Thompson was rational but steadfastly refused to be parted from his scalp. He believed that it might be grafted back on his head. It was put into a bucket of salt water where it lay like a drowned rat.

After a record run the train pulled into Omaha. Both men were still alive. Among the huge crowd assembled at the station was a young Welshman, Henry M. Stanley, who four years later would gain international fame in Africa for asking, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" At

(Continued on page 62)



William Thompson shows how a man looks when he has been

NUGGETS

A RANCHMAN'S DAYS

By John M. Hampton

WHILE visiting in an old ranch house in West Texas, a stack of dust-covered diaries led me down a nostalgic trail. The records were left by an early-day rancher who had occupied this house for three-quarters of a century. Typical of his peers in that locale, his formal schooling was limited. But what he lacked in grammatical perfection and spelling proficiency, he more than compensated for in colorful self-expression and accuracy in depicting the facts and fun of his day. These random excerpts from his daily writings are an example.

Nov. 3, 1913—We killed a hog today. Me and Martha rendered the lard, ground up the sausage and made a kettle of soap.

Dec. 14, 1912—Bob used my bugie to take Lavina to a party at Jim Clanton's. Lavina hirt her rist. Got it throwed out of place playing snap at the party.

Oct. 12, 1918—There is a heap of enfluensy getting started in our neighborhood.

Jan. 15, 1915—I hired me a hand by the name of Smith for $20 a month and found.

Aug. 5, 1917—Old man Jones has left to go somewhare. It is reported he has gone after him a woman.

Mar. 10, 1915—I have been real porly. Bob brought me some antiflogestine to put on my breast. It has helped me wonderful and I feel tolorable well today.

Mar. 13, 1911—Sam Collins and his new son in law had a fight. I don't know the particlars but they say Sam got whiped.

Oct. 2, 1915—I took two middlings of meat to town. It weighed 31 lbs. I got 13¢ a lb.

May 10, 1913—Today is election day to try to move the court house to Bufflo Gap. Abilene won by too thirds majority.

April 18, 1914—Bro Ellis performed the cermony for Drew Miller and Sallie Smith. They were married in their Bugie at Mr. Miller's.

May 1, 1929—Bob come down and told me somebody was making beer in the old Massey house. We parlied on what was best to do about it.

May 2, 1929—Two men come out and pored the stuff out but did not catch no one.

Sept. 24, 1913—It rained all day. I cleaned out the organ, half soled my shoes and shod Ole Paint.

Feb. 20, 1915—We sold 2 quilts today for $10 apiece.

Oct. 5, 1918—I went to town to have my bugie repaired. They srink the tires and put in half rim and 5 spokes. It cost me $5.

Dec. 23, 1913—We got our Christmas goods in town today. I worked Paint and Tonie to my bugie. The rodes was awful bad.

Dec. 25, 1913—We give a Christmas dinner today. There was 26 present beside all my family.

Nov. 29, 1913—Me and Martha went to see Mattie today. She is sick. It come a big rain last nite and the rodes was muddy. I turned the bugie over going down the mountain. It did not hirt us atall.

May 1, 1913—Our Sears-Roebuck goods come in today. A lap spred, a fly net and some gloves.

Sept. 15, 1912—I helped Martha wash and iron and pick the ducks.

April 14, 1930—We went to town it being traid day today. A rite nice crowd thare not much traiding. We did not have anything on the yard to sell. I bought a pollan china gilt for a brood sow. I give $3 for hir.

Jan. 1, 1913—My income for the year 1912 was $1482.32. My expences was $1137.05

Dec. 18, 1913—We taken a load of turkeys to town and sold them for 10 cents a lb. This eve I fixed the rounds in the chairs.

June 26, 1915—A man by the name of Ballard come this morning. He is killing rats and selling glue. I shod a ole sorrel horse for him and he went on up the rode.

Sept. 9, 1915—Melinda foned for me to come up thare soon as I could. A mare had snaged hirself and was about to blead to deth. I got it stopped with coal oil, lime and flour.

Sept. 12, 1915—I taken 69 lbs of bacon to town and sold it for 17 cents a lb.

Mar. 25, 1924—I planted feed today, the first I have planted. It is dark of the moon and the sign is in Scoripo.

June 7, 1924—(Sat) I put my summer underware on tonite.

June 5, 1918—Today is the day all the boys has to register for the army-boys that become 21 since June 5 1917. There will be 3 examination bords in the county.

June 23, 1918—The Baptis had a big tare up in thare church yestiday.

July 31, 1918—We scoured today and tonite we went to church. The Baptis are holding a protracted meeting. They are having right smart trouble. They are pretty contrary.

June 28, 1918—Today is the day the government set apart for sale of war stamps. They had a speaking and a big crowd.

Aug. 1, 1918—We went back to the Baptis meeting. Bro. Sims is the preacher. He preached a fine sermon. His text was *A Man Can't Cover Up His Sins And Prosper.*

Date blurred—I had my teeth pulled today and made a traide for Dr. Ellis to make me a set of teeth for $35. He pulled my teeth free. He will mail my new teeth out to me Friday.

Sept. 13, 1915—I come in tonite from Abilene. I was summons on a special vaniro. I was not taken. I stayed awhile and listened to the evidence. It was the Lilie Horn and Walter Webb case. It was the dirtyest case I ever heard.

Nov. 7, 1915—We went to vote this being election day. We voted for Wilson.

JESSE HIATT'S TREE

By James H. Duncan

THE CHANCES are good that you have never heard of Jesse Hiatt but he and his tree left their mark on this world.

It all began back in the 1850s. Jesse Hiatt, like most Quakers, was neat, industrious and a bit stubborn. He lived on a half-section of land he owned in Madison County, Iowa (near the county seat town of Winterset). Jesse and his wife had ten children, and his financial fortunes depended on the harvest of his fields and orchards.

Jesse was a good horticulturist, and through careful selection and cross-breeding had already produced two varieties of apples—the Hiatt Sweet and the Hiatt Black.

In 1872 a strange seedling sprouted and grew where no careful gardener would tolerate such a thing—right between the rows of his well-tended orchard. Jesse whacked it down. Up it came. Jesse whacked it down again! Up it came again! Jesse appreciated tenacity as much as anyone, so he hesitated. Such persistence just might be an omen of some sort. He reasoned that the little seedling had a special purpose in his life. He let it live.

For ten years Jesse tended that tough little rogue before it bore fruit, and then the first harvest was the sum total of one lonely apple.

Jesse picked the single fruit of his ten years' labor and examined it carefully. It looked slightly different from his other apples. The final test was the taste. When he bit into that renegade fruit his taste told him that he had a true sport, i. e. to deviate or vary abruptly from type (as by bud variation). "This is the best tasting apple in the whole world!" Jesse yelled out.

He named his new apple the Hawkeye. Jesse continued to nurse that tree until in its twentieth year it reached a production of one full barrel of apples.

SAMPLES of the Hawkeye were sent to fairs and horticulture shows throughout the Midwest. The following year he sent four apples to the Stark Brothers Nursery in Louisiana, Missouri. The keen taste of the apples sent C. M. Stark (one of the founders) into complete ecstasy. But unhappily the sender's name and address had been inadvertently destroyed. The Starks were helpless to locate the owner.

Old Jessie was disappointed when no word came from the Stark Brothers but nothing could discourage the patient man. There would be another day so he waited until the following year and again sent samples to the Stark Brothers. That time, when C. M. Stark saw the samples, he lost no time contacting Jesse Hiatt. After some dickering, Stark Brothers bought the tree and all rights to propagate it for a sum sufficient for Jesse to live the rest of his life in comfort.

It has been estimated that at least two hundred million persons have eaten apples which descended from Jesse's tree since the Stark Brothers developed and renamed the variety—DELICIOUS! And every apple of that variety is a direct tribute to Jesse's exclamation, "The best tasting apple in the whole world!"

On Armistice Day in 1940, the most costly storm ever to strike Iowa apple orchards claimed the original tree as one of its victims. Hundreds of thousands of fruit trees died as a result of that particular storm. The nearly seventy-year-old tree had gone to its reward.

Or had it? The tree was cut down but those same stubborn roots which Jesse Hiatt had tried to kill in 1872 still had life in them. They sent up new shoots! They, in turn, are now producing apples!

How fortunate the people of the world were when Jesse Hiatt failed in his attempt to kill those rogue shoots back in 1872. Had he been successful either the first or second time he cut them down, all of us would have missed a boon to the palate.

In 1922 the Iowa State and County Historical and Horticulture Societies commemorated the tree with the unveiling of a large stone marker, placed in the city park in Winterset, Iowa. The same groups plan a celebration for the 100th anniversary of Jesse Hiatt's tree. Hopefully, an inquiry is underway seeking the issuance of a commemorative stamp in its honor. Jesse would like that.

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of Ethnology

Bannacks at Snake River Agency, 1872.

AN INDIAN PAUL REVERE

By C. F. Jones

IN THE PARTS of Idaho where the Bannacks were best-known and traded with their white "friends and neighbors" daily, the people couldn't believe that these Indians, many of whom were mild-mannered, would ever dream of a massacre. When Bruneau John first warned them of danger in 1878, they scoffed at his admonitions and made no preparations to resist attack. They should have listened, for their so-called Indian friends donned the paint of war and rode forth to plunder and burn.

On the banks of the Snake River near the mouth of the Bruneau River, the Bannack war party found a large freight outfit resting on its long trek to Boise. Freighters John Bascombe and James Ferguson fell in the fight against overwhelming odds. After the brutal killings, the Indians gleefully looted the contents of the wagons, scattering articles with fiendish joy while others circled about in a weird dance, chanting songs of death and occasionally rushing to plunge a knife into the dead bodies or hack them with their tomahawks.

Bruneau John did not take part in the celebration but, pretending a severely injured leg, decided he must do his utmost to warn his white friends again. Several times he attempted to leave the camp but dogs aroused the Indians and he had to excuse his rambling about with the explanation that his injured leg needed relief.

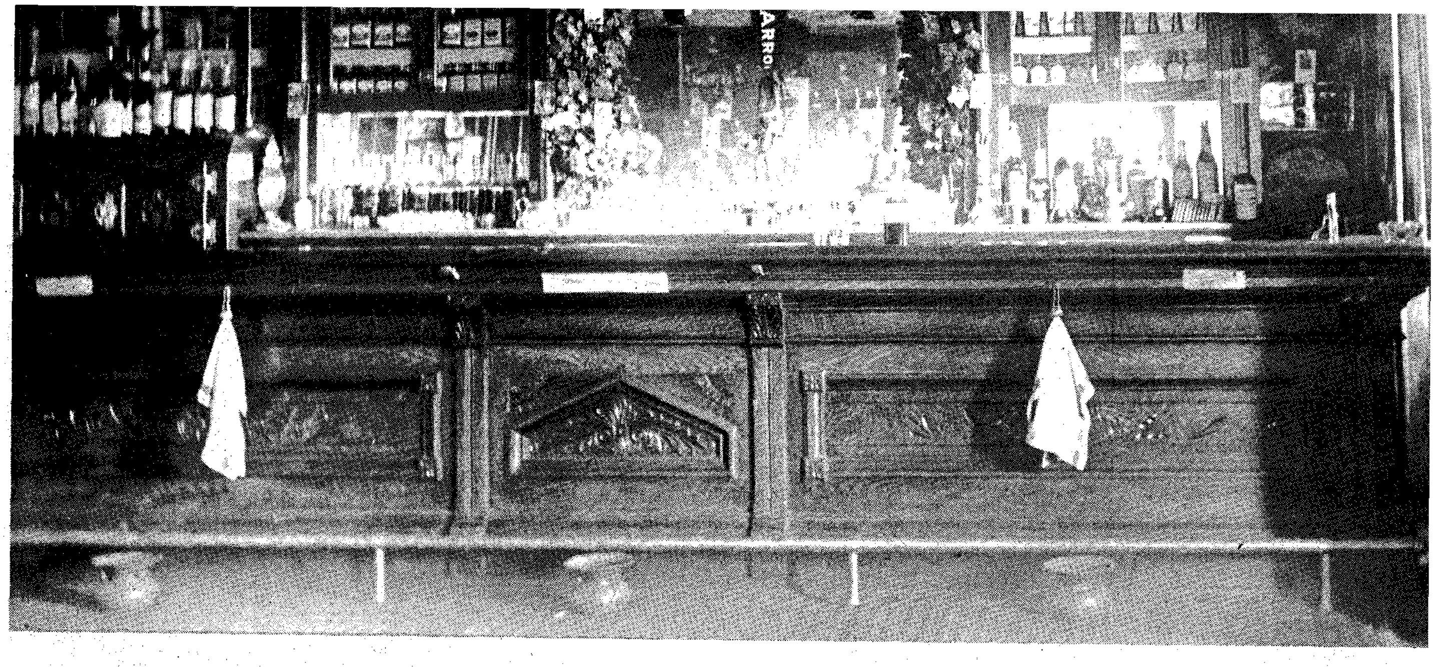
Soon after dawn, the Indians resumed their plundering and came upon several casks of alcohol consigned to a business firm in Boise. They soon became wildly drunk, and the young bucks, mounted on horses, grasped the ends of bolts of cloth and sent their animals at a dead run, spreading the many-hued calicos and spotless muslins in great profusion across the sagebrush.

But as the drinking continued, the strong stimulant took its toll and eventually the entire party slept like scattered logs. When darkness fell, John slipped away from camp, mounted his horse, and sped through the valley to give the alarm.

This time, heeding their Indian benefactor, the people fled their homes and by morning every dwelling was deserted and the frightened inhabitants were in a neighboring valley where they prepared to make a stand against the Bannacks.

Late that evening, after Bruneau John's departure, the Indians recovered from their over-indulgence and started for the Valley of the Bruneau to carry out their plans. Finding the homes empty they vented their wrath by burning everything in their path and pressed on to South Mountain where they were forced into battle with the Volunteers. There they lost their chief, Buffalo Horn.

Bruneau John accepted a position as scout for the whites and served faithfully throughout the Bannack War. His splendid services were recognized by the War Department and he was presented with a silver medallion.



Above, the barroom of the old St. James Hotel, 1906. Left, Fred Lambert, godson of Buffalo Bill, appointed deputy sheriff of Colfax County, Territory of New Mexico, at the age of 16.

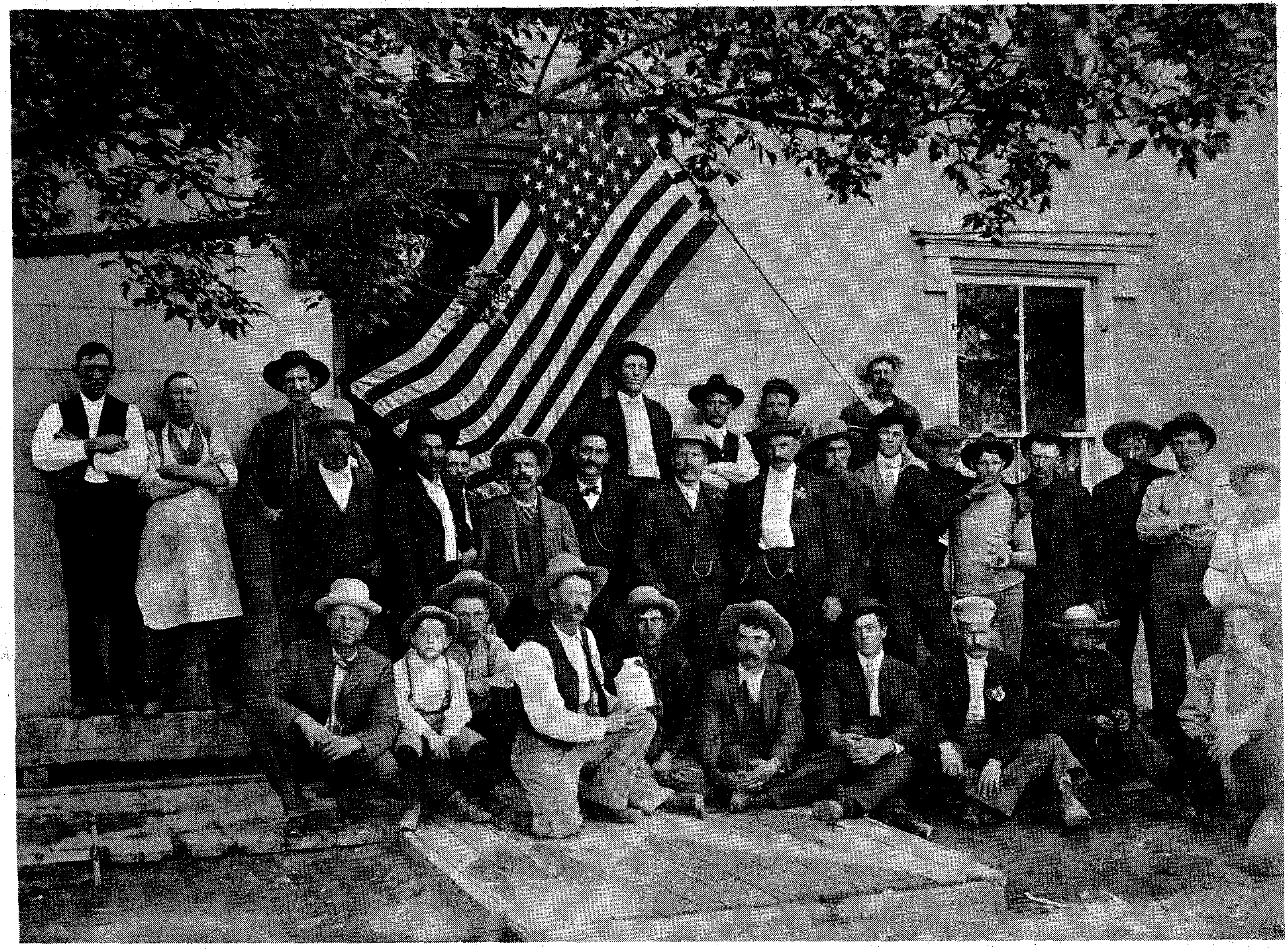
GOOD

By JERRY WHITE

Photos Courtesy Fred Lambert

THE CEILING, walls and floors of the saloon in the Don Diego Hotel (originally known as the St. James), are studded with more bullet holes than have even been accurately counted. How many quick-tempered gunslingers made their final departure from the St. James Saloon is a matter of conjecture.

"Cimarron" in Spanish jargon means "wild." Cimarron, New Mexico, lived up to its name. It was just about the wildest and most lawless town in the Territory for many years. If the dry adobe soil outside the St. James were not so kindly



Group celebrating the 4th of July in front of the St. James Hotel, Cimarron, New Mexico. The proprietor of the hotel, Henri Lambert, stands on the left wearing an apron.

MEN and BAD

—and how they acted in one of the most famous saloons on the Santa Fe Trail

absorbent it would be a rich red in color, for many a gun battle took place outside the bar where the light was better.

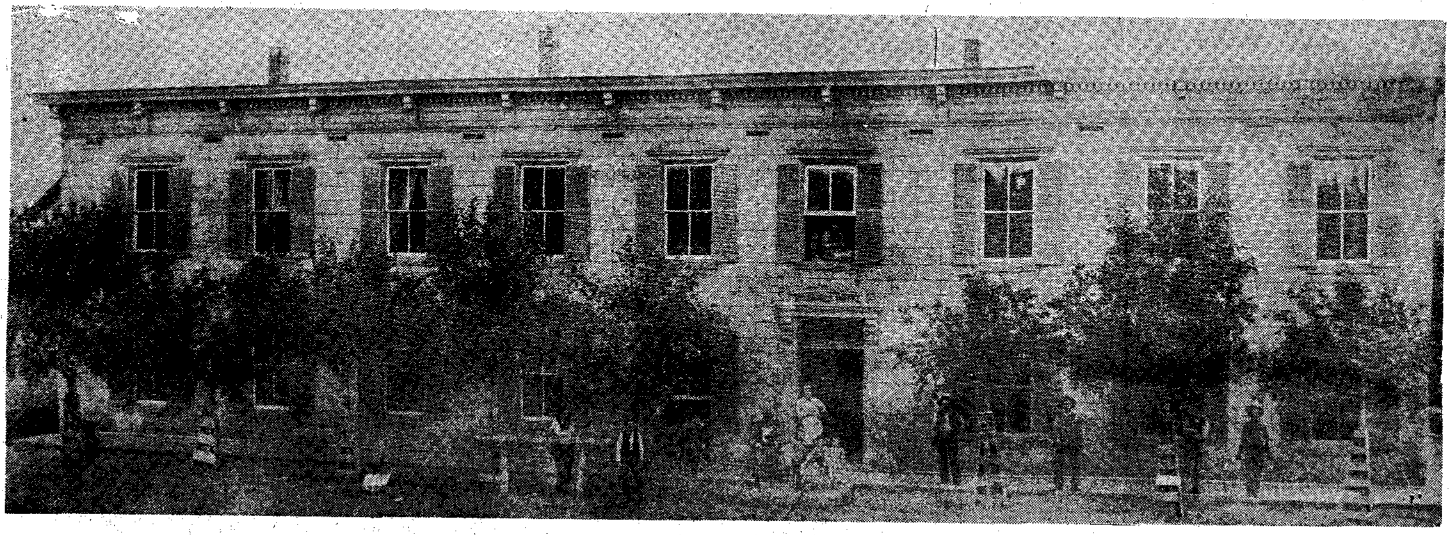
There were twenty-seven recorded killings in the St. James Saloon. No one knows for sure how many more were not recorded.

"Saloon" to many people is a dirty word. In fact, some states and cities won't allow the use of the term. "Cocktail Lounge" is tolerated—but not saloon. It was quite different in the old days when the West was being made; the saloon was more than a dispensary for redeye. It was office and trading post, a place for a peace treaty or a battleground. Few of the customers had ever met a lawyer and didn't feel they needed one. They preferred to settle their problems and differences out of court, and Mr. Colt served well as judge and jury.

The saloon then, as now, was a grand place to get away from a nagging wife or a jealous sweetheart. The liquor was fiery, plentiful and not too expensive. And if you didn't feel like shooting someone and nobody was in the mood to shoot *you,* the saloon of the Old West was the equivalent of the men's clubs of today. Lies were told to mutual amusement, drinks exchanged, and during some evenings not a single shot was fired.

Not so the evening the controversial Clay Allison and one Pancho (Pablo) Griegos got into an argument. That argument had been going on for some time and ended up in one of the most dramatic shoot-'em-ups ever to take place in Cimarron.

The pair met one evening in the St. James Saloon and some of the old-timers claimed that ice formed on every



St. James Hotel, started in 1870 and completed in 1880.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Lambert, 1882. Henri worked as chef for General Grant and later Abraham Lincoln.

drink. Allison, who had heard stories that Griegos had vowed to kill him, decided it was time for action. He tried to provoke a showdown right then and there, but the Mexican insisted that they first have a "friendly" drink. And dinner.

Everyone knew violence was in the wind, and lingered in the adjacent saloon while this strange dining engagement took place. Coffee finished, Pancho returned to the saloon, seated himself at a table, and Clay followed. They were just inside, ahead of young Davy Crockett, a relative of the Davy Crockett of Alamo fame. Davy had been watching this unusual get-together with understandable interest. As had numerous other men.

Suddenly young Davy shot out the lights. Just why he did so is matter to ponder. From somewhere candles were produced and in the flickering light Pancho could be seen sitting very still at the table—very still indeed, a bullet hole neatly showing in almost the exact center of his forehead.

Cimarron talked about the incident for a day or two, then forgot it. The St. James Saloon had seen many such affairs of Colt justice—or injustice, as the case might be. This was over and done with; tomorrow was another day. Another day and quite possibly another murder.

MOST TALES of early-day Cimarron, including this one, tend to concentrate on the mean men and their guns, a coterie bent on homicide. But let's not forget there were also women—good and bad.

Writers of romantic fiction, movies and television, have presented varied and often ludicrous pictures of pioneer women. The homestead woman is almost always portrayed as worn and haggard, old before her time. The dance hall girls or saloon queens flounce around in cheap flashy clothes and fake jewelry. Writers tend to dwell on the latter.

Well, both types existed. But there were many women of those days who would fit neither role—such as Mary Hudson who lived on a ranch near Cimarron. Mary was all woman, although she wore a man's shirt, a man's jeans, and was perfectly capable of doing a man's work. When something needed to be attended to, she didn't go galloping off for help—she herself did whatever was necessary.

Agnes Morley Cleaveland, author of *Satan's Paradise* mentions her, but neither books nor old-timers I've talked to can give a physical description of her. She may have been pretty or plain, plump or thin. Perhaps she had some fetching dresses in the wardrobe for special occasions, but generally a girl who rides the range like any cowboy doesn't lean toward petticoats and frilly dresses.

Mary was out one morning making a routine check of the cattle. To her dismay she found a large section of the barbed wire fence cut, and tracks which indicated a good number of beeves had been "liberated." It's more than safe to assume that the fence posts trembled at Mary's cuss words. No varmint was as hated as a cattle rustler.

Mary followed the tracks to the stolen herd. After a wary search to be sure no gun-happy rustler was lurking around, she headed the weary cattle toward home where they belonged.

Then came the problem of repairing the gap in the fence. Naturally she wasn't carting around any wire. About all she did have was a pair of pliers, some determination and enough swear words to curl the hair of the roughest hardcase in Cimarron. She decided a barricade of saplings was the best she could manage at the moment.

Suddenly, while she was struggling with a fallen sapling, a man laughed. He had ridden up, unheard and unseen, and if he hadn't been so handsome, so neatly dressed, Mary might well have pole-axed him then and there. She knew she looked a sight—her hair awry, sweat pouring down her face, and *he* looked as clean as a cucumber fresh off the vine.

"Maybe I can help." And with Mary's pliers and his brawn, he repaired the fence in short order. Then he gallantly assisted her into her saddle and with a polite wave, rode off.

All young girls probably dream of such incidents or encounters. Mary had actually experienced one. She didn't talk about it, but neither did she forget. Surely someday she would meet him again.

She did, in a sense. But not in the way she had hoped. She went into town one day to pick up the mail. Mail—any kind of mail—was eagerly looked forward to, read and re-read. Even advertisements for unwanted or unneeded products. It represented a link between the wildness of Cimarron and the more civilized world outside.

The mail, as it was received, was placed unsorted on a long wooden table in the "post office." Everyone searched for his own. Mary found hers, and on leaving, a poster caught her attention. Prominent on the wall was the goose-pimply heading in bold type: "THIS MAN WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE."

The Prince Charming of her dreams,

(Continued on page 58)

Fighting Man!

(Continued from page 13)

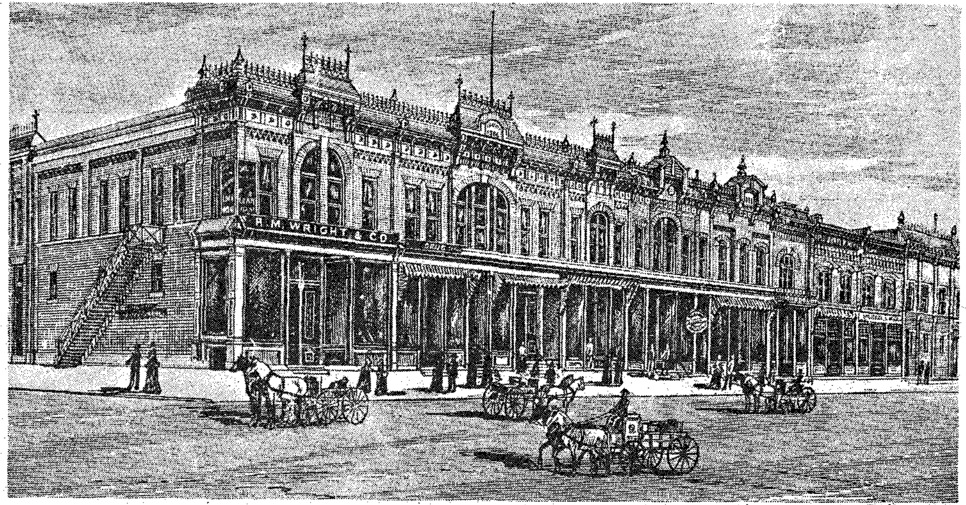
paper records could be found. Since the story came from a leading Dodge City historian, and the early newspapers were sometimes lax in their recording abilities, the tale is here repeated for what it is worth.

Several men had escaped from the city jail and Sheriff Sughrue traced one of them to Julian's restaurant, where the prisoner was found hiding under the owner's bed. When the sheriff accused Julian of helping the man to escape, the cafe owner denied it and asked Sughrue to have a drink on the house. As the lawman stepped up to the bar, Julian grabbed a pistol from under the counter and fired point blank at the sheriff, taking him completely by surprise. His face was powder-burned and the bullet ripped through both the brim and the crown of his hat, but Sughrue managed to get hold of Julian's gun hand and place his thumb under the hammer, preventing him from firing again. According to this story, Sughrue wore the powder marks on his face for the rest of his life and it was the only way many people could distinguish him from his twin brother, Mike.

Whether the story is true is of more interest than importance. Julian was a violent man and both he and Daniels seemed unwilling to settle their differences peaceably. Since the restaurant was next door to the Green Front, the two men saw each other every day, thus aggravating the situation. Julian claimed that the rowdy crowd at Daniels' saloon made him very nervous and drove away many of the decent people who had patronized his cafe. Finally, he swore out an injunction against Daniels' saloon in an effort to close it under the Kansas prohibition law which was now almost six years old. When Daniels heard about the injunction, he sent word that if Julian persisted in trying to close his place there would be trouble.

IT ISN'T CLEAR just how long the two men had been at odds, but available accounts of the affair mention that they had been bitter enemies for a long time and each had made threats against the other. Both the Dodge City *Globe Republican* and the Dodge City *Democrat* suggest that the trouble between the two men stemmed originally from the last election, when they had been on opposite sides of the political fence. Perhaps Daniels, if his candidate had been elected, would have been retained as assistant marshal or even been made city marshal. The newspapers, old letters and pioneer reminiscences all mention the violent partisan feelings of this election and it could well be that this is where the trouble started. Politics was as messy in those days as now, the only difference being that at that time many men went about armed. Consequently the Daniels-Julian feud simmered and one day boiled over.

During the afternoon of April 15, 1886, Daniels was served with an injunction and instructed to close his saloon. To Ben the time for arguments and curses was over and he made up his mind to settle the trouble once and for all.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Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Collection

When Ben Daniels left Dodge in 1886, the cattle days were over and streetcars and electric lights were making their appearance. This is the rebuilt central block of Front Street after the big fire of December 1885.

About six o'clock that evening, Julian came out of his restaurant and walked down to Utterback's hardware store to get some change. The hardware store was on the corner to the west, and Julian had to walk past the Green Front to get there. Daniels, standing inside his saloon, had undoubtedly seen his enemy on his errand. As Julian walked back to his cafe, he had just passed Daniels' place when Ben stepped out of his door behind him.

"Julian," he called, and then as Julian started to turn, Daniels shot him, the bullet entering his right side and coming out over his heart. The cafe owner had started to fall backwards when Daniels fired again, the second shot hitting his victim also. As Julian lay on the sidewalk, Ben walked up to him and shot him two more times, once in the head and then in the body. Before the coins which had spilled out of Julian's hands had ceased rolling on the walk, Daniels turned and walked up Bridge Street. He crossed the tracks, met City Marshal Tate on Front Street, and surrendered.

The next day an inquest was held before Coroner Plumer and the jury came to the conclusion that Julian had met his death from a pistol shot fired by Ben Daniels, and that the shooting was done with felonious intent. The following day, Saturday, a preliminary hearing was held before Justice Harvey McGarry and testimony was taken from various witnesses of the shooting. Daniels was placed under a $10,000 bond and released, and at a later trial was acquitted.

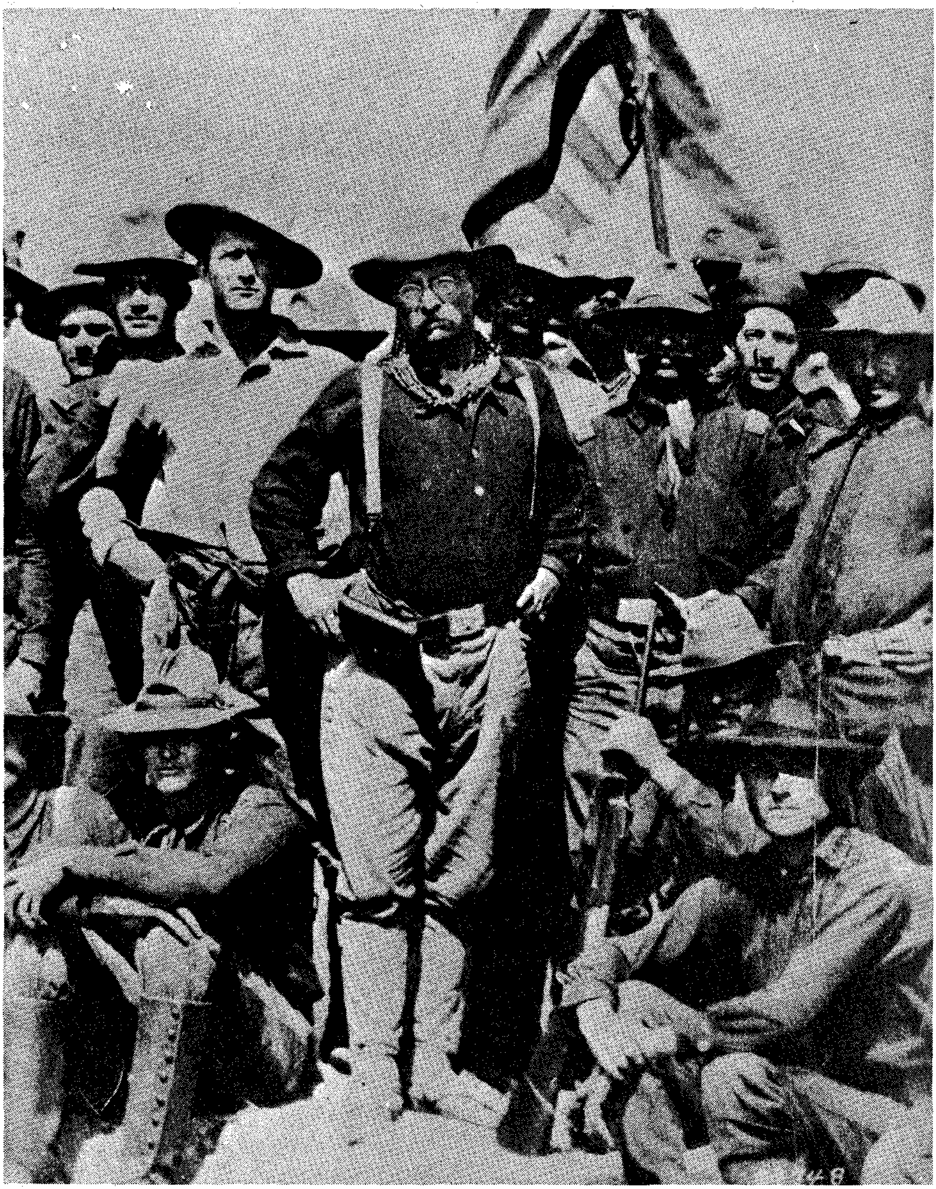
It was a typical, sordid, frontier killing and to read the account in the Dodge City *Democrat* one can hardly imagine why Daniels didn't hang for murder. But again politics enters the picture. The editor of the *Democrat* claimed to have been one of the first to reach Julian's body and to have helped carry him into his restaurant while he was still "quivering." He said he searched the body and Julian was not even armed. He went on to say that witnesses who testified at the preliminary hearing were not at the trial and that the jury was "fixed." The *Democrat* also claimed all of the witnesses agreed that the shooting was a cold-blooded murder, Julian having been shot from behind with no chance to defend himself.

The *Globe Live Stock Journal*, while not in any way justifying Daniels, gave a more unbiased account of the proceedings. "While Julian was found to be armed," the *Journal* said, "he, however, did not get to fire a shot; there is much diversity of opinion in the matter, some claiming it to have been a deliberate murder, while others assert it to have been justifiable. The evidence at the preliminary trial does not fully sustain either."

Two stubborn, uncompromising personalities, violent threats, and politics had combined to kill Ed Julian; and, while there is nothing commendable in Daniels' act, he pleaded self-defense and was acquitted by a jury of his fellowmen. So be it.

DANIELS LEFT Dodge City soon after his trial and seems to have drifted down into Texas again. J. Marvin Hunter, the late Texas historian, claimed that Ben became a bartender at Fort McKavett in Menard County. According to Hunter, Daniels was goaded into a self-defense shooting of a young tough, John Vaden. Daniels was "cool and composed" during the affair and, immediately after the incident, mounted his horse and rode away, never to return. Since the killing was clearly self-defense, Daniels was not even indicted for the crime.

The date given for this affair is 1887. Since Hunter was only three years old at the time, perhaps his story was a tale which had been handed down in his family; at any rate we have little else to go on of a documentary nature. We do know that a John Vaden lived in Menard County prior to 1887, and that a B. F. Daniels petitioned the legislature in 1887, asking that road laws be made to protect the citizens of the county through which the roads ran. These two facts are mentioned in the book, *The*



Courtesy The National Archives

Teddy Roosevelt standing in a group of his Rough Riders. Ben Daniels fought with these men in all of their Cuban engagements.

Free State of Menard, a history of the county, so it is very possible the shooting did occur, although it was never publicized.

Daniels next turned up in Blue Springs, Missouri, where he was married on March 6, 1887. Mrs. Daniels was the former Annie Laura Tate and nothing is known of how they met, or, for that matter, of their life together. The couple immediately left for Colorado where Ben served as a deputy sheriff of Bent County between 1887 and 1889. But again, little is known of his activities. O. G. Hess, a friend of Ben, was to write some years later that Daniels "was quite valuable in quieting the lawless element who frequented this county, or rather this locality at that time; in one case he saved the life of an inexperienced constable against a notorious tough, one Milt Smith, in his fearless promptitude in the constable's behalf, and other instances I could tell of a similar kind, where his energy run down and run out law-breakers, some of whom were of the worst stripe."

Western Kansas at this time was suffering the growing pains of a rapidly changing frontier. The cattle trade was gone and land speculating and promotion had taken its place. It was sometimes a bloody transition that was to show the country the last quiver of a dying frontier way of life. Land was cheap in Kansas and if a town could be promoted on one's property, rich profits were gained. The question of where to establish the county seat stirred up bitter rivalry between the small communities and "County Seat Wars" raged bitterly for several years. Gunmen and fighting men were again needed in Kansas and among those sought was Ben Daniels.

The towns of Cimarron and Ingalls were vying for the county seat honors of Gray County and there was a good deal of hard feelings between the two villages. When Bill Tilghman needed men for poll watchers at local elections he summoned his old deputy from Colorado. Tilghman, Ben Daniels, Bat Masterson and several others stood watch during the election in Cimarron and everything went off smoothly. Cimarron won the contest, but Ingalls immediately cried foul. The case was left to the courts and the "war" dragged on for nearly a year. Finally the Kansas State Supreme Court ruled that Ingalls had won the election because as one justice later put it, "We decided that there was a little more fraud committed by Cimarron than by Ingalls."

In the fall of 1888, the Ingalls people had held an election and selected most of the county officers, but all of the county records were in the Cimarron courthouse and officials of that town wouldn't release them. It was a touchy situation, and the Ingalls people again called in Bill Tilghman. Tilghman and most Dodge City citizens were sympathetic to the Ingalls cause and it was from the former cattle town that most of the county seat army was recruited. Bill picked his men from among the local warriors and sent out wires for the rest. Ben Daniels, his old friend and deputy, was the first one he summoned from Colorado.

TILGHMAN assembled his group and newly elected Ingalls Sheriff Reynolds swore them all in as deputies. Their mission was to go to Cimarron and secure the county records, peaceably if possible but by force if necessary.

Besides Tilghman and Ben Daniels, Sheriff Reynolds had seven other deputies who were to make the Cimarron trip. N. F. Watson was the newly elected Gray County clerk and he was going along with a court order to make sure all the records were secured. Fred Singer, Billy Ainsworth, Jim Masterson, Neal Brown and Ed Brooks were all Dodge City men with local reputations as gunmen and tough customers. Tilghman also wired his young friend, George Bolds, who had returned to Dodge from Indiana. Bolds didn't stack up with the other Dodge men, but he had nerve and Tilghman thought he might like to get in on the action. Together with Charley Reicheldorfer, who had agreed to drive the wagon, it was a formidable group.

January 12, 1889, dawned bright and clear and the wagonload of deputies left Ingalls sometime after 10 o'clock on that Saturday morning. The men were well armed and wore heavy coats to stave off the crisp winter air. They crouched low, sitting on the floor of the wagon, and were ready at an instant's notice to pull a tarpaulin over their heads should they chance upon a traveler. It was only six miles between the two towns and by 11:30 the men had pulled the tarp over their heads and were driving slowly down the main street of the small town. Reicheldorfer pulled over in front of the courthouse and after noting that none of the few people on the streets paid any attention to him signalled the deputies to get out. Daniels, Neal Brown, Ed Brooks and one of the other men guarded the wagon while the rest sprinted up the stairs and burst into the county clerk's office.

"Get your hands up," Tilghman shouted to Riley, the clerk. The startled

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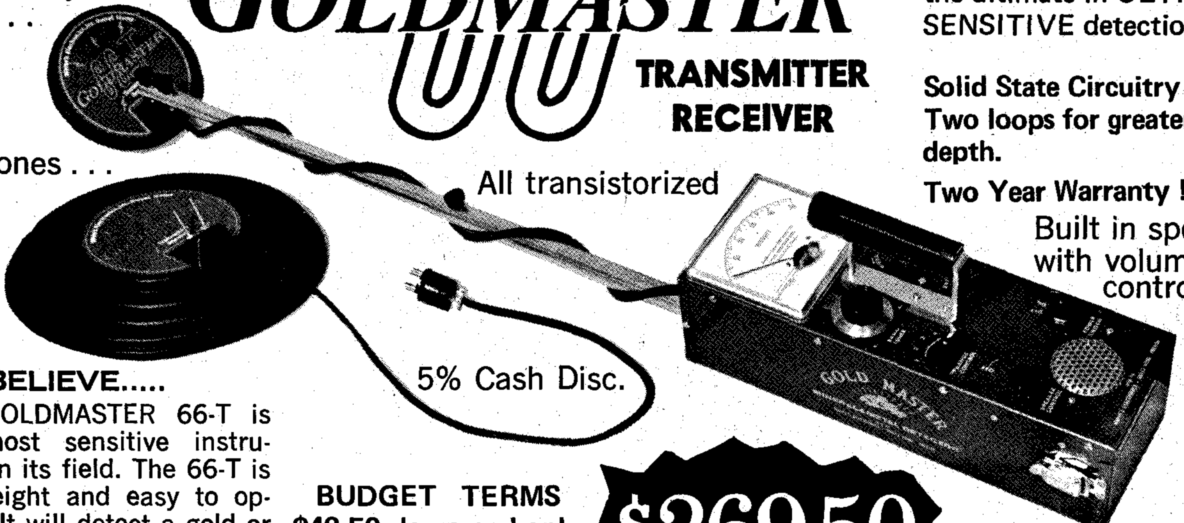


official backed against a wall and stood there with his mouth hanging open as Newt Watson sought out the record books and began piling them in the arms of the deputies. Up and down the stairs the lawmen raced with their bulky loads, knowing that at any moment the alarm might be sounded. Ben and the others stood by the wagon gripping their Winchesters and watched warily as people peered out of windows and others gathered in small groups on street corners.

"I hope you're about finished," Ben called to Jim Masterson. "I don't know how much longer we've got before these people wake up."

"Almost got 'em all now, Ben," said Masterson as he sprinted up the stairs for another load.

In the county clerk's office, A. T. Riley finally found his voice. "You people going to give me a receipt for those books?" he asked.

"You go to hell, mister," barked Billy Ainsworth. "We ain't got time to receipt anything." He turned back to where Watson, Fred Singer and Jim Masterson were rummaging through a pile of books and ledgers making sure they hadn't overlooked anything.

Sheriff Reynolds, Tilghman and George Bolds were halfway down the stairs when shouting and rifle shots interrupted the quiet morning. As Tilghman leaped from the stairs to the sidewalk he saw Daniels levering another cartridge into his smoking Winchester and Ed Brooks firing as fast as he could pull a trigger. A man was lying in the street and bullets were filling the air.

"Get in the wagon!" someone shouted as Neal Brown triggered his shotgun. Ed Brooks was down with a bullet in the leg and Ben helped heave him onto the wagon bed. By this time the wagon was in the middle of the street and the horses were almost unmanageable. Cimarron men were dodging in and out of doorways and were now so close that Watson, Singer, Ainsworth and Masterson were trapped in the courthouse. George Bolds had collapsed with a bullet in the leg and was being helped to the wagon using his Winchester as a crutch. Somehow they managed to scramble into the wagon and poured a withering fire into their attackers as they careened wildly out of town. The battle of Cimarron was over.

Keeping a careful watch on the road behind them, the bullet-riddled party now took stock of their situation. Reicheldorfer was clasping a bloody hand to his lip and Tilghman was tying a handkerchief over a bullet hole in the calf of his leg. Bolds was suffering from several bad wounds and Ed Brooks was moaning with two bullets in his legs and one in his back. Daniels, the sheriff and Neal Brown had left the field of battle unscathed. They were all thinking of the trapped friends who had been left behind as the wagon wheeled down the main street of Ingalls.

The wounded officers were taken to the doctor's office while Ben and Neil Brown hurriedly wired their friends in Dodge City. They told them of the morning's events and of the plight of the four deputies holed up in the Cimarron courthouse, ending the wire with a plea for reinforcements. The afternoon train was crowded with the officer's friends who were willing to storm the town. Fortunately, word soon arrived that Sheriff Bell of Ford County was chartering a special train from Dodge and would go to Cimarron to try to obtain release of the Ingalls group. Meanwhile news of the battle was spreading all over the country and made front page stories even in New York.

OF THE Cimarron people, J. W. English was killed outright; Jack Bliss and Lee Fairhurst were both wounded seriously but were expected to recover; a man named Harrington was shot in the hand. Watson, Masterson, Ainsworth and Singer were still holed up in the courthouse at mid-afternoon, despite a howling mob that was screaming for their blood. By six o'clock that evening, Sheriff Bell and a number of influential Dodge City officials were able to obtain the release of the men, who were subsequently turned over to Sheriff Reynolds of Gray County. Fearing further violence, the mayor of Cimarron telegraphed for two companies of state militia, who arrived Sunday and stayed for two days.

Some years later, a Cimarron attorney Charles B. Riley, accused Ben Daniels of murdering J. W. English. In a letter written in 1902, Riley stated that he "was present and saw Daniels and some eight or ten others drive up to the building where the records were kept by the county clerk. Daniels et al. were stationed on the street to guard the team that was to haul the records. While thus stationed, with a large gun and side arms, he shot one W. E. [J. W.] English, killing him instantly. There was no necessity for the killing and Daniels was not being shot at or otherwise molested, but fearing an uprising on the part of the Cimarron people who felt they were being outraged, this man shot one of the leading citizens and others were wounded by other members of the gang."

Riley went on to say that Daniels had been hired for $1,500 to make the raid and that he was a hired killer who took part in most all of the Kansas county seat fights.

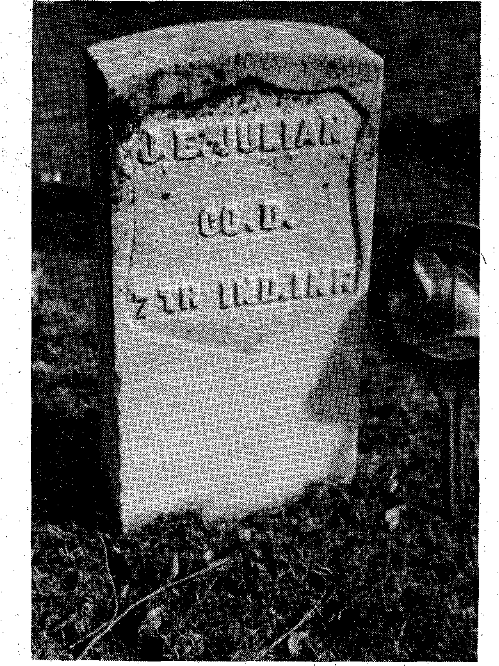
It is not known for sure if Daniels did kill English, but if he did, it seems strange that no one brought charges against him at the time. The newspapers made no mention of it and Daniels was not indicted or even tried for his part in the raid. As for the $1,500, this seems to be a partisan charge—just one of the wild stories that made the rounds. Bill Tilghman said that he was paid $1,000 by the Ingalls promoters, but out of this he had to pay his men. Even divided nine ways, this was pretty good pay for a day's work and there is no reason to doubt Tilghman's word. He was a courageous and honorable man.

Members of the raiding party were either great heroes or the blackest of villains, depending upon which newspaper you read, but the truth seems to be that both factions acted badly during their troubles and the wonder is that more men didn't die.

The trial of Watson, Masterson, Singer and Ainsworth was set for July 3 at Ingalls. Other parties who made the raid were never indicted. Before the trial had started, though, new troubles became evident. The county attorney, who would prosecute the defendants, was a strong Ingalls partisan and Cimarron people rightly objected on the grounds that they wouldn't get a fair show.

An application was made by the widow of English that Charles B. Riley be appointed to assist in the prosecution and G. W. Dunn, the county attorney, finally consented. J. F. Whitelaw, the attorney for the defendants, then announced he would object to Riley on the grounds that he was a Cimarron partisan. Completely frustrated, the Cimarron people then petitioned the governor to send in the state's attorney general to conduct the prosecution. Kellogg, the attorney general, accordingly arrived in Ingalls the day before the trial and postponed the hearing for a week so he could brief himself on the situation. The trial finally began on July 10.

According to Riley, the Cimarron attorney, the trial was a sham. "I was employed by friends of the deceased," he recalled, "to assist Attorney General Kellogg in the prosecution of the four, who were discharged by a jury intimidated by Daniels and others, who were present during the trial, and after the case was submitted to the jury they made such threats against members of the jury as to practically compel them to bring in a verdict of acquittal. It was understood by all that [the crime] was not done by the four defendants but by Daniels who was so firmly protected by his friends as to make it more than useless to attempt prosecution."



Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Collection

Ed Julian's grave as it looks today in the cemetery at old Dodge City.

Riley's charges seem hard to credit in view of the fact that the state's attorney general was conducting the prosecution, but Ben and the other Dodge City men were in Ingalls during the trial.

The Cimarron *Jacksonian*, for June 28, 1889, noted that, "The trial of toughs for the murder of J. W. English will come up for hearing on Wednesday morning of next week. . . . Ben Daniels, noted coward, was in the courtroom Wednesday trying to look brave. He was well loaded with 'tangle foot' and succeeded fairly well. . . . Fred Singer, the would-be brave, paraded through the courtroom today with a gun strapped on him as large as a cannon. This is the way they run things in Ingalls."

Ben read the latest press notice and contacted the editor of the *Jacksonian*, letting him know that he was more than slightly displeased with his comments. The results of the episode were published in that paper on July 12. "Ben Daniels," wrote the editor, "who has been trying for the past eight or ten years to establish a reputation as a 'bad man', threatens our life. Like a cat we have seven lives, and he had better begin at once if he expects to get done before Christmas. Cold weather is a bad time for funerals and we don't want to put our friends to any trouble."

The trial, travesty or not, resulted in an acquittal on July 14, 1889. No doubt Daniels and his friends held a celebration that night, along with most of the citizens of Ingalls. The little prairie town had won its county seat fight and would hold the honors for a time, only to lose it to Cimarron in a few more years. But Ben was thinking of other things.

Bill Tilghman had left Kansas and had taken part in the Oklahoma land rush in April. It was a wild, new country and Ben decided that he would seek the opportunity this last frontier afforded. He was restless again and although he had many friends in Kansas, enemies were there too. Shortly after the Ingalls trial, Ben and Jim Masterson traveled to the booming city of Guthrie in Oklahoma Territory.

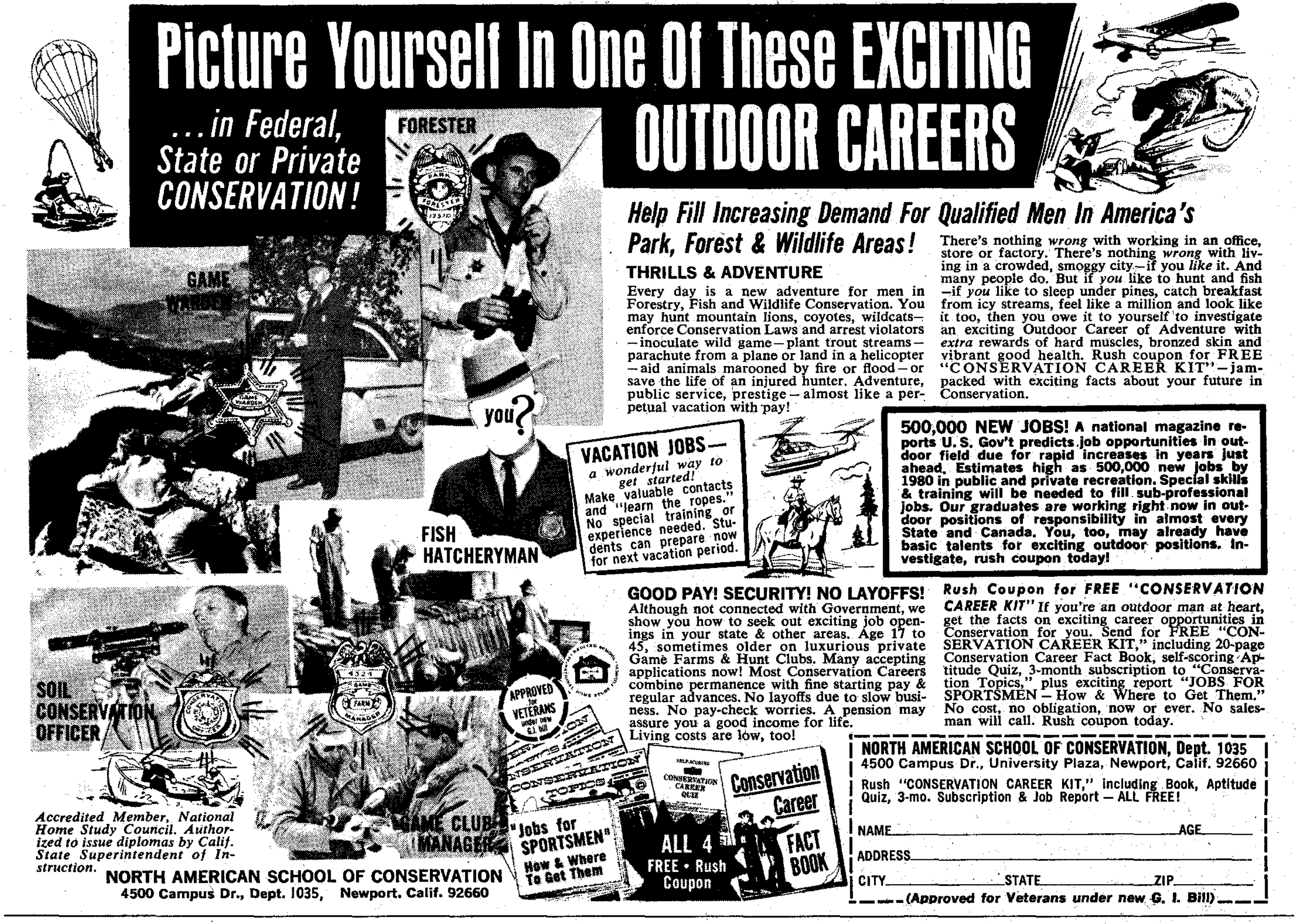
Possibly through the influence of his friend Tilghman, Daniels became a Guthrie peace officer. In various sources he is mentioned as being "marshal" of Guthrie and Ben himself made this statement in an interview in the early 1900s. It would seem, however, that he was a policeman or assistant marshal rather than marshal of the town since he is not mentioned in any of the territorial records as such. Old-timers had a habit of referring to a peace officer in any capacity as "marshal," and this was probably the case with Ben. We know little of his activities while in Guthrie, but he seems to have been efficient. Mr. P. H. Pernot, who had made the run at the opening of the territory, recalled that "Daniels was made a marshal by provisional government of the town and through his fearless execution of its orders, kept as good order as could be found in any Kansas town or best regulated mining camp." Daniels didn't remain in Guthrie more than a few months, however, and by the time the census of 1890 was taken he was gone.

He was wandering again with a restlessness which seems to have been an inescapable part of his nature and he disappeared from view for the next few years. Because of his later activities, we can assume that he became interested in mining during these years for by 1895 he had located at Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Daniels soon found that the profitable claims had already been staked out. When the opportunity presented itself for him to become a deputy marshal at Cripple Creek, he readily accepted the position. He seems to have taken root in the small mining town to the extent that he joined the local Elks Lodge and at times acted as deputy sheriff. Mrs. Daniels was probably elated at the prospects of her husband finally settling down, but forces were at work that were to shatter her illusions. She must have seen the faraway look in Ben's eyes when newspapers carried the headlines of the sinking of the *Maine* in Havana harbor.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR was both stupid and inevitable. Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the McKinley administration, was one of the foremost advocates of the war and when it came he quickly resigned his position to raise a volunteer regiment of mounted infantry to be known as the First Volunteer Cavalry.

Long an admirer of the men who had built and maintained our western frontier, Roosevelt mustered his men prin-



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cipally from New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, although many of the recruits came from the colleges of the East. Volunteers were the least of his problems and he could have raised three regiments with no trouble at all. The country was ill prepared for war, even with a fourth-rate power such as Spain, but Roosevelt was allowed scarcely a month in which to enlist, equip and train his men. He was equal to the task and recruits flooded into his headquarters at San Antonio, Texas.

Whether love of country or love of adventure prompted Ben Daniels we don't know, but he responded to the call of his flag. He left Colorado Springs with six other volunteers and on May 21, 1898, enlisted at San Antonio, in a group which came to be known as the Rough Riders.

As commanding officer of his regiment Roosevelt was a born leader and made it his business to know almost all of his men personally. That he and Daniels were to be impressed with each other was inevitable, and the vigorous politician was never to forget the big frontier marshal who probably wasn't even sure where Cuba was.

"Some of our best recruits came from Colorado," Roosevelt was to recall later in his book, *The Rough Riders*. "One, a very large, hawkeyed man, Benjamin Franklin Daniels, had been marshal of Dodge City when that pleasing town was probably the toughest abode of civilized man to be found anywhere on the continent. In the course of his rather lurid functions as a peace officer he had lost half of one ear—'bitten off' it was explained to me. Naturally he viewed the dangers of battle with philosophic calm. Such a man was, in reality, a veteran even in his first fight, and was a tower of strength to the recruits in his part of the line."

Along with the others, Ben worked hard at learning to be a soldier in the short span of training time allotted them. Drilling was perhaps the most important part of their instruction, since the men were all natural born fighters but had little experience working as a team. Primarily they were individualists, who had lived solitary lives in which group discipline played little or no part. Now, for their own sake and for the sake of their comrades, they must learn to work together. Roosevelt was well pleased with the way they responded.

Ben and the other troopers had a good laugh when tough little Billy McGinty, a horse wrangler from Oklahoma, was chewed out one day for his inability to keep in step on the drill field. "Let me git my pony," responded the erstwhile cowboy. "I'm purty sure I kin keep in step on horseback."

Eight days after Ben had enlisted, orders came through that they were moving to Florida on the first leg of their journey. They took only their horses and what they could carry on their backs. Four days later they were in Tampa. Here Colonel Roosevelt learned that the troopers weren't able to take their horses to Cuba, but the officers could retain theirs. The whole Cuban campaign was mismanaged from the outset, but finally they got underway, the Rough Riders being among the first to sail. A few days later they were in battle.

THE FIRST encounter with the enemy took place at Las Guasimas, where the Spaniards occupied some ranch houses, stone breastworks and blockhouses on a range of high hills. Deep ravines and matted jungles added to the confusion of a raw command going into battle for the first time, but the Americans acquitted themselves well. Daniels was in K Troop which pushed the attack on the right wing steadily forward until the enemy broke and left its positions. The Rough Riders lost eight men killed and over thirty-four wounded in this engagement, but they were veterans now and knew they had done every bit as well as the regular army troop fighting at their sides. The fight had taken place on June 24, 1898 and after taking care of the dead and wounded, the regiment moved on a few miles the next day. Here they rested for five days while Colonel Roosevelt wrestled with the ever-present supply problem.

Food, transportation and fever were the real enemies in Cuba and if the Spaniards could have held out longer, the outcome might have been quite different. Roosevelt was kept constantly busy trying to buy decent food for his men as the army rations were either inedible or insufficient. On one of his

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frequent trips to the coast to secure supplies, Roosevelt took trooper Sherman Bell, who had also been a deputy marshal at Cripple Creek and was a good friend of Ben Daniels. Bell had a rupture and had had difficulty getting into the regiment. On his return trip he slipped and opened the rupture, and the rest of the journey was extremely painful. Upon his return, the doctor told him he would have to go back to the States when the ambulance arrived, but when he heard the wagon coming he hid in the jungle until it left. On the march toward Santiago, Ben and the other men of K troop carried Bell's gear for him and helped him all they could. Roosevelt found Bell on the morning of the San Juan fight and told him he'd have to go back to the States, but the trooper pleaded so earnestly that the colonel didn't have the heart to ship him out.

On June 30, the Rough Riders and the regular army units moved out toward Santiago. The heat was intense and the next day as Roosevelt's men forded the San Juan River they again engaged the enemy. Orders were only of the vaguest kind and Roosevelt led his troopers through the thick jungles as the Spanish firing steadily increased in intensity. He halted his men at the foot of what was afterwards referred to as Kettle Hill. The slopes of the hill were bare, capped by some large ranch buildings and walls which sheltered the Spanish.

The Rough Riders were in a badly exposed position and Roosevelt galloped among his troops making sure that every man was in position and under cover if possible. As at Las Guasimas, the Spaniards were using smokeless powder and were hard to spot, but the Rough Riders weren't able to return the fire anyway. Here and there troopers were dropping and Roosevelt watched helplessly as the gallant Bucky O'Neill collapsed with a bullet in the mouth. Still no orders came. Suddenly an officer rode up with orders to attack the hills and a joyous Roosevelt rallied his men. Waving his hat and shouting orders, the colonel led a stirring charge up Kettle (San Juan) Hill straight into the Spanish guns and everlasting glory.

BEN DANIELS wasn't in the forward assault troops, but he alternately ran and fired his way up the hill with the rest of K Troop. Walter Cash and Lieutenant Devereux, both of whom had made the trip from Colorado Springs to Texas with Ben, suffered arm wounds and seven others of K Troop were hit. Ben ran past Sergeant Haywood who was mortally wounded in the stomach and lay moaning on his side. Up the hill they charged, running, then stopping to fire, and then running on again. It was a stirring moment in history. Only this once would such a collection of western frontiersmen charge a common foe in defense of their flag. It was a last glimpse of the cream of the Old West's fighting men, acting in unison as they said goodbye to a way of life that was gone forever.

With the storming and taking of San Juan Hill, the Rough Riders and the regular army units dug trenches and proceeded to shoot it out with the enemy. Of 490 Rough Riders engaged in the assault, some 89 were killed or wounded, the heaviest loss sustained by any regiment in the cavalry division.

Sherman Bell's rupture was giving him so much pain that Daniels and Billy McGinty were detailed to take him to the hospital in the rear. Bell was shot full of morphine, a two-wheeled cart was rigged up, and the two men and their patient started off down the mountain through the dense jungles. The day was blistering hot and Ben walked behind while McGinty rode in the cart. It was spooky traveling through the guerrilla-infested jungle, and McGinty kept the cart going at a pretty good clip down the hill. Ben held on to the rear of the cart, sweating and alternately cursing and telling McGinty to slow up or he would kill Bell, but the erstwhile cowboy wanted to get to the hospital before the morphine wore off.

Bell was lying in the cart with his head facing forward, and so lower than his feet. The two troopers finally got him to the hospital and both thought he would die. Later they heard that due to the position he was in and the bumping of the cart, Bell's rupture had worked its way up until he was well on the way to recovery, and the hospital doctors didn't even have to operate.

Fever soon started attacking the troopers, and Ben spent as much time as possible caring for his sick friends in K Troop. Roosevelt himself later commented that Daniels "nursed his comrades when down with the fever with assiduous care, at the very time that he himself was so sick with the fever that he came right to death's door."

It was exasperating having to lie in trenches and only fire occasionally at an enemy's head, so whenever a detail came up that promised action, Ben was among the first to volunteer. Roosevelt repeatedly entrusted him with the leadership of the sharpshooters, who would lie all day between the lines in the tall grass, shooting to keep down Spanish fire on the American trenches.

Particularly frustrating were the Spanish guerrillas, who hid in trees behind the lines and picked off wounded men, hospital orderlies and other noncombatant personnel. Daniels and other volunteers would slip out just before dawn and spend the day tracking down these guerrillas showing them no quarter or mercy. Roosevelt noted in his book that Ben was always among the first to volunteer for these expeditions and the scouts were nearly always successful.

When early in July a flag of truce was sent into Santiago to demand the surrender of the city, the resulting negotiations gave the American troops a breathing spell. Colonel Roosevelt set his men to improving the trenches during the lull, while Ben was kept busy transporting the wounded and sick. "I would employ him," wrote Roosevelt later, "although himself a sick man, in conducting on foot the carts containing the fever-struck men, whom we had to send to the hospitals in the rear, being certain that he would care in every way for those in his charge." That Daniels was indeed a fever victim is verified by the fact that he later spent some weeks in the hospital.

Fighting resumed again on the 10th of July, but the heart had gone out of the Spaniards and on the 17th the city formally surrendered. The Rough Riders hoped to get in on the fight for Havana, but were ordered to set up camp in the foothills near Santiago. Yellow fever broke out among the Cubans and although there were very few cases in the American army's ranks, Washington was afraid to ship the troops home for fear of importing an epidemic. Heat and rain combined to make ideal fever conditions and it soon became apparent that if the army wasn't moved north it would perish. Roosevelt and the regular army commanders appraised General Shafter of the situation and soon word arrived that they were being shipped back to the States. Peace negotiations had begun and the bulk of the army units began leaving Cuba on August 6, 1898, the Rough Riders embarking on the transport *Miami.* Nine days later the Rough Riders marched ashore at Montauk, Long Island.

BEN DANIELS had suffered greatly with the fever and the day after his return to the States he reported to the hospital. He soon rallied when provided with proper food and care and reported back for duty on September 1. He recalled an incident which had occurred back at San Antonio before he had been assigned a regular troop. For various purposes the men had been formed into groups of twenty and each given a number. In Ben's group no one wanted to be assigned number 13 so, to resolve the problem, Ben had taken the ill-omened numeral. At it turned out, of the twenty men in Daniels' group he had been the only one not killed or wounded.

Shortly before disbanding the regiment, the Rough Riders were formed in a great hollow square with the officers and the color sergeant in the middle. Colonel Roosevelt was then called out of his tent and when he had been stationed in the center of the square, one of the troopers came forward and presented him with Frederic Remington's fine bronze statuette, "The Broncobuster." It was a fitting tribute from the men to their commander and the deeply touched Roosevelt, when saying goodbye, shook hands with each and every man.

Ben Daniels was officially mustered out on October 3, 1898, and drew $145.71 for his tour of duty. He lost little time leaving for the West where he sought and obtained a position with Wells Fargo and Company.

Daniels was employed as a guard and for the most part worked under Fred Dodge, the company's special officer. But Ben grew restless again and in 1899 he and his wife left for Arizona, where he engaged in mining activities. Settling in Nogales, he at times gambled and dealt faro when he was between mining ventures. Before long he was speculating in real estate and he and a partner also were running cattle in Mexico and southern Arizona. Ben Daniels prospered and became well known and influential and it seemed that at last he had found the niche for which he had searched so long. His wife must have been happy at settling down and not having to worry about her lawman husband, but at times the old fears returned when Ben joined posses to search for rustlers or train robbers.

Daniels and the other Rough Riders watched with pride the rising star of their former commander. Ben followed Roosevelt's career in the newspapers and scarcely three years after he had last seen his old chief, Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in as the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Ben enjoyed ranching and mining, but when he saw a chance to get back into law work, he couldn't pass it up. A new President meant many new federal appointments and Ben figured he was on the inside track. On October 20, 1901, Daniels sat down in the Hotel Montezuma in Nogales and penned the following letter.

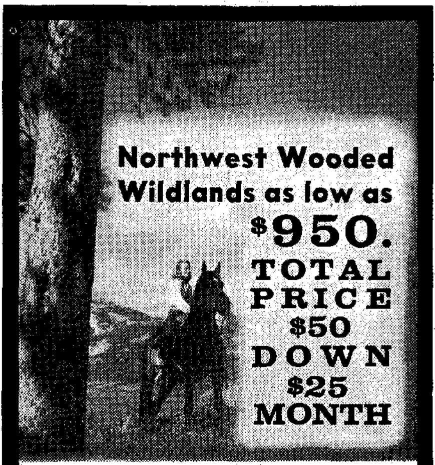
President
Theodore Roosevelt
White House, Washington, D. C.
Dear President:

As the government is investigating the acts of our collector of customs at this port (Mr. Hay) in regards to Chinese entering the U. S. through fraud it may be that removal of the U. S. Marshal will be urged and if so and that office is declared vacant, I would like to get the appointment to that place if you have not been spoken to by anyone else that you would rather have there. As ever,
your sincere friend,
B. F. Daniels

The note was as honest and brief as a sparsely educated man could make it. Plainly, Ben Daniels was a fighting man and not a man of letters, and Teddy Roosevelt must have been "dee-lighted" to hear from his old comrade in arms. Daniels was informed through official channels that the President would be pleased to consider his nomination for the post and accordingly Ben was advised of what he would need in the way of character references and other recommendations.

Ben contacted his old employer, Fred Dodge, the Wells Fargo special officer, and asked him for a letter of recommendation. Writing from San Antonio, Texas, Dodge praised Daniels and heartily recommended him for the federal post. In a separate note to his former employe, Dodge wrote "You have my very best wishes in this matter and I certainly will pull for you. Hoping you will come out on top and a sure winner, I remain, as ever, your friend, F. J. Dodge."

Daniels sent this letter, together with a petition signed by nineteen city officials and prominent citizens of Nogales, to Washington and then began settling his business affairs, certain that he was on his way to becoming the new U. S. mar-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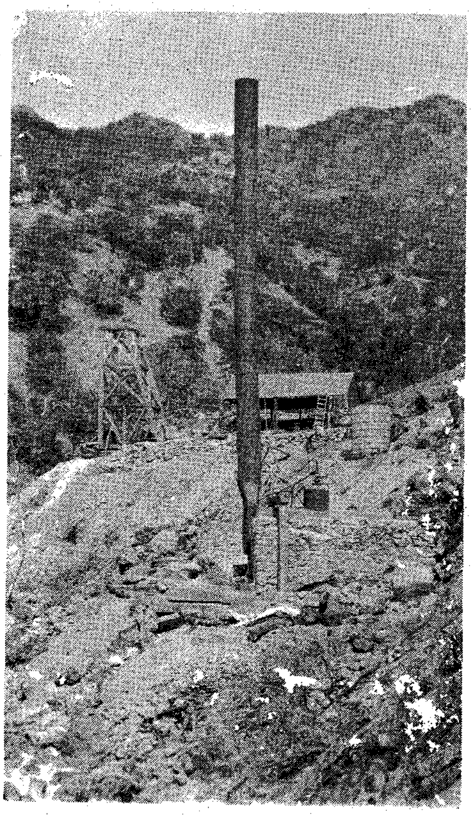

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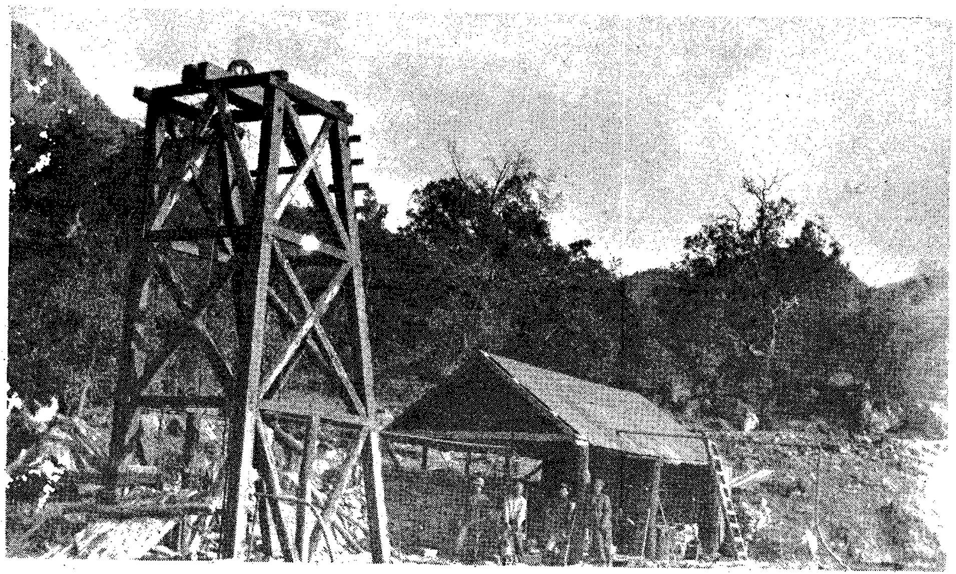

Courtesy Rex McDonnell

Two views of Ben Daniels' second prospect mine in the Santa Rita Mountains, Arizona, 1912.

shal for Arizona. Those days were a bright period in his life, but ominous clouds were gathering on the horizon.

DANIELS had filled out the customary application papers and on December 5, 1901, the presidential secretary wrote and forwarded the following letter to Attorney General Knox: "My dear sir: Enclosed I send you a memorandum of the record of Mr. B. F. Daniels, who is a candidate for the appointment as United States Marshal for the territory of Arizona. The President will be glad to have your views as to whether Mr. Daniels should be appointed.

"In this connection, it is said that Mr. Dickey of the Secret Service knows something unfavorable concerning Mr. Daniels, which came out in connection with his investigation of Collector Hay. The President doesn't know anything as to the truth of this, but would be glad to have you look it up."

Just what the presidential secretary was referring to isn't known, but it is evident that McCord, the incumbent U. S. marshal, had learned something of Daniels' past and thought he had a good chance to retain his job. Teddy Roosevelt, however, had complete faith and trust in his old Rough Rider. Accordingly, on January 8, 1902, Ben Daniels was appointed U. S. marshal of Arizona, subject to confirmation by the Senate of the United States.

The first hint of trouble came from Senator Hoar, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, to whom Daniels' nomination had been referred. Hoar received several telegrams protesting Daniels' nomination on the grounds that he was an alleged Democrat. By January 9 other telegrams were arriving which preferred a more serious charge. Hoar also received a wire from a friend of his in Nogales saying that Daniels' nomination was an insult to the people of Arizona. He accused Ben of being a professional faro dealer and said gamblers had provided him with the money to go to Washington and appeal to the President for the federal post.

Daniels' friends quickly explained that his faro dealing was only a temporary thing and that he wasn't a professional gambler by any stretch of the imagination. It was said at the time that the President was annoyed by these accusations since they came as a complete surprise, but old-timers later recalled that upon deliberation Mr. Roosevelt stated he couldn't see much difference between a man who stood in back of a gambling table and one who stood in front. Newspapers picked up the story and although the Senate seems to have taken little interest in the matter at the time, telegrams continued to arrive.

On January 14, the Ministerial Association of Phoenix sent a wire demanding the recall of Daniels' nomination. The Association represented a number of churches in Arizona and the next day they followed up their telegram with a two-page letter. "We have been informed," wrote A. M. Rowland, president of the association, "that you nominated Mr. Daniels in ignorance of his record and the manner of obtaining a livelihood. . . . We need not call the attention of a gentleman with your experience of western life to the fact that those who represent the principles of righteousness in civic government have an uphill fight under the most favorable circumstances and to appoint, as United States Marshal, a man who is a professional gambler, with a record of whiskey selling and murder, is a blow to good government from which this territory will not recover in many years. . . ." The letter enclosed a clipping from a Tucson newspaper, which noted that Daniels had been a gambler. Also enclosed was a typed newspaper story copied from an 1886 issue of the Dodge City *Globe*, telling of the Julian shooting.

The gambling charge was quickly nipped in the bud by the receipt at the White House of a telegram from Nogales. "We endorse the appointment of Ben Daniels for U. S. Marshal," said the wire. "He is the kind of man who makes a good officer. All reports adverse to his character and integrity are false. Stand by him. He is not a gambler." It was signed by twenty-two city officials and prominent citizens, including judges, bankers, the district attorney and the sheriff.

Other friends of Daniels rallied to his defense. It was charged that McCord, the incumbent marshal, was stirring up all the trouble and this was substantiated by a telegram from the acting governor of Arizona Territory, I. T. Stoddard. Stoddard maintained that the appointment of Daniels was being opposed by disappointed office seekers and irresponsible parties and that the charges against Daniels were only rumors circulated by these people. He had been told of this by the leading Republicans and businessmen of the Territory. The gambling accusation seemed to have been effectively squelched, but the disclosure of the Julian killing stirred up the embers of the past and interested parties were now searching deeply into Ben's record.

SOMEHOW, someone had gotten wind of Daniels' prison record, and contacted Attorney General Knox. Perhaps this was the information mentioned previously by Roosevelt's secretary but, whatever the source, Knox had telegraphed the U. S. Attorney for the District of Wyoming and on February 5, 1902, the following telegram was received by the Department of Justice:

Attorney General, Washington, D. C.

Appearance Docket A United States Territorial Court show on June tenth, eighteen hundred and eighty trial convictions and sentence for three years and

six months of one Benjamin Daniels for larceny. Have no knowledge as to identity of this party with party named in your message.
(Signed) Burke U. S. Attorney

Knox knew he had a bear by the tail now and would have to follow through no matter what turned up. Someone had already leaked the convict charge to the press and Knox knew he must have definite evidence as to the truth of the accusation. It was soon forthcoming.

On February 12, Knox received a letter from Burke further detailing the evidence against Daniels. A clipping from a Denver newspaper was enclosed as was a typed abstract from the prison records. The description in the records left no doubt as to the identity of the former convict, for the mutilated right ear was substantial proof that the two men were the same person. The clipping contained a recent photo of Ben, and Burke wrote that the photo had been identified by the former U. S. marshal of Wyoming as the man who was tried and sentenced on a mule stealing charge in 1880. Burke offered no conclusions as to the evidence, but the truth of the charges seemed obvious. Meanwhile, before this evidence was made public, Daniels' friends flocked to his defense.

George Bent, a prominent mining man of Cripple Creek, Colorado, stated in a newspaper dispatch that he had frequently met Daniels in Arizona during the time he was supposed to have been in prison. Other Cripple Creek residents denied all knowledge of his prison record, saying they had been acquainted with Ben for twenty-five years. O. G. Hess, an attorney of La Junta, Colorado, wrote that Daniels was a respected peace officer of Bent County in 1888 and '89 and that no one in that locality ever heard of his serving a prison term. He further declared that none of Daniels' friends there believed the charges against him. Sam Wormwood, also from Colorado, wrote saying that he "will not believe that he ever committed grand larceny nor ever served a term in the penitentiary. A more fearless, true-hearted man than Ben never lived. I hope you [President Roosevelt] will find it possible in your official capacity to stay with him as *he* stays with his friends."

Acquaintances of Ben wired or wrote from all over the country, anxious to see him given a fair shake. P. H. Pernot wrote his senator from Indiana praising Ben as a peace officer at Guthrie, Oklahoma. He had also known Daniels when both were mining around Nogales and he told of how Ben once rode forty miles in the middle of the night to join a posse searching for train robbers, "and this too, when no reward was offered nor any expected." All of the letters and wires ended by urging the President to retain Daniels as U. S. marshal.

One of the more moving defenses of Daniels was penned by Joe Porterie, a Deputy U. S. marshal for Arizona. He chided the various protests from ministers, saying these people should be the first to forgive a man for past offenses and, "if he was now living a better life, he deserves to be encouraged to do so and not branded as a felon forever. I have been in jail for killing men that deserved killing . . . and my jail record has never disqualified me to do right. Daniels went to the front at the firing line in defense of the flag and has erased his past by his deeds of valor in the field of battle and his past record should be erased forever." Porterie was clearly laying his commission on the line in the interest of fair play, but he knew full well that a fighting man could never be understood by a society which was ignorant of the frontier way of life.

DANIELS' appointment had been confirmed by the Senate early in February, but when his prison record was substantiated, the attorney general had no choice but to recall his commission from Phoenix. Public knowledge of Daniels' past created a furor in the Senate, resulting in the almost unprecedented action of having an appointment recommitted for study several days after it had been confirmed. Despite the flood of telegrams and letters backing Ben, his federal ambitions were crashing around him and he watched the papers helplessly to see what would happen next. Unfortunately, the situation worsened rapidly.

Old-time Kansans were now busily engaged in dredging up Ben's past. A letter from a Mr. Curtius recalled the Julian murder. He also accused Daniels of the murder of English in the Cimarron raid and added the damning information that "before his record in Ford County, he had been a horse thief, the lower part of one ear having been removed to brand him as such." Riley, the former Cimarron attorney, also wrote a long letter giving his views of the raid and accusing Ben of the English shooting. There were many other protests, some obviously of a political nature and others from seemingly responsible people trying to right what they considered a bad move by President Roosevelt.

Appeals came from Arizona demanding the ouster of Daniels and signed by prominent citizens, but favorable communications clearly outnumbered the protests. Frank M. King wired that Daniels' appointment was agreeable to the cattlemen and the editor of the *Arizona Daily Star* penned a letter which seemed to clearly outline the Arizona preference in the matter: " . . . Of forty Arizona newspapers," wrote L. C. Hughes, owner of the *Star*, "but three oppose [the appointment]. Large majority of remainder aggresively sustain the appointment. Prevailing Arizona sentiment is that if any offense was committed prior to the Spanish-American War, same was answered for on San Juan Hill. . . . I personally pledge to you that Arizona will sustain appointment of Daniels as Marshal of this Territory." Hughes was an ex-governor of Arizona and his defense of Ben undoubtedly carried much weight, but it was not enough.

Vilified and attacked as he was, Daniels must have felt a great sense of pride in the friends who stood by him

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when the chips were down. He had solicited references from some of his friends, but the great majority of the communications which came into the Capitol were from acquaintances from whom he hadn't heard in years. He had never shrunk from a fight and he went to Washington now, determined to try and vindicate himself and the faith of his defenders. He knew full well what he was up against as he was ushered into the President's office and faced Roosevelt and the attorney general.

"MR. DANIELS, the President and the attorney general will see you now."

The secretary had called to Ben from the doorway, interrupting the lawman's meditations as he stood at the window overlooking the nation's capital. His family, the shootings, the war—it was all behind him and no use to think about it. He didn't hold much hope for retaining his federal post, but what the hell, he had never really had the job anyway and you can't keep something you never had. He knocked the ashes from his pipe as he strode into the President's office.

On the train back to Tucson, Daniels had plenty of time to think and he must have realized the naiveté he had displayed in trying to conceal his past. Roosevelt had tried to let him down easy and had made it clear that it wasn't Ben's past which had caused the trouble so much as it was the way it had been brought to light. He reaffirmed his faith in his old Rough Rider, but told him he had no choice but to withdraw the appointment. The two had shaken hands vigorously as they parted and Daniels knew that he had no firmer friend than Teddy Roosevelt.

On February 25, 1902, Ben Daniels formally submitted his resignation from his post as U. S. marshal of Arizona. It must have been a tremendous relief.

He went back to his mining and other business interests around Nogales and perhaps cursed to himself when he read that McCord would be retained as U.S. marshal, but Ben was too busy to be bitter and his ranching and mining enterprises had too long been neglected. For several years he dropped from public notice; then in September of 1904 he was back in the news.

Ben called on Governor Brodie at Phoenix on September 27, and the newspapers then announced that he had been appointed superintendent of Yuma Prison, succeeding Col. W. M. Griffith. Daniels at first declined the offer, saying he was too involved in mining and ranching enterprises in Mexico. Later he decided to accept the position and he was to assume his duties on the first of October, 1904.

Undoubtedly the superintendency at Yuma was a political appointment since Ben was active in the Republican Party and was well known in Arizona as a result of the marshalship fiasco. There is room to speculate also as to whether Teddy Roosevelt was behind the prison assignment. Whatever the case, Ben remained at Yuma for almost a year and he did a good job. Governor Brodie, in writing of Daniels' administration, recalled, "I had such trust in his wisdom in the management of affairs that I did not deem it necessary to make frequent trips to the institution, knowing that I could absolutely rely on his reports." Other officials with whom Daniels came into contact also had praise for his work, but forces were in motion which would soon catapult Ben once more into the public's eye.

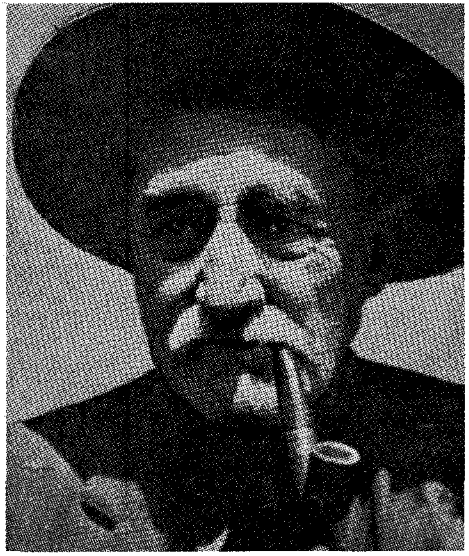
In March of 1905, Governor Brodie wrote President Roosevelt a letter in which he praised Ben Daniels highly. The letter was written, said the governor, "in order that you may be acquainted with the valuable service he rendered the territory and me while holding this position [the Yuma superintendency]. I found him honest, honorable, sober, reliable and fearless in this place of trust and responsibility, humane in his care of those in his charge . . . and at all times absolutely in command of the situation and in charge."

The letter went on to extoll the virtues of Daniels generally and was so complimentary that it is hard to imagine it could have been anything but politically motivated. Whether the governor was so satisfied with Daniels that he genuinely wanted to express his gratitude isn't known, but either Ben or his friends were probably the instigators. In all fairness, Daniels may not have known anything of Brodie's letter, but it was a major cause of Ben being again nominated for the post of U. S. marshal of Arizona Territory.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT may have forgotten all about Daniels or he may have intended to appoint him again, since remembering friends was one of his principal virtues. Whatever his thinking on the matter, the Brodie letter convinced him that Daniels deserved another chance. On March 10, the presidential secretary wrote to Attorney General Moody and informed him that when McCord's term expired in June the President wanted to appoint Ben Daniels in his place. A note on White House stationery was clipped to the letter with a scribbled memo from the President: "Mr. Atty. Genl., please look over Mr. Ben Daniels, a staunch friend of mine, for marshal in Arizona. (signed) T. Roosevelt." Whether the President was determined to obtain justice for Ben or merely to vindicate his own judgment is not important. He was standing by a friend in the best frontier tradition and this time he was prepared.

In the latter part of June 1905, Daniels turned over his post at the prison to Colonel Jerry Millay and assumed his duties as U. S. marshal for Arizona. He took the prison secretary, Walter Gregory, with him to his new post and his first official act was to move the marshal's office from Phoenix to Tucson.

Ben was again behind the star and although he was always an active peace officer, his duties now were of the office variety with field work left to his deputies. He worked hard at his job and was an active prosecutor of those guilty of federal crimes. He knew full well that he must make good in view of the turmoil surrounding his two appointments and the faith shown by President Roosevelt and his own many friends. Too, his appointment had not yet been confirmed by the Senate and a slip on his part might well again result in his dismissal. The pressure was great, but Daniels was determined to make good and, from all account, make good he did.



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Ben Daniels in later years.

Early in August 1906, Mrs. Daniels traveled to Blue Springs, Missouri where she spent several weeks visiting with her family. On her way back to Tucson, Mrs. Daniels stopped off at Emporia, Kansas, to see her husband's relatives, and Ben planned to meet her there and accompany her home. He left Tucson on August 24 and arrived in Emporia to find his wife quite ill. On August 27, D. N. Willets, chief deputy in Ben's office, received a telegram from his boss stating simply that "Mrs. Daniels died here this morning at 7:30 o'clock." The cause of death wasn't given. She was about forty-five years of age and had been married for almost twenty years.

Letters opposing Ben's nomination had been received in Washington, but not so many as before. Ben's record was out in the open this time and there seemed to be a prevailing opinion to wait and see how he handled himself. Still the Senate demurred and the confirmation was not forthcoming. There was something distasteful about a former convict becoming a U. S. marshal and the senators seemed to be stalling, waiting for something to bail them out of their dilemma. But Teddy Roosevelt was not to be put off.

The New York World of January 20, 1906, in a front page article, gave some indication of the President's indignation with the Senate: "President Roosevelt has scolded the Senate Judiciary Committee because it is a trifle slow in approving the appointment of Ben Daniels, to be United States Marshal for Arizona. The committee has deferred a report on Daniels since December because he has a penitentiary record and also has killed two men. . . . The President explained these flaws in a letter to the committee. . . . "

As to stealing the mule, the letter pointed out that Daniels was a descendant of the Vikings. The inference is obvious that such a man should not be held down to rules that govern men without pirate ancestors.

Further, so the letter explained, the mule was stolen in a new, raw country, where primal conditions and primal passions and needs governed. It was no paltry theft. Moreover, the youthful Viking took the mule *vi et armis*, which is Latin for saying "help yourself." Nor was the mule stolen from some poor wretch who could not afford to lose it. The young Viking stormed the very corral of the government itself. And, last of all, he "needed the mule." Roosevelt went on to explain the self-defense nature of Ben's two killings and the fact that he had shown "conspicuous gallantry" while serving with the Rough Riders.

In a long letter to Champ Clark, then senator from Wyoming, Roosevelt gave a stirring discourse on Daniels' frontier life and the conditions which shaped it. The Albuquerque *Journal*, in recapping the letter, noted: "Mr. Roosevelt now believes that the mule episode should be forgiven by his countrymen, in view especially of Mr. Daniels' splendid record since emerging from jail. 'A more gallant, more loyal and more trustworthy soldier never wore the United States uniform.' "

L. C. HUGHES, editor of the *Arizona Daily Star*, had long been an outspoken champion of Daniels and in March devoted almost two full columns to Ben's predicament:

"Ben F. Daniels was appointed United States Marshal for Arizona about eight months ago. During his service the people and the department of justice have had the opportunity of observing the character of the man as a public servant . . . he has and is making a superb United States Marshal in every particular. This fact will not be gainsaid by any responsible citizen of Arizona. . . .

"The question is being asked throughout Arizona by those who know him and of his public service; 'Why don't the United States Senate confirm Ben Daniels as United States Marshal?'

"The *Star* declares and challenges contradiction of the fact that no man has filled the office of U. S. Marshal during the last thirty-five years in Arizona more efficiently and with stricter integrity, with more satisfaction to the people, the courts and the department of justice than has Ben F. Daniels during the last eight months.

"We speak from personal knowledge for the editor of the *Star* has known every U. S. Marshal of Arizona and his public record during that period of time and hence we speak from knowledge of the fact and not from hearsay. . . .

"When the safety, the honor of our common country was challenged; when the *Maine* went down in foreign waters, when the world looked on to witness the spirit of America's sons, this same Ben F. Daniels whose name is now before you was among the first to tender his services in defense of our common coun-

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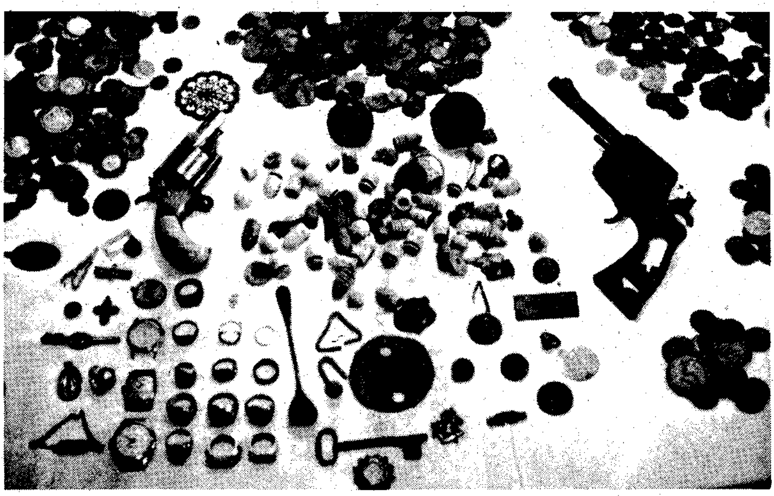

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The earnest pleadings of Roosevelt, coupled with editorials such as the *Star's* and laudatory letters from all over the country, finally opened a breach in the legislative walls. A prominent senator seemed to reflect the views of even the opposition when he commented, "Although I am not a champion of this administration, I heartily endorse the position taken by the President when he says, 'I am not willing to admit that even a grave offense in a man's youth cannot be wiped out by a record such as I have given above.'" Finally, the walls came tumbling down. In May 1906, Ben Daniels was unanimously confirmed by the Senate as U. S. Marshal of Arizona.

The faith of Teddy Roosevelt had been justified, but it was a personal triumph for Ben Daniels which heralded the high point of his life. From an outlaw and convict he had risen to become an important federal peace officer and his career became not only an example of a man rising above the violence of his beginnings, but an object lesson of the magnanimity and courage that has made this country great.

FROM ALL ACCOUNTS, Daniels was indefatigable in his duties as marshal and was one of the best appointments President Roosevelt made. He served just over four years in his post and on his last trip to Washington as a federal officer took many letters from federal judges and high state officials testifying to the splendid way he had performed his duties. President Roosevelt received the letters with a great deal of satisfaction and in a letter to the Attorney General commented that, "Daniels was one of the best Marshals we have had in the country."

Ben had met a comely widow named Annie E. Seayrs and a mutual attraction blossomed into love. They took out a marriage license on July 14, 1908 and the next day were married in the Christian Church at Tucson by Reverend J. P. Conder.

Mrs. Daniels was a teacher before her marriage to Ben and she continued her activities in this field, eventually becoming Pima County superintendent of schools for three terms. Between 1910 and 1920, Mrs. Daniels was instrumental in establishing the Arizona Children's Home and was president of The Woman's Home Council of Missions at Tucson. Thousands of homeless children found new parents and hope through the pioneer efforts of her humanitarian work.

Upon the election of Taft to the Presidency, Daniels was called to Washington and asked to resign his commission. He was told that he would be appointed special Indian agent at a reservation in Wisconsin, but when he discovered that he would be working under another agent he resigned his post and returned to Arizona. He again took up mining in the southern portion of the territory and although he remained in this business for some years, gradually his mines played out.

In the summer of 1910, Teddy Roosevelt was making a tour of western states and Ben journeyed to Denver to see his old chief for what was probably the last time. Denver gave the former President a tumultuous welcome and all state officials from the governor on down were present to welcome him to the city. As Roosevelt stepped from his car to shake hands with Governor Shafroth, he noticed Ben standing nearby in a group of reporters. Dropping the governor's hand, Roosevelt threw both arms around Daniels, at the same time apologizing to Shafroth.

"Excuse me a minute, but this is Ben Daniels and I haven't seen him for years. He went with the Arizona boys to fight and there's none better than he is."

Later, Roosevelt and Daniels met Fred Dodge of Wells Fargo, and the three old friends were inseparable during their stay in the city. The Denver *Post* published a four-column photograph of the two crusty western lawmen walking with the former chief executive and it was typical of Roosevelt that he would ignore high officials to renew old friendships among the Westerners he admired so much.

Ben continued with his mining and brokerage business, but it was becoming less profitable year by year and he decided to get back into politics. He was an active and influential member of the Republican Party and he made up his mind to run for sheriff of Pima County and was elected by a healthy majority. For the last time the grizzled old frontiersman pinned on the star of office that he had worn, in one capacity or another, for so many years.

Ben was sixty-six years old, with the infirmities of old age aching in his bones, but the fierce desire to acquit himself well still lingered in his proud heart. He was a good sheriff and undoubtedly was glad to get back into law work despite the fact that the frontier he had known and fought for was gone. It was a new Arizona Ben policed and when he led posses and helped to investigate the Ruby Post Office murders, he saw an airplane used in a manhunt for the first time in the state.

DANIELS SERVED one term in office and was a candidate for renomination, but he was defeated in the primary during the fall of 1922. He made an effort to get back into mining, but things didn't work out for him and in November 1922 he was reduced to applying for a government pension as a veteran of the Spanish-American War. His pension papers declared that he was suffering from a groin rupture and rheumatism which rendered him wholly unable to earn a living. There were signs of heart trouble, too, and between his health problems and the inactivity which was now forced upon him, Daniels' life must have seemed dull and purposeless after a lifetime of strenuous activity.

One day a passerby happened to notice the old man sitting in his car at the curb. Ben was partially paralyzed, but he had managed to wave an arm out the car window and a Mr. Minnerhan came over to see what was the matter. The attack had come as he was driving down the street and he had immediately pulled over. Luckily he had stopped in front of a doctor's office and Mr. Minnerhan immediately called Doctor Gotthelf and the two of them helped Daniels into the office. The physician shook his head as his examination revealed the seriousness of the stroke and he immediately rushed Ben to the Tucson Hospital.

Mrs. Daniels was summoned to the old frontiersman's bedside, but shortly after she arrived he died. The date was Saturday, April 20, 1923, and three days later after an impressive ceremony in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, one of the longest funeral processions in the city's history followed the old fighting man to his final resting place.

Whatever his past, Ben Daniels had served his country and his adopted state well. He was posthumously rewarded when in 1929 the Tucson Spanish War veterans' organization adopted the name of Camp Ben Daniels, Number 8. It was a late honor, but a deserved one.

But how do you judge a man like Ben Daniels? How can you reconcile Teddy Roosevelt's praise of the man with the damning indictments heaped on his shoulders by others? Of course, the answer is that we can't judge him at all, but can merely examine his record on the basis of interest. Good or bad, only his contemporaries knew the man and the standards by which his life could be evaluated. He tried to live down his past and I like to think of him as he was recalled by an old fellow peace officer. "Ben Daniels was Bill's assistant when Bill was city marshal of Dodge City," wrote Zoe Tilghman to me in March 1964. "He always spoke highly of Ben. . . . "

Radersburg

(Continued from page 23)

sacked and its contents strewn about the room. A jug of whiskey was half empty, and a man she had recently employed was gone. Charity was buried by her neighbors, and tourists can see the cross which marks her grave beside the road.

Radersburg today is a quiet, peaceful little place. Several modern residences are in colorful contrast to the dilapidated boom-time buildings now fighting a losing battle against years of neglect. Tall, shaggy trees planted by the first residents shade the streets in summer. The old town pump, although its service is no longer required, stands as a reminder of days when water didn't come from a tap. The jail is caving in and its interior is filled with debris. The courthouse, once Radersburg's proudest building, has been converted into a barn which is a credit to the ranch on which it now stands. When the mining boom was over, most of the miners left Radersburg to prospect elsewhere, but a few thought

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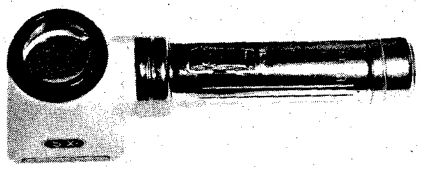

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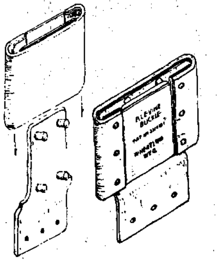

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they saw a future in agriculture and stock raising. Proof of their wise decision can be seen in the beautiful ranches surrounding the picturesque old mining town.

IN 1945, John M. Ralls, an assayer, George Harris, a truck driver, and his brother, Bud, a miner, relocated some old iron ore claims two and one-half miles northwest of Radersburg, which were originally worked by P. B. Clark in the 1880s. Clark dug out the ore and hauled it in wagons pulled by eight-horse teams to the Toston smelter where it was used as flux until the smelter was closed down. Everyone advised the three men against working the claims, as the ore deposit was not of highest quality, only about 45 per cent pure iron, but they decided to take a chance and started out by borrowing $2,500 and getting a truck on time. Someone let them have a compressor and they borrowed a dragline. Gasoline was also purchased on time.

The first truckload of ore was taken out on June 21, 1948, and by the end of 1962 Iron Cross ore totaling 139,521 tons had been delivered to the Ideal Cement Company plant at Trident, about thirty-five miles from the mine. The Iron Cross deposit was overlaid by sandstone and valley soil and stood almost vertical in the pit. Soon it took three trucks to keep up with the demand for Iron Cross ore, with each truck making three trips daily with an eight-ton load. A few years ago Art Sitton bought out the Harris brothers' interest in the mine and the partnership is now referred to as the "Sand R."

The Iron Cross is the only iron mine now in operation in Montana and many who advised against operating the old claims say ruefully, "Why in heck didn't we take a try at it?"

Ralls is very optimistic about the mine and says he believes there is enough ore to last his lifetime. Today the hum of his trucks as they pass through Radersburg on their regular runs creates an air of activity in this otherwise sleepy town.

Unlike so many early-day mining camps, Radersburg is easily reached. A paved road near the Toston railroad station will, after a drive of about ten miles, take one directly to it. Visitors are advised to watch for wildlife, especially antelope. These curious animals may often be seen in open spaces and will sometimes come close to a parked car. Camera fans should be ready, however, to shoot through a car window, for the slightest movement will cause them to bounce away like streaks of brown and white lightning.

Film should be reserved also for Radersburg itself, for its dirt-roofed, square-hewn log cabins and old frame business houses with advertising still faintly etched on weathered boards is a perfect subject for interesting pictures. The few but friendly residents are always willing to answer questions about the town's history or to give directions on how to find the birthplace of actress Myrna Loy (born Myrna Williams). Usually, too, there is an old-timer around who will encourage an interview beginning with "I remember when . . ."

Siege of the McSween House

(Continued from page 25)

was the hidden power that controlled the faction led by Murphy who owned the trading post at Lincoln.

Alexander McSween, an attorney, who with his vivacious wife, Susan, moved to Lincoln, was employed by Murphy, former trader at Fort Stanton. J. H. Tunstall, an Englishman, had come into the country and purchased a ranch on the Feliz which he stocked with cattle. In 1877 he employed William Bonney, known as Billy the Kid, as a cowboy.

Lawrence G. Murphy, formerly a major at Fort Sumner, controlled the finances of the area largely through extending credit to ranchers who paid when they sold their year's products, usually hay or cattle. Murphy had the contracts to furnish the former to supply the cavalry horses at the fort. Chisum had the beef contracts.

Inevitably the factions clashed. Murphy had the support of the Santa Fe Ring; Chisum's adherents were McSween, many small ranchers, and William Bonney. Maurice Garland Fulton, outstanding historian of the Lincoln County War, said that the conflict was a contest between the two men with the Pecos Valley as the pawn.

The controversy culminated in a battle lasting three days. The McSween faction took refuge in the attorney's adobe house in Lincoln. Billy Bonney with some of his followers visited McSween for the purpose of planning their strategy, but was far-sighted enough to leave reserves under Chavez with a dozen of their best marksmen to act as a rear guard. These men took refuge in the Patron and Montano homes which at that time were in use as hotels.

Inside the McSween house were Billy the Kid, McSween, O'Folliard, French, Doc Scurlock, Yginio Salazar, Harvey Morris, Zamora, Ignacio Gonzales, Mrs. McSween and her relative Mrs. Ealy, wife of Lincoln's Presbyterian minister.

Murphy's henchmen learned of the party's being at McSween's and about twenty-five of his men surrounded the building. Deputy Sheriff Marion Turner yelled to the inmates, "Billy, the house is surrounded. Come out with your hands up!"

Across the street in the Patron and Montano houses McSween's men were gathered for battle. Murphy's gunfighters were hidden in his hotel and store, ready for attack. Gunfire burst from the bushes and the Murphy "hideouts," and bullets thudded against the thick adobe walls of the McSween home.

"The game is up," the Kid calmly announced. With his men he rushed to the windows and returned the fire. The streets of the little village were filled with whistling bullets. Murphy sent two gunmen, Charlie Crawford and Lucio Montoya, to the Montano and Patron houses in an effort to reduce the effectiveness of the McSween faction.

They climbed to the roofs of the former

where Fernando Herrera, one of the best shots of the Chavez men, with his first shot struck the head of Crawford who toppled from the roof. Montoya turned and tried to descend but Herrera fired at him and he, too, plunged to the earth.

THROUGHOUT the day Lincoln roared with gunfire and screams of the wounded and dying echoed through the streets. A housewife sent a rider to Fort Stanton for help and the next morning Major N. A. M. Dudley, commanding, arrived with detachments of Negro troops and two Gatling guns.

An ally of Murphy, he refused to stop the fight. Later he said that because the besieging party was a lawfully organized posse that he could not interfere unless requested to do so by the sheriff. He called for a momentary truce and spoke to those within the McSween house, suggesting that the Kid, McSween and the rest of the inmates surrender to Murphy. While he was parleying, Jimmie Dolan and Caleb Hall slipped to the rear of the adobe house, poured coal oil on the door and set it afire.

The Kid ordered Mrs. McSween, Mrs. Ealy, and Mrs. Shield, who had joined the other two women, to leave. The latter obeyed but Mrs. McSween refused to leave her husband.

As Major Dudley finished his orders the Kid realized that the house was burning. He replied to the military commander with bullets. Dudley turned the gun on the Chavez faction and sent them scurrying from the town. Next the Montano and Patron houses were riddled. Again the attack was centered on the McSween place which was burning. The inmates had withdrawn from one room to another before the flames forced them to leave the building.

The Kid implored Mrs. McSween to go. As she bade farewell to her husband the boy yelled, "Lady coming out!" and all firing ceased until she reached a place of safety. Then he called to his good friend, Zamora, "All right, Amigo, make a try!"

Zamora kicked the door open and rushed out, shooting. He was followed by Harvey Morris who went through the opening and leaped high as bullets ripped into his body. He toppled over Zamora.

Then Vincente Romero raced out, shooting with both hands, only to fall upon the bodies. McSween and the Kid stood in the doorway facing death. Billy handed the attorney a gun but he shook his head. "I've never used one," he said, "and I won't start now." He stepped through the door calling to Murphy. He, too, fell—and legend says, grasping a Bible.

Inside, the Kid turned to those remaining and said, "Let's go!" They rushed into the patio, firing straight toward their assailants as they ran, leaving Bob Beckwith, a Murphy adherent, dead, and two others of the enemy wounded. Billy made it to the low wall above the river, leaped over it and slid to safety down the steep bank.

Yginio Salazar, who had left the house

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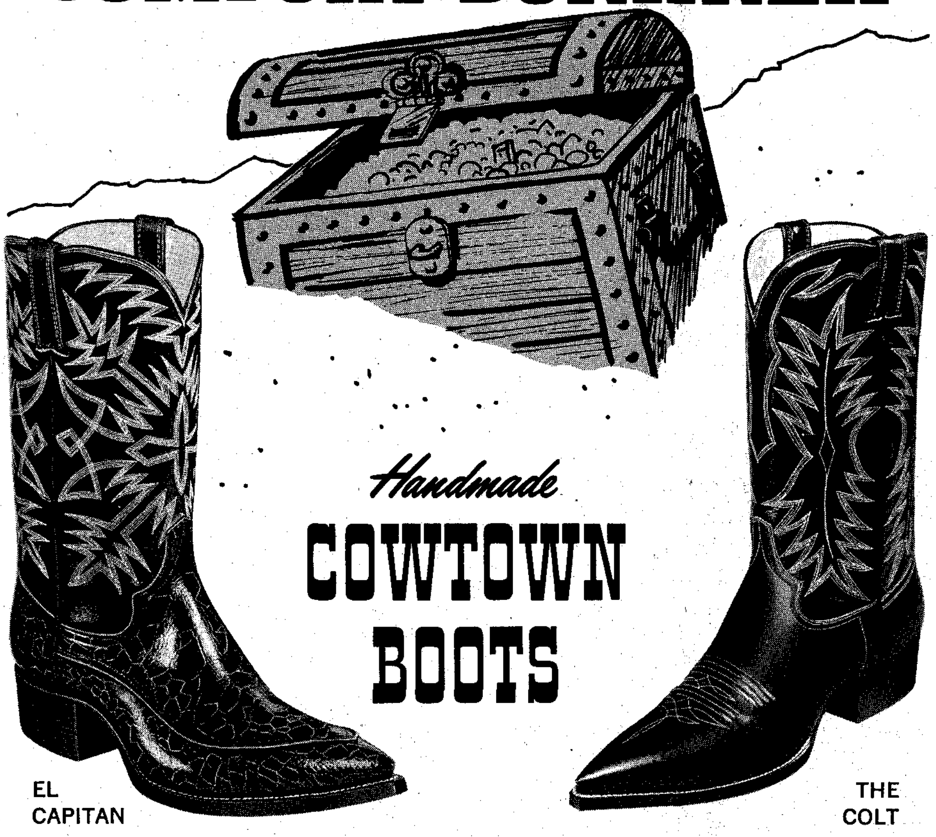

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with the Kid, said, "I had not run a dozen steps before I was struck by three bullets which hit my hand, my left shoulder, and my left side. The latter bullet passed through my body.

"I fell among the bodies of McSween, Romero, Zamora, and Morris. I lay unconscious awhile. When I realized where I was the fight was ended. The Murphy men were laughing, singing, and drinking. I thought my only chance was to play dead. I sprawled as motionless as possible.

"Andy Boyle kicked me to see if I was dead. His heavy boots struck my wounded side and the torture was so terrible that I could hardly restrain a scream. When I felt the muzzle of his rifle press against my chest I thought my time had come. Then I heard Old Man Pearce [Milo] tell Boyle not to waste a bullet on me for I was already dead. I silently thanked my guardian angel. For sometime I still had to feign death but when the crowd finally tired of their gruesome play, all left. I was the most thankful man in the world.

"I had lain there suffering and bleeding about three hours. I crawled down by the river intending to go to the Montoya house but stopped when I saw the camp of the soldiers. I reached the home of Francisco Romero y Valencia and rapped on the door, but the inmates were afraid to open it. Then I crawled to the Ellis house; they, too, refused to admit me. Next I made my way to the dwelling of Jose Otero where my sister-in-law, Nicolusita Pacheco, was staying. She recognized my voice and begged them to take me in. My shirt was stiff with blood. My sister-in-law began to cry but helped get me to bed.

"The next morning Terecita Tobasco drove to Fort Stanton and brought Dr. Richard Wells. While he was dressing my wounds John Kenny and three other Murphy men walked in. They had tracked me by my blood. They had come to finish the job but Dr. Wells talked them out of it. I stayed there two days; then Francisco Pacheco took me secretly to Las Tablas, a small settlement north of Capitan, now called Richardson. I was there some time but was taken to Fort Sumner where I lay in bed over six months."

AS A RESULT of the three-day battle which terminated the Lincoln County War, there were six dead. Romero, Zamora, and Crawford were buried in the old cemetery at Lincoln. Beckwith's body was taken to Seven Rivers. McSween and Morris are buried back of the McSween store near the grave of John Tunstall. Billy the Kid lived, but Murphy had won the war.

President Hayes was so shocked at the horror of the conflict that he had Governor Axtell removed and appointed General Lew Wallace to act in New Mexico.

Dudley was called before a court because of not having used the military to enforce neutrality. His defense was that he had no authority to use military for anything other than difficulties involving Indians or to respond to the appeal of a legally constituted officer. But in Lincoln, where Billy the Kid was loved by the people, there was rancor because the besieged got no assistance from Dudley.

Nor did the local people approve of Wallace's failure to keep his promise to the Kid. The governor had said that so long as New Mexico was a battleground for gunfighters and lawless renegades, those who would lay down their arms and quit fighting would not be held accountable for their previous acts. Billy had replied to the governor that it was too late for him to accept this offer, and that if he should attempt to ride out of Lincoln without his arms he would be killed. The Kid had refused this offer though many of his *compadres* did accept it and were not tried.

And regardless of how people of today regard the Kid, to a lot of his contemporaries he was a hero.

Lean John's Ride

(Continued from page 29)

As Brown raced on toward Monterey he was given scarcely a second glance by the many natives he passed. They were unaware of what had happened at Fort Hill and did not know the lone rider had a message of great importance concealed in his long hair.

Late in the evening of September 25, Lean John wearily rode into Santa Barbara. He had covered eighty miles since he had left the fort, a third of which had been made on foot. More than twenty-four hours had passed since he had last slept and he gratefully accepted an invitation to take a brief rest at the Santa Barbara military barracks. Captain Talbott, commanding officer there, had food and a fresh horse waiting for Brown when he awoke.

From Santa Barbara to Monterey was a distance of 270 miles over some of the roughest coastal terrain in California territory. After leaving the barracks John rode almost all day and night until he reached his destination. He had been able to obtain fresh horses from an American, Lewis Burton, who had a ranch near San Luis Obispo. In fact, Burton had provided four of his heartiest animals. As one horse began to tire, John could quickly dismount and throw his saddle on a fresh animal.

WHEN the trooper arrived at Commodore Stockton's headquarters in Monterey he was given a heartbreaking message. Stockton had left town and was now aboard the U. S. frigate *Congress* in San Francisco Bay.

To John—bone weary and extremely worried about his comrades' chances—the news of Stockton's being another 150 miles to the north was almost more than he could take. Thought was given to sending another messenger, but this idea was rejected as it was felt Stockton would insist on hearing first hand of the unexpected trouble at Los Angeles.

After continued discussion it was soon apparent that Brown himself would have to continue to San Francisco, and he was offered $200 to complete the journey. John dejectedly accepted, but insisted on rest before resuming his ride.

After three hours he was roused from sleep and given a race horse owned by a local American, John Dye. With the speed of this animal and a quick change of horses near Gilroy, John was able to reach the pueblo of San Jose in less than four hours.

San Jose was approximately half the distance to San Francisco. While there, John met with Thomas O. Larkin, personal agent of President James K. Polk. After his interview with Brown, Larkin realized the importance of the message and immediately ordered fresh horses for the last lap of the ride.

Brown was detained nearly four hours in San Jose by Larkin's interview and the difficulty of rounding up suitable animals. Taking advantage of this unexpected stop he again rested and was eager to continue when the horses were finally located. The remaining distance to San Francisco was covered in record time. He arrived at the beach just as the eight o'clock guns aboard Stockton's flagship were announcing the hour.

Unable to reach Commodore Stockton that evening, John stiffly dismounted and spent the long cold night sleeping on the beach. Early the following morning he met the market boat and was immediately rowed out to the *Congress* for his historic meeting with Stockton.

At last, meeting face to face, Lean John Brown removed the message which had been hidden in his long hair. As the commodore carefully unrolled the cigarette paper and read Captain Gillespie's message, he knew he could trust the courier; on the paper were the words "Believe the bearer," followed by the identifying mark of Gillespie's signet ring.

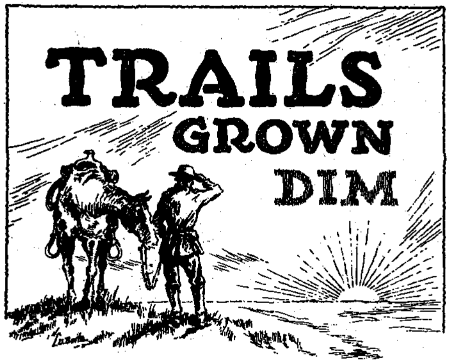
Stockton warmly thanked Brown for his loyalty and endurance and immediately began plans to sail to San Pedro and bring relief to Gillespie and his men.

JOHN BROWN'S ordeal was finally over. He had covered 500 miles in exactly 5 days. Twenty-seven of those miles had been on foot, and the entire distance had been over rough mountainous country. He had not slept or rested for more than a few hours during the entire journey and, to make his feat even more remarkable, the big Swede was forty-seven years old.

What did Brown's courageous effort accomplish? Nothing. The small American garrison had not been able to hold out until Stockton's reinforcements arrived. As for the $700 Lean John had been promised, he never received a penny.

As sad as these facts seem, nothing can detract from Brown's display of self-sacrifice and horsemanship. All told, he had ridden more than ten horses in his race up the California coast. The record he set perhaps still stands as the fastest horseback ride between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

In 1859 Lean John, or Juan Flaco as the native Californians called him, died. He was buried in the small California town which gained its name from the famous naval commander to whom John had delivered his message.



TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Sanders

I would like to hear from anyone who can give me information about my aunt and uncle, Gertrude and Villard Sanders. My aunt's maiden name was Dempsey. She is my father's sister. I believe they may have lived in Lamar, Colorado sometime during 1934 or 1935. I would greatly appreciate any information as it is of great importance to me to find my aunt and uncle.—Mrs. Ray Jackson, 1436 Webber St., Fortuna, Calif. 95540

Middleton-Morehead

Any information would be appreciated on the parents of the Middletons and the Moreheads. Joel Harrison Middleton married Mary Elizabeth Cain in Iuka, Illinois and came to Wise or Tarrant County, Texas before 1880. Their children were Henry A., Armilda F., Samuel A., and Harrison L. Who were the parents of Joel Harrison and Mary Elizabeth? Armilda Florence Middleton married Oscar Bell Morehead in Wise County, Texas on December 22, 1887. Oscar's nickname was Bud. His brothers were Burn H., Ben, and Henry. His sisters were Dora and Martha. Ben died in Tennessee, Dora died with tuberculosis in Wise County, and Martha married a Helm and died in Oklahoma. The Moreheads came from Alabama.—Virginia M. Whipple, Box 92, Canadian, Texas 79014

Thorn Wagontrain

I am seeking information on a wagontrain that left Leon County, Texas in 1849. My great-grandfather, Colonel Thomas Thorn got together 200 wagons. They were two years on the road through New Mexico and Arizona on their way to the goldfields in California.—Marie Thorn Segraves, 263 Spring Street, Eureka Springs, Arkansas 72632

George and William Miller

I would appreciate any information on what happened to two Miller brothers. William Samuel Miller, born in Green County, Kentucky, July 22, 1830, went to California during the gold rush and last wrote home sometime during the Civil War, from Marysville, California. George Alexander Miller, born in Green County, Kentucky, April 14, 1826 went to Texas and served in the Confederate Army and was wounded in the hand. It's believed he returned to Texas, maybe around Galveston. Their father, Joseph Miller was born in Green County, Kentucky on February 18, 1797 and died March 20, 1819. Their mother, Nancy Lile (Lyle) Miller was born in Green County, Kentucky on January 8, 1801 and died June 9, 1839. Their grandparents were Joseph Miller and Betty Allen.—E. L. Wilson, 8150 South Red Hill, Country Club Drive, Cucamonga, California 91730

Eslin

I would like any information on the Eslin family. As far as I know, they were from Missouri and moved to the town of Pittsburg, Crawford County, Kansas in the late 1850s. We also know that they were in the '89ers run into Oklahoma.—R. D. (Wayne) Eslin, 401 S. Elm, Perryton, Texas 79070

Johnson-McGlocklin

I am very interested in contacting any descendents of Dell or Deleware Johnson and Mose McGlocklin. I am told that Dell migrated from Texas into Barren County, Kentucky. Mose came from Blackwell, Oklahoma area to Barren County, Kentucky. Mose married Martha Skaggs and Deleware married Hester Skaggs, sister to Martha and my great-grandmother. Martha and Hester were daughters of William Henry Harrison Skaggs, who had been given a land grant in Barren County.—Mrs. James Luttrell, R.F.D. 1, Box 114, Leland, Illinois 60631

Eli P. Williams

I am interested in contacting any living descendants of Eli P. Williams who was born in Dewitt County, Illinois, in 1844 and came to McPherson, Kansas, in 1877. He married Estie Fletcher of DeWitt County, Illinois, in 1869. Williams was a prominent, early day banker in McPherson County and a former mayor, serving two different times. After leaving McPherson, he moved to Kansas City, Missouri, and is said to have operated the Westgate Hotel at the junction of Main, Delaware, and 9th streets. He had two sons, Charles H., who lived in Kansas City, and Elmer L., who resided in Los Angeles, California. A Mrs. William Chapman is also one of the descendants, address unknown. Mr. Williams is a prominent pioneer of the McPherson community, and we would like to contact descendants or relatives.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill, McPherson, Kansas 67460

Nathan Styles McIntosh

I have been searching for my grandfather, Nathan Styles (or Conklin) McIntosh (or Mack Intosh). There seems to be some discrepancy of spelling as he had been known to use either middle name, Styles being on his birth certificate and Conklin being his mother's maiden name. At any rate he was known as "Nate." Born of Scottish descent in 1876 in Seymore, Wisconsin and standing approximately six feet one inch tall and of slender build with red hair, he was a court clerk and reporter for the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs. I have traced

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him quite extensively until 1906 at which time he left Trinidad, Colorado to be a "*partner in a gold mine.*" I have been to Trinidad searching and am at a loss now. There was a report of a mine at Tres Piedras, New Mexico—the Good Hope Mine. However, I could not learn who to contact next. Also I have heard of an old gentleman in Boulder, Colorado named Pherson but can't seem to locate him neither. No one ever heard of my grandfather after 1906 but I would like information about the mine in New Mexico to which I went (near the abandoned town site of Tusas, actually, and nine miles from Tres Piedras) or information about Nate. I welcome all letters and anyone with any leads at all please write. —Alma Gordon, 1020 North Gardner, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73127

Good Men and Bad

(Continued from page 40)

who had mended her fence and broken her heart, was none other than Black Jack Ketchum. In all probability it had been Black Jack or his gang who cut the fence in the first place.

Mary Hudson kept her counsel; she had admired the man and would not soon forget him.

THE ST. JAMES was famous not just for its fine food and excellent liquors (both hard to come by in that area), or as a backdrop for many a battle. It was also the unofficial morgue.

Cowboys, most of whom didn't get into town very often, made the most of their brief stays. First the liquor, and then the fun. And their ideas of fun were usually rough and dangerous. One oft-told story bears it out, and there is at least one living witness of the following incident.

A group of recreation-hungry and thirsty range hands pounded into town just after a cyclone had skipped over Cimarron and virtually demolished an old adobe building which was falling apart already. The cyclone merely hastened the inevitable, blowing off the roof which took everything with it except one broken wall. Adobe walls were built about three feet thick.

Among the visiting rangehands was a braggart who'd been getting on the others' nerves, and his "buddies" dared him to ride his horse to the top of the wall and make the six-foot or so jump from the ragged end. It's doubtful that the loudmouth welcomed the dare—but he knew if he didn't accept, he'd be in disgrace forever. The horse would gladly have reneged, disgrace or no disgrace, but was finally coaxed to make the climb.

All was going well, though slowly, when some cowboy with either not enough sense or too much whiskey, suddenly fired a shot into the air. The horse, already nervous, lost its footing and he and his rider plunged to their death.

As was the almost invariable custom, the body was carried to the saloon and laid out on the billiard table, the group in sober silence. An inquest was held by a justice of the peace who promptly handed down a verdict of "unavoidable accident."

Not a murmur of complaint rose when *this same dignitary charged* the deceased with carrying a concealed weapon—and awarded the cowboy's little ivory-handled pistol to the sheriff. The deceased also had a "concealed" bottle of whiskey, which went to the pall bearers, and forty dollars in cash. As the J. P. reckoned the cowboy should rightly be buried at the county's expense, it isn't hard to imagine who was "awarded" that forty dollars.

THE MAN who built the St. James Hotel and Saloon in the 1870s was Henri Lambert of Nantes, France, who had run away from home when he was twelve years of age. He made his way to the United States after learning the cook's trade in Le Havre. There is some reason to believe he "jumped ship" when the mood hit him. Anyway, he became chef to the staff of General Ulysses S. Grant, and later transferred to Fifth Army Corps Commander General Warren. In two months' time he received orders to report to President Abraham Lincoln in Washington. A very surprised young cook found himself head chef of the White House kitchen. His reputation of being able to make the most common foodstuff a gourmet's delight had preceded him.

But the lure of gold drew him to what is now New Mexico, though he soon learned he was a better cook than miner. The St. James Hotel was the result. It was the most elegant hostelry in all the Territory. Fabulous furnishings arrived, sometimes by oxcart, the likes of which most of the people in that part of the country had never seen. The food, of course, was superb, but the saloon got much more attention.

Old registers of the hotel show an incredible list of famous names—such as Territorial Governor Lew Wallace who stayed there frequently, possibly neglecting affairs of state while he doggedly wrote the immortal *Ben Hur*. But the truth is, for every Lew Wallace there was a Clay Allison or a Black Jack Ketchum and members of his notorious gang. Many of the "Wanted" visitors who frequented the hotel and saloon used aliases—not only for self-protection but out of respect for the owner and his beautiful wife.

Buffalo Bill helped Henri Lambert keep vigil in the saloon the night Mrs. Lambert was upstairs giving birth to her first child. A blizzard was raging outside, and when an outraged squall was heard and the announcement came that it was a boy, Buffalo Bill was as exuberant as the father. He ordered a round of drinks for all, and declared the infant should be named "Cyclone Dick," and appointed himself godfather.

Mrs. Lambert didn't think Cyclone Dick was quite proper for her first-born. However, she didn't object to Cody's role as godfather. And Cody took his duties seriously. Fred Lambert was a mere nubbin when Cody began teaching him things that every boy or man should know—the ways of wild animals, tracking and hunting. Especially how to shoot and shoot accurately. More important than anything else, he taught the boy respect for firearms—that they were not toys and should be used only when absolutely necessary.

Fred, who was born January 23, 1887, got his first assignment as a lawman at the incredible age of sixteen, partly by accident and partly sheer bravado. He was minding the telephone in the hotel one afternoon when a call came in for the marshal, who had a lot of acres to ride herd on. So the story goes, a bank had been held up by two men and a woman. They were believed to be headed for Cimarron. Fred promptly volunteered to take care of the matter, and the lawman at the other end of the line was possibly deceived by his deep resonant voice and deputized him then and there.

Fred was quite calm. After all, he'd known all kinds of people in his sixteen years, and hadn't Buffalo Bill taught him how to take care of himself in any given situation?

He intercepted the trio and ordered them to surrender. The bandits, probably in a brief state of shock at being confronted by the pleasant-faced youth with the stern authoritative voice meekly surrendered their weapons and Lambert escorted them into Cimarron and made them as comfortable as possible in the tiny jail. (The jail is still standing, and in good condition.) The jail is small, as a large one would have been a waste. Nearly all arguments were settled "out of court."

Fred Lambert had become a lawman and a lawman he remained until his retirement a few years ago. His father's famous saloon had made him familiar with some great men—and some of the most murderous outlaws of the Territory. He'd learned the proper and judicious way of dealing with both. He might not like my saying it, but I think his greatest asset was his polite, gentle manner.

After his wife's death, Fred returned to Cimarron. I asked him why, and he answered simply, "I was born here, I'll die here."

He is now enjoying a long cherished dream, operating a museum of town and territorial memorabilia in an old three-story stone building directly across the street from the historic hotel where he was born.

Lambert is no youngster, but his eyes are piercing and clear. He is versed in all facets of Western lore, and he loves people, children and animals.

I get fist-fightin' mad when someone refers to Cimarron as a "ghost town"; obviously such a person has never been there. If the friendly, hospitable people who operate the Don Diego Hotel and Saloon, the storekeepers in the village, and other citizens are ghosts, they are the most active and lively group one could hope to meet.

Perhaps, out of nostalgia, the wraiths of Kit Carson, Black Jack Ketchum, Buffalo Bill Cody and Bob Ford do drop in the saloon from the other world. But even the most imaginative doesn't claim to have ever seen them.

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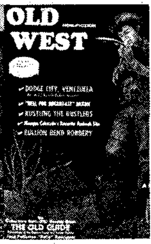
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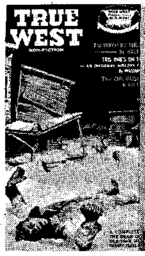

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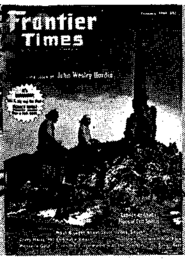
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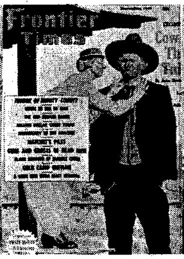
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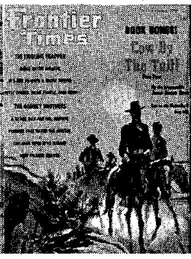
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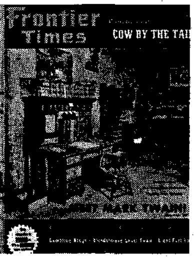
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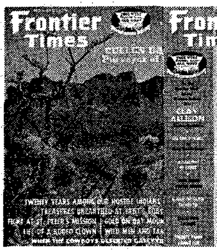
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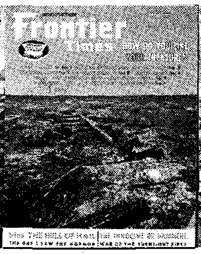
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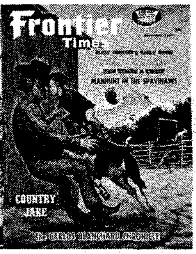
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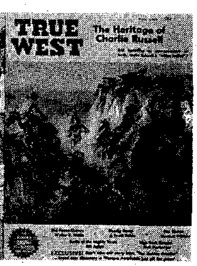
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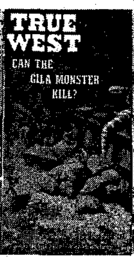
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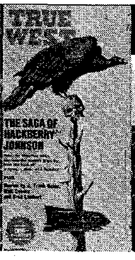
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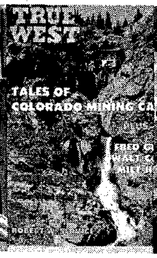
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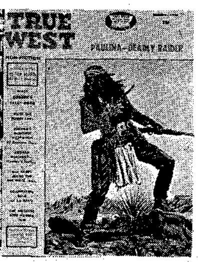
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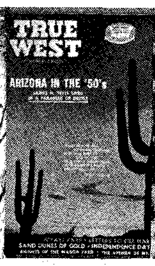
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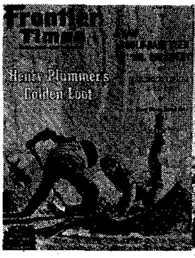
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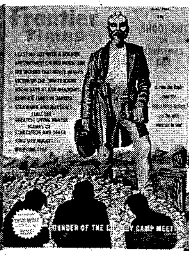
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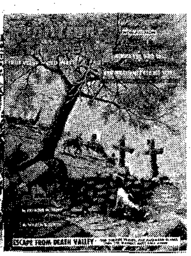
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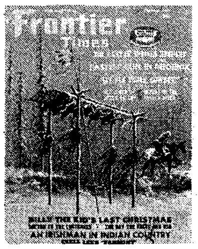
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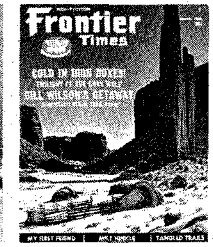
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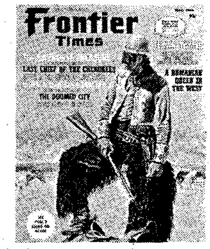
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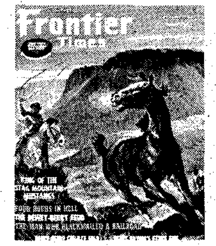
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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 5)

chronology, a pronunciation guide, bibliography and an index enhance the text and picture. A joy to look at . . a pleasure to read. Highly recommended.

AT A RAWHIDE BIER

Riley Grannan's Last Adventure (Packsaddle Press, $5.50) is by Sam C. Dunham. The eulogy at the bier of Riley in the mining-camp of Rawhide, Nevada in the spring of 1908 was delivered by Herman W. Knickerbocker—once a Methodist minister but then a miner and promoter. Riley had been a famous race-tracker plunger and he ran the most popular gambling-house in Rawhide until he was struck down by pneumonia. The Knickerbocker oration was one of the most eloquent ever delivered in the West and while he spoke without notes, his words were recorded in shorthand by W. P. deWolf, a California newspaper man. Les Beitz, the publisher, gives the printing history of Dunham's report in a brief introduction and there is a map and several 1908 photos of Rawhide. The book is further enhanced by a frontispiece drawing by Will Crawford, one of the truly great pen-and-ink artists of the Golden Age of Illustrating (1885-1935). This first Packsaddle Press book was issued in an edition of 500 numbered copies—and it is a top job in all respects.

TEXAS TALK

The Illustrated Texas Dictionary of the English Language (Creative Books of Houston, $1.00) by Jim Everhart and photographs by Thaine Manske is short on words but long on laughs. Special spelling, examples of use, and appropriate facial expressions and "body English" serve to create a delightfully hilarious spoof of Texans by a Texan.

Do You Save Your Scalp or Your Life?

(Continued from page 35)

the time he was a reporter for the *Missouri Democrat.*

"People flocked from all parts to view the gory baldness which came upon Thompson so suddenly," wrote Stanley to his paper. "The man was evidently suffering tortures and appeared weak from loss of blood."

Thompson was taken to the Hamilton House and Drs. Pecke and R. C. Moore were summoned. They soon dashed his hopes that his scalp could ever grow back. Their main concern was to save his life.

Dr. Moore made this report to the Second Annual Meeting of the Nebraska State Medical Society: "William Thompson, an employee of the Union Pacific Rail Road, was scalped by the Cheyenne Indians near Plum Creek Station on the night of August 6, 1867. He was placed under my care on the morning of the 8th, about 36 hours after the wounds were inflicted.

"The scalp was entirely removed from a space measuring 9 inches by 7. The denuded surface extended from one inch above the left eyebrow backwards.

"There also was a severe tomahawk wound, also a slight gunshot wound through the fleshy part of the right arm. Suppuration was very profuse, but the patient, being strong and in excellent health, rapidly recovered.

"He had severe neuralgic pains on the right side of the head and face, but in about three months all pain ceased and nearly the entire surface was cicatrized."

William Thompson quit his job with the Union Pacific and soon afterwards decided to quit the United States altogether. But before he returned to his native Hampshire, he presented his scalp to Dr. Moore. In later years the good doctor gave it to the Omaha Public Library where it rests today.

Mysterious Benefactor of the Navajo

(Continued from page 19)

Peach Ceremony, today called the Peach Dance. Some of those same trees, gnarled and old, were still bearing fruit as late as 1900. Their location supports the Navajo statement of where the Havasupai farms were.

The Peach Ceremony was in progress the night a stranger, bareheaded and clothed in a gray robe, a twisted rope around his waist, walked into camp. At first the Havasupais watched him in some uneasiness, but his peacable, kindly appearance soon dissolved their concern. He looked exactly like the white stranger described by the Navajos who had been present at the benediction ceremony over the field.

After standing silent a few moments the stranger raised both hands toward the sky, seemingly mumbling something although they could not hear a word spoken. Then turning, holding a crucifix in one hand, he motioned to the men with the other.

When no move was made to join him he turned back. Using the free hand he made a sort of sign talk in the air, warning that enemies were closing in. At least that was how his motions were interpreted. Several men hastened to the horse herd, mounted and dashed northward. Their scout located the Ute camp about two miles away. At dawn the enemy would attack. When they returned to the farms the man known to Navajos as Gray Robe had gone his way. Forewarned, the women and children and stock were hurried to safety.

The Utes moved in with the first light of day and were charged from the sides by lancers and bowmen. The Utes had a few guns but the slow process of loading them permitted the Havasupais to use their stone age weapons faster and the raiders were routed with great losses.

In the 1930s I asked the venerable Havasupai Chief Watahomogie about this saga. After reflection he replied, "That is the history they tell of the long ago."

WATAHOMOGIE was born at those farms about 1844. From his son Elmer, my friend for fifty years, details of three other visitations were obtained. But compared to the Navajos during the century to follow, they did not have many experiences with Gray Robe. Then and to this day, Havasupais are convinced the Navajos were the "chosen people." They were present when the area was blessed whereas the Havasupais were not.

John Boone, Indian scout during the Geronimo campaigns, lived in about the center of Red Valley. His hogans and that of his two sons stood almost under the walls of White Horse Mesa. He was almost ninety years old the fall of 1934.

One morning he began walking around the family fields in a flood water flat, admiring the thick stands of corn. It was about ready to shuck out and dry on the nearby rocks. The Boones produced more corn than all other family groups. That and his war pension provided a good living for the entire unit. Failure to raise a good corn crop, however, meant hard times for them.

As Boone sauntered around he was startled to discover a gray-clad, bareheaded stranger waiting quietly between two stands of corn. These clumps were set square to each other and grew head high from the six grains planted in each hill.

Uncertain of the man, Boone walked closer. As he did so Gray Robe, for it was he, pulled an ear of corn in the green shuck from a stalk, and husked it. He then made a sign toward the north end of the fields where a dry wash entered. All at once a roaring of water filled the air. Then it was gone, and smiling slightly Gray Robe also went away.

Hastening back to the hogans Boone told his sons what happened. Not doubting his word, they went to the spot where they found the corn shucks and the bare ear, but no tracks marking the soft soil. That night it was decided that the warning meant a deluge was about to descend —one big enough to destroy their corn.

For that reason all the families turned to husking corn and piling it on the high rocks to dry in the sun. They still had about half an acre to go when thunder and lightning, most unusual for that season, tore the skies apart over Red Mesa during the night. Down the big dry wash roared a torrent of water from a cloudburst on the mesa. The field was inundated and completely destroyed. Indeed, it washed out the fertile soil to bedrock. The next year a new location had to be cleared of sagebrush for planting.

My only experience with Gray Robe, if it could be called such, occurred in 1940. One late afternoon when business at Inscription House Trading Post was slack, I decided to go to Tonalea for the twice-weekly mail. Present were the aging Navajo Mountain and Sagnetyazza, both medicine men of the big rites. They wanted to go along for the ride.

At Eagle Nest Rock, dusk was turning to night when we crossed a dugway over a thirty-foot deep wash. Going the five miles on to Tonalea, we sacked the mail. Afterwards I loitered in conversation with the trader. We finally started back for Inscription House around ten o'clock that night. Approaching the wash crossing, the pickup was slowed for the descent, a very steep grade.

Suddenly the two old men startled me by yelling together, "Stop! There stands

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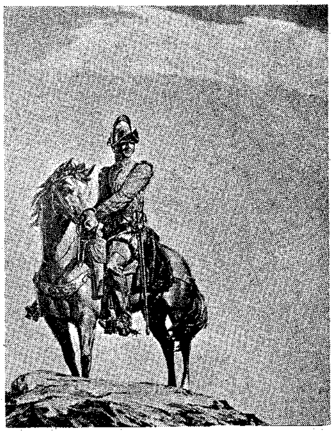

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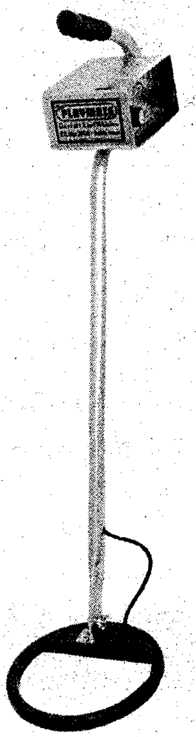

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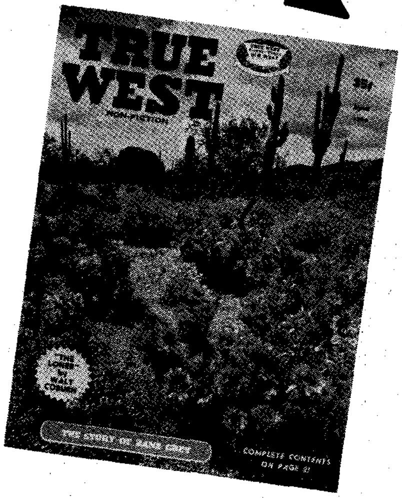

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Gray Robe in the sagebrush!"

Startled I jammed the brakes too hard, killing the motor while rocking the pickup to a halt. At the same time my gaze turned toward the spot where they looked. For a bare instant, not more than three seconds, it seemed that a dim gray shape stood near the road in bright moonlight. Maybe a hallucination; maybe nothing. To this day I have never been sure whether I actually saw anything or not. Whatever created the illusion, both hands of the figure were raised in a pushing back motion. Then abruptly nothing marked the sagebrush where the gray had been.

Something more important had distracted my attention, wiping all else out of mind. In the silence left by the dead motor the roar of swift water in the wash could be heard plainly. Getting out we walked part way down the sharp descent staring in disbelief. There had not been a cloud in the sky all day, much less any shower of rain. When we crossed the wash it had been bone dry. Yet it now ran in high flood, lapping into the dugway roadbed at the highest points. A few more yards and we could never have stopped in time.

Gray Robe had saved us, and the two old men never believed anything else to their dying day. How to explain it? I have no idea and do not bother seeking an answer.

SAGNETYAZZA had been involved in three other incidents with Gray Robe. The nearly disastrous one occurred when he was nineteen years old, before he became an army scout.

The worst drouth in a decade plagued the entire Navajo country. One by one watercourses dried up. Creeks in the deep canyons and the springs were the last to go. Frantically, Indians moved their sheep and large livestock from place to place trying to find enough water to keep them alive. Sheep, especially, were dying by the dozens.

Sagnetyazza emerged from seventy-seven-mile long Navajo Canyon with a very weak flock. He couldn't possibly have herded them to the Colorado River as a final resort or he would have gone there. Having been told that a small spring dripped a little water on the rim of Cowsprings Canyon, he passed through Red Valley on his way to find out.

Exhausted animals were strung out far behind him when he got the strongest ones to the spring. But it was gone, completely dried up. In the depths of despondency Sagnetyazza sat down on a rock. The world seemed to end, for there was nothing he could do now.

While he sat there with all hope abandoned, Gray Robe walked up silently before him and signaled for him to get up and move in the direction a long arm pointed. Struggling to his feet, Satnetyazza gathered in a few bunches of huddled sheep. Gray Robe was no longer with him when he turned in the direction indicated.

Over some low sand beds he found a series of large potholes in reddish sandstone. Even before he could see them the sheep started running and bleating. They smelled the water. Each pothole was rimful.

Astounded, the Navajo rushed forward to regain his strength with the life-giving liquid. Thereafter he brought in small bands of sheep until all were watered. The next day a heavy rain fell over the valley, rejuvenating people and livestock.

For years he marveled about what happened to save him. No clouds, no sign of rain before he saw the potholes. Certainly not one drop had fallen onto the sun-hot rocks in which they existed. He also knew that it was impossible for them to have caught water after drying completely following the spring runoff of melting ice and snow.

The stories of Gray Robe, with responsible people as witnesses, are too many and detailed for all of them to be outright fabrications. These people saw something they accepted as a warning and succor. But what?

During my many years around the Navajo Indian Reservation I looked into scores of contemporary incidents involving Gray Robe. Several witnesses to the same incident were questioned in lengthy conversations. Nothing developed that gave any reasonable answer.

So, like the old traders before me, I don't know why such unexplainable things occur, or how—they just do.

A Choctaw's Revenge

(Continued from page 31)

the Tussys was working in a coal mine near Coalgate, I.T.

Alfred would follow this slender lead. The next morning he rode north to Wapanucka, on through Bromide, then east toward Coalgate. When his horse threw a shoe, Alfred walked and led the animal most of the day along the wooded trail. Toward evening he made camp, and staked the animal in a thicket where there was a stream and dry grass. The man was tired and concerned about his horse. He took his saddle and lay down by a large log as if for protection.

Alfred was dozing when he heard a low nicker of a horse. A horse and rider were approaching. Alfred pulled the saddle blanket from the log, and crouched with his finger on the trigger of his gun. Slowly the rider drew closer. It was one of the hated trio—young Tussy. His shoulder-length black hair was bouncing with every step of his horse.

The waiting man took a bead and as he pulled the trigger, screamed, "YAAA-eeeeee—know me, murderer!" and was rewarded by a gleam of recognition as the last light faded from Tussy's eyes. The doomed outlaw plunged from his saddle.

The Tussy brothers had known after they killed Julius that his father would seek revenge, so they had separated, the younger one going to the coal mining area to get work. When his money ran low, he had decided to go back home. Cattle there were easier to steal; also Annie might have some money.

Alfred rode the dead man's horse and led his own animal toward Blue River. Lucy was in the yard making soap in a big black pot; the boy Emmet was carrying sticks to add to the fire. All were overjoyed to see one another.

IT WAS NOW fall—time to take the corn to the mill for grinding except for the portion saved for hominy, which Lucy prepared so well. The black peas had been gathered and were drying. Pears had been preserved and the bees had produced well. Alfred butchered his hogs. He packed them in salt, crude brown sugar, red and black pepper, and saltpeter which Lucy had brought with her dowry. Alfred was beginning to think again of his quest. Times were very hard but the man knew his family had plenty of food.

Mansfield, I.T. on the main road to Texas was usually a fount of news, but not for Alfred. He had crossed Red River into Texas when he came upon a young farmer who was having difficulty controlling his mules. Alfred noticed a single-tree was broken behind one of the animals. The Indian man dismounted and went to the side of the road, cut a thick willow pole and fitted it over the broken wood, securing it with leather thongs from his saddle.

Louis Desmond, the young farmer, happily insisted that his benefactor stay for a meal and a night's rest and meet his wife and their first-born, a little girl named Lee. Alfred enjoyed his visit and told the couple about his son Emmet, now five years old.

This journey proved fruitless. No one had seen the two Indians whom Alfred described. When the Victor family was together again, the first snow had fallen.

LUCY and Alfred had decided he should go to the Kiamishi Mountains for a deer. They had been plentiful there the previous year. Leaving the next morning, leading a pack horse, Alfred headed for a hunt deep into the Choctaw Nation. There were several hunters on the trail, Joe Colbert being one. They spoke of the murdered Julius, and Joe knew his old friend was searching for the two remaining Tussys. He told Alfred they had been seen on the trail and were two days ahead.

The stalker from Blue River thanked Colbert and kicked his horse into a gallop. At last—a lead! "I will find them," he thought. "The deer are not as plentiful this year. I've seen only two groups among the cedars, munching tender grasses under the snow."

Alfred headed for a draw where a little spring bubbled down into a partially enclosed area. Thin sheets of ice lay by the water's edge. Alfred had camped here before. He watered his horses, fed them a few ears of corn from his bag, then hobbled the animals.

After two hours of sleep, Alfred Victor opened his eyes, sat up and listened to the quiet of the snow falling—then something else. He smelled coffee—there was no wind—whoever bent over that campfire could not be far away, he thought. He would take a look.

Picking up his rifle, he climbed silently out of the draw onto the slope. The coffee aroma was stronger. He kept down

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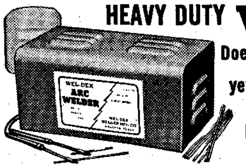

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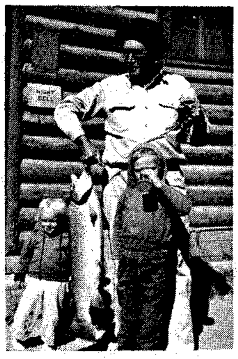

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and walked about a hundred yards. The moon was out, but not too clear. Alfred came to another draw, much like where he himself had camped, and in the half-light he could dimly discern a tent. He crept along the ridge to get a better look—it was the Tussys!

Two freshly gutted deer hung in the cedar tree nearby. Drinking and eating, the brothers were obviously pleased with their success. Alfred fell to one knee, aimed at the nearest man, shot in rapid fire, hoping to get both of them and screaming "Murderers! murderers! I am Alfred!"

The closest Tussy fell dead with the first shot. The killer of Julius disappeared. The hunted was wounded, however; his shoulder was burning like fire. The moon went under a cloud.

Alfred was running. As a rock rolled, he shot and ran to where he thought his man was. But Tussy had ascended the incline and crawled up a cedar tree where he breathlessly waited. Julius' father stalked his wounded prey. He found only one of the Tussy horses; he loosened the hobble, whacked the animal sharply across the rump and watched it run off through the cedars.

Finally Alfred limped to his camp, weary after his night's exertion. Morning came, cold and grey; more snow had fallen. Alfred returned to the Tussy campsite, saw the dead man lying where he had fallen, the deer in the tree, the campfire covered with snow. The tracks of the wounded man were obliterated.

Alfred was sorry to disappoint Lucy, she would be expecting a deer—but she would understand—and he started for home.

WHEN it was spring again and the pear trees were in bloom, Alfred planted corn. The little boy helped his father with lesser jobs. His parents praised him.

Lucy was expecting their second child. Twins were born, one dying at birth, but the little girl Julia was a beautiful baby. Emmet went away to Harley Institute, a school for Indian boys.

Alfred continued to grieve for his oldest son, hoping for a chance to avenge his death. An inner urge kept telling him to go to Lexington. Lucy begged him to stay home—hadn't enough killing been done? But Alfred prepared for his journey; his promise to himself must be fulfilled before there could be any rest.

It was June, the air smelled good, rain had been plentiful, and the woods were full and green. Alfred Victor somehow felt his mission would soon be over. "Oh, to sleep—without seeing Julius dead—Oh, Nahni-waya, may he be happy with you," the father prayed.

Alfred passed the turnoff to Coalgate, remembering the big log which had protected him. He had no definite plans. At the Washita River, which was running full, he hesitated and turned upstream without crossing, went on for a way, then turned back and crossed the river. The Hamptons lived a few miles ahead; they were related to the Tussys—the brother he sought could be there. Alfred did not wish to offend the Hampton men, who were honorable people.

He observed the place from a distance, and the house seemed vacant of human life. A few chickens were walking in the yard. No dogs seemed to be around. There was a saddled horse in the corral. The aging man tied his horse under a tree and cautiously approached the corral. He did not recognize the horse, but something familiar caught his eye. It was Julius' saddle blanket; Alfred had given it to his son a short time after their reunion.

"Tussy is here! But where are the owners of the property?" Alfred wondered.

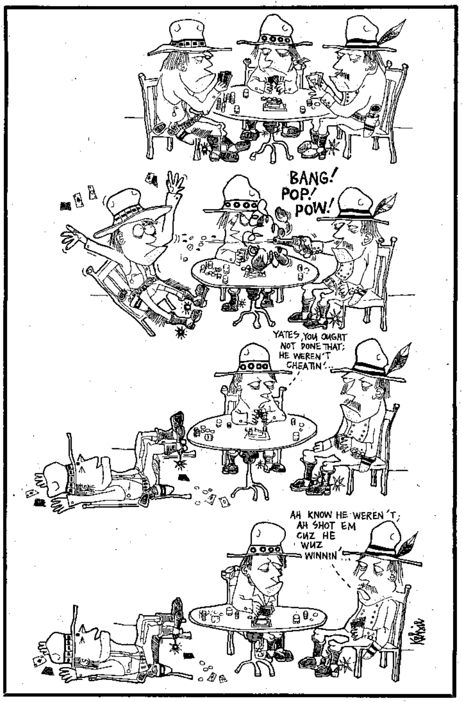
He crept to the window and looked in. Without fear he walked to the front door, through the parlor into the dining room, then cautiously opened the kitchen door. There sat the man who had killed his son—eating his relatives' food.

Tussy and Alfred Victor saw one another at the same time. Alfred reached for his knife. So did Tussy as he sprang to his feet. The warrior lunged at his enemy; Tussy stepped back on the defensive, looking for a way out. Victor kept moving forward—waving—stabbing—lunging—screaming, "I'll kill you now! I've waited long for this, Murderer!"

Tussy, backing toward the door out of the house, stumbled and Alfred was on him in an instant to drive the knife home. Dragging the dying man across the porch, Alfred threw him into the yard, calmly walked to his horse, mounted and reined the animal south.

His vengeance was complete, and he was never questioned.

Some will say this isn't the way it happened, but my father, Emmet Victor, told me—and his father Alfred told him when Emmet was a grown man. My father died August 17, 1932 and is buried at Blanchard, Oklahoma. My grandfather lived to be ninety-eight years old. He died March 6, 1926, and is buried at Blanchard. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.


BANG! POP! POW!
YATES, YOU OUGHT NOT DONE THAT; HE WEREN'T CHEATIN'...
AH KNOW HE WEREN'T; AH SHOT EM CUZ HE WUZ WINNIN'...

Snow Buried Denver!

(Continued from page 33)

the newspapers in the first place, since there were no deliveries. Whether the rumors were true or not, they made for juicy and exciting copy.

But it wasn't all fun and games. Of the people who were determined to get home on foot, some made it; some didn't. Ed Jones, a friend of my father, walked from town to his house in south Denver, a distance of about four miles. At the time, the snow was nearly waist-deep. The best he could do was to take a few steps before falling into a drift, then get up to struggle another few steps. Hours later he reached home exhausted, only to find he couldn't get into the house. Snow was drifted solidly against the doors. Borrowing a neighbor's snow-shovel, he began to dig. That effort, combined with his previous exertion, brought on a fatal heart attack.

In another instance, an elderly woman attempted to reach her home in north Denver which meant she had to cross one of the many overpasses at the railroad yards. Swirling snow made walking a nightmare. Nearly blinded, she stumbled and fell, and found herself half-buried in a drift. She screamed for help, hardly daring to hope anyone would hear her. But someone did—a patrolman who was trying to walk his beat in the face of the storm. He dug away the snow and helped the woman to her feet. Then, clinging together, they made their way to safety in the matron's quarters at the city jail.

The heroic patrolman probably had to go out into the storm again, for the matron's quarters seemed to be a haven for females only. Before the storm ended, countless women from teen-agers to grandmothers found shelter there. Among them was a young mother with two small boys in tow. They had gone Christmas shopping, leaving a baby at home with the father. The girl was almost hysterical. Putting her head on the matron's shoulder, she sobbed, "My husband won't know what happened to us. And I'm afraid he won't know what to feed the baby!"

That was the way it was during the storm. Those at home worried about the ones downtown, and vice versa. Communications were practically nil, because not every home had a telephone at that time. In addition, many lines had broken with the weight of snow.

HUMANS weren't the only ones to suffer. Many animals, isolated in fields, died in the storm. Others, stranded in barns, got plenty hungry before help got to them. On the outskirts of town, my uncle's horses went without feed for several days. The barn was located about 600 feet from his house, and it took Uncle Will a long time to dig that far through the tightly packed drifts.

Friday was a repeat performance of the previous four days—snow all day, snow all night, and people still marooned downtown. Then came Saturday morning. Denver opened its weary eyes to find the sun shining brightly.

The big clean-up began, with work

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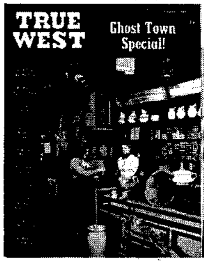

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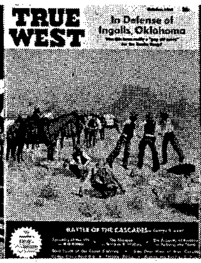

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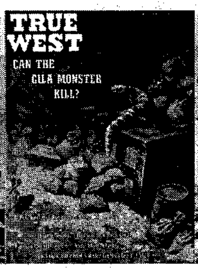

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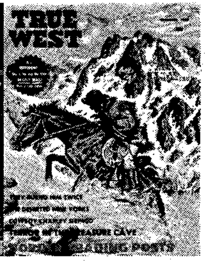

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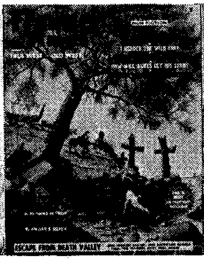
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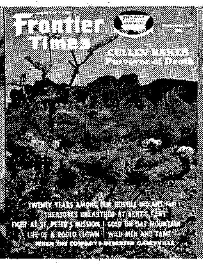

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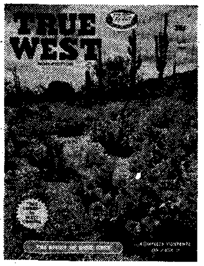

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concentrated in the downtown area first. The city was begging for workers. So was the tramway company. In this day of the automobile, it is hard to believe that cities once were so dependent upon streetcars. They were the chief means of transportation for most people. Stores hired boys to deliver packages from one end of town to the other, and these messengers rode the streetcars. In many cases, doctors went to the bedsides of patients via the tram cars. It was imperative that streets be cleared as soon as possible.

Any man with a snow-shovel and a strong back could find work at $2.50 a day. If he had a team and wagon he got more. First, snow was to be shoveled from roofs of buildings—if the roof hadn't already caved in from the weight, that is. Snow, heaved into the downtown alleys, often reached as high as the second story windows. From the alleys and streets it had to be shoveled into wagons and hauled away. Huge loads were carted to Cherry Creek and the Platte River, where the melt would pose no flood danger. When officials felt no more should be dumped in the river beds, the snow was hauled to our Civic Center. On one huge pile some wag set up a sign stating: "This snow free today. Plenty more in stock."

A newspaper, the Denver *Post*, ruefully recalled how, the summer before, it had plunked out $200 for two carloads of snow to stack in front of its office on Champa Street as a tourist attraction.

It was much later before work started on residential streets. But, being just a kid, I couldn't have cared less. All that mattered to me and my playmates was the fact that we didn't have to go to school. For a time, life was one big holiday. It was great to look up at the snow in front of our house. It was banked far higher than my head, and in the backyard it rose above the top of the high board fence.

I was the most popular kid in the neighborhood after my father shoveled snow from the yard, piled it on top of that already on the fence and packed it down. He created a hill for sleds and home-made skis. Our mothers didn't think so highly of it, as I recall. Our clothes were often soaked, due to the fact that we didn't always slide by conventional means. Sometimes it was just on our bellies or bottoms.

One of the boys contrived a pair of skis from a couple of old barrel staves which he tied on with string. Charlie got to be an expert at schussing down our slide. One morning his mother sent him to the grocery store, and he took the short cut across a vacant lot. We kids watched him scoot along, envying his professional technique. His skis worked perfectly. But on the way back something happened. He stumbled and suddenly disappeared into a snowbank. Only one of his legs was visible. It stuck up in the air, still sporting a barrel stave.

We couldn't go to his rescue; we didn't have skis. But we yelled plenty. To that accompaniment, Charlie finally surfaced. One ski had broken and plunged him into a snow-covered hollow filled with trash. He came up still clutching his grocery sack, and his ski-less foot was wedged firmly in an object we elegantly termed a "thunder mug," long discarded. Shaking off this impediment and his remaining ski—now useless—Charlie floundered home as best he could, with no apparent injury except to his pride.

BY THE FIRST of the year, a month after the storm, most downtown streets and alleys had been cleared. Residential streets had tracks broken through, enough so vehicles could travel. Of the snow cleared from downtown and dumped in Civic Center, some was still on the ground the next July, creating great excitement among tourists.

In spite of the havoc the storm caused, it was not without positive results. It was a "wet" snow. Each cubic foot weighed twenty-two pounds. Its thirteen million tons were estimated to contain some three billion gallons of water, shattering all previous records for precipitation. Official depth measurement was 45.7 inches. If this doesn't seem like much compared to some parts of the country, it must be remembered that Denver lies in the "arid West." Normal rainfall for the city is about 42 inches per year. The 1913 snow brought it up to 115.9 inches for that year, nearly 74 inches above normal.

Denver has had heavy snowfalls on only two subsequent occasions—in November 1946, and again exactly ten years later, November 1956. But neither one even came close to the big snow of 1913.

Big Bend Treasure Hunt

(Continued from page 15)

snake I had ever seen. He struck at the beam of light but fell short about two feet. I followed him to the floor with the beam. His rattlers began sounding warnings as he coiled and I simply froze.

Suddenly the cave was alive with rattlesnakes. I looked back at the boulder. Diamondbacks were slithering out of the opening above. At this instant I noticed something about the skull I had missed before. Through the holes of the eyes I could see something inside.

I stepped backwards and the first rattler, now coiled, struck again. This time I was within range. His strike was toward the flashlight, his fangs clanked as they struck the metal case, knocking the light from my hand. I turned to run for the entrance and then it happened. My feet became tangled in the rope I had dropped. I fell and the big rattler was under me. I screamed as his fangs sank into my right shoulder.

The next instant I was on my feet and Charlie was pulling me toward the entrance as I clung to the rope. The rattler struck again. This time the high leather top of my boot caught the brunt of the thrust, and the poisonous venom flowed harmlessly into my boot top.

We treated the wound immediately according to the directions of our snakebite kit. The poison was already beginning its work. Charlie sent me toward the car, then gathered our gear and followed. Swelling was becoming evident in my arm, neck and face, and shock was setting in by the time I stretched out in the back seat. I lost consciousness as the car bounced toward help—but in my thoughts I could see gold coins inside that skull.

TWO DAYS LATER the doctor released me. He suggested I take it easy for awhile for another snakebite would finish me in a matter of minutes. I was lucky to have a second chance. The venom had done considerable damage.

I decided for the present not to say anything to Charlie about what I had seen in the cave. We made plans to go back but I suggested we wait until the first cold weather. I was very leery of rattlesnakes at this point.

Weeks ran into months. Something would always come up to cancel any plans we made to return to the caves. Charlie, not knowing what I had seen, was not overly eager to tangle with the den of rattlers. I put off telling him about the skull for fear he would go before I could arrange to go with him.

The close of school drew near. Big Bend has very limited winter weather and we had missed the chance the few days of cold had afforded. It would be almost impossible now to explore the cave before the snakes would take over again.

I left the area during the summer to do graduate work. While attending college, I was offered an attractive teaching and coaching position nearby and accepted it. I didn't know where Charlie was exactly. He had taken a job with an oil company, working as a seismograph operator.

I am not sure if he returned to the cave during that summer. I wrote two letters to his former address but they were returned unclaimed.

During the fall I began making plans for a return to the Big Bend region. My first opportunity would be during the Christmas holidays. Unusually heavy rains brought floods to lower regions of Texas in early November. Newspapers carried front-page stories of walls of water rushing through Reagan, San Francisco and other Big Bend canyons. The town where I had lived was almost destroyed by a flood rushing down the canyon where it lay. Never in the recorded history of the area had such huge amounts of water fallen from the skies. The dry, sun-baked ground soaked up very little. Water accumulated in the canyon areas and swept through with tremendous force.

By December I had found a partner. He was a regular participant in local rattlesnake hunts. His equipment consisted of a pressurized gasoline bottle which sprayed fumes. He said it would drive the snakes from any area. He wasn't afraid to tangle with rattlesnakes, anyway. In fact, the trip to the cave would be a chance for him to capture some snakes which I assured him would win trophies in the next Rattlesnake Roundup.

The trip, following a Christmas dinner and other festivities appropriate to the season, was quite tiresome. As we entered Sanderson, debris from the recent disaster was very noticeable. We stopped at a small store and picked up needed supplies; then turned toward the Reagan Canyon region.

Getting over some of the low spots was a chore. Washed-out places had to be filled with rocks before crossing was possible. The area was still somewhat strange to me. I had been here only once. Charlie and I had arrived before in pre-dawn darkness and going back out I was in shock; now I was not sure of the exact locations. I did recognize the cattle guard, however, where the mountain lion had hung.

At a site I had finally decided was the right place, we left the car and hiked up a small mountain. Nearing the ridge I could see where tons of rock and dirt had crumbled down into the canyon below. The water had had a lot of punch as it neared the Rio Grande.

We descended to the canyon floor to scan the cliff for the caves. I was almost sure this was the vicinity in which Charlie and I had been. But no caves were to be seen. We searched the canyon for three hours. In one spot we found a small stream of water seeping from under tons of the cliff wall which had collapsed and tumbled down the mountainside. It was not possible to determine if this rivulet was a spring or seepage from an accumulation left by floodwaters.

The only trace we found of any past civilization was a large iron key. I discovered it partially covered by a huge boulder.

Charlie's and my old hunting ground could possibly be in another place. The surroundings were familiar but the country looks about the same everywhere in that region. And if the cave crumbled under the side of the canyon, only heavy machinery could possibly uncover the hidden treasures I know are there—if not in gold coins, then in untold quantities of artifacts.

Prospectors have been looking for Spanish gold for seventy-five years in the Big Bend country. Today, some are still searching. Another story which goes the rounds concerns some government troops sent to destroy the Apaches and protect settlers during Texas' many Indian troubles. A colonel in one of the outfits had a Negro aide named Bill. One day while on a scouting party, the squad got into an encounter with a band of Apache warriors. Bill ran to a nearby canyon for cover. After the fray quieted down, Bill came out with his pockets full of gold nuggets and a story about a canyon of gold. The colonel, who at the time was preoccupied with countering the next move of the hostiles, could not check out his aide's story. After returning to the fort, Bill again explained about the nuggets to the colonel. Later, when the Indians vacated the area, both went back to inspect the canyon of gold but Bill could never locate it. I realize, more than most, how easy it is to lose something in that vast wilderness. Yes, even a canyon.

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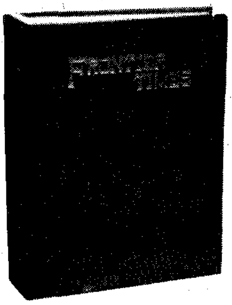

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

would make a home with us. Old Dad and his son had traveled to Kerwin from Utica, New York. His son became the time-keeper for the mine in Kerwin and also had built the first house with a bay window and colored glass set in the upper part of the windows. He told about the operation of the mine and how he spent the winters there when the snow was ten to twelve feet deep and everyone had to go out the upper part of the windows because they were snowed in.

He told us of Broncho Nell who freighted in supplies for the mining outfits. They had to unhitch the trail wagons on Jo Jo Hill. The town is almost surrounded by tall peaks and the road itself follows the stream. Jo Jo Hill was about two-and-a-half miles from town and people could hear Broncho Nell shouting obscenities at the horses when she was hauling freight up Jo Jo Hill.

The mine superintendent's home had gingerbread trim all over the porch, red wallpaper, red carpet and red velvet drapes with gold trim. When these people left old Kerwin, they took nothing they owned. They left all their furniture and an old large-horned phonograph with cylinder records. Among the songs on the records were "Pins and Needles, Needles and Pins, when you get married, your trouble begins," "In The Shade of The Old Apple Tree," and "Over The Waves." There were still sheets on the beds completely rotting away. Spoons on the table in the kitchen had rusted through on the bottom.

They had an old-fashioned washtub made of pressed paper and painted. I took an old frying pan, went down to the stream and found flecks of gold in the sand.

In the mine office we found the check stubs used at the time. I had not read about old Kerwin until I read your magazine and thought your readers might enjoy this story about the old town and the old miner who lived there. —Edna Gray, Lazy Three Arrow Ranch, 1814 Sureste, Las Vegas, Nevada 89109

Bigfoot and Sasquatch

Dear Mary:

I surely enjoyed the story, "The Apemen of Mt. St. Helens," in FRONTIER TIMES. My purpose in asking for correspondents and information about Bigfoot or Sasquatch is simply to gather and exchange all material so far printed on the subject and to make it available to anyone who is seriously interested or is researching it. I am particularly interested in contacting people who have actually had personal contact with the creatures in order to get their first-hand accounts. I am sure your magazines reach many people in the western states who either have had such contacts or know of others who have.—George F. Haas, 5309 College Avenue, Oakland, California 94618

Gun Inscription

Dear Sir:

I need some help in identifying an inscription on a gun I have in my possession. The gun was purchased from Mrs. R. D. Walker of Dallas, Texas. It has the inscription, "FY to WWJ," on it. I have been able to trace WWJ. He was known around Gonzales County, Texas as Bill Johnson. "FY" gave the gun to him, but who is "FY"? Bill Johnson in turn presented the gun to E. D. Walker, Waelder, Texas. Walker then was deputy sheriff. His father before him was judge there for some sixty years. The old judge was known as Uncle Zeke. This information was given me by a resident of Waelder, Mr. E. R. Wyatt, who now resides in Pleasanton.

Other information has been supplied by Mrs. Alice Hopkins, San Marcos, Texas, as the judge was married to Mary Ann Elizabeth Hopkins. The gun, a .44-40, 4¾ barrel, nickel finish, pearl stock, factory engraved, #85284 single action army revolver, used only black powder ammunition and was one of a kind in a shipment to Beneke & Peiree, San Angelo, Texas, November 29, 1882. This gun passed hands about the time Dick Glover, sheriff, was killed in Gonzales by Cortez, June 16, 1901. Johnson was a farmer and later moved to Lubdock. Perhaps heirs may be interested in this gun.—Mrs. V. Owen, 1338 Owen Drive, Irving, Texas 75060

The Mormon Wizard

(Continued from page 27)

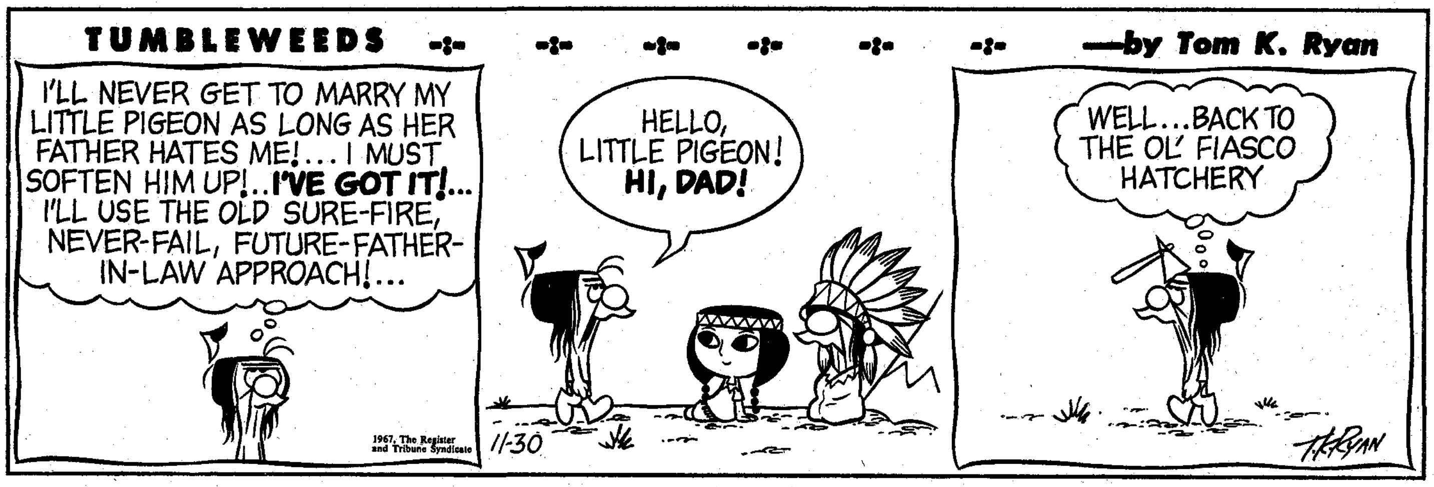
threat to their monopoly and tried in every way to stop work on the new smelter.

Knight was forced to purchase a flooded mine in order to obtain water for his smelter, to open a coal mine to obtain needed coal, to build a power plant for electricity, and even to build the Eureka Hill Railroad to haul his ore when teamsters were pressured into refusing to work for him. But even with all the obstacles placed in his path, the new smelter was a success and was soon doing custom smelting for other Tintic companies. And it wasn't long until Salt Lake City smelters were forced to cut their prices in order to compete with him.

Jesse Knight became a millionaire many times over. He started a whole group of new companies, often just to create employment in places where it was needed. Among his far-flung ventures were the Layton Sugar Company, the Knight Bank, the Spring Canyon Coal Company, several ranches and co-op stores, and the Knight Woolen Mills. The story is told that when Knightsville and its mines were at their peak, officials of the Mormon Church obtained a large loan from Knight to pay debts owed by the church, thus fulfilling the prophecy he had made to his son when they were laboring at the Humbug claim.

Knight's mines were like a great treasure vault, but like any vault they could hold only so much treasure, and one day they were empty. Gradually the ore bodies were worked out and the mines closed. With its ore supply reduced to a trickle his great smelter creaked to a halt and in 1915 was dismantled. Knightsville became the ghostliest of ghost towns. In time its last citizen moved away and the little camp on the slopes of Mt. Godiva fell into decay. People from nearby camps hauled buildings away or tore them apart for lumber, and what had been left fires and time claimed. Jesse Knight died March 14, 1921.

Today only a few broken ruins and the foundation of the old brick schoolhouse remain as a monument to The Mormon Wizard.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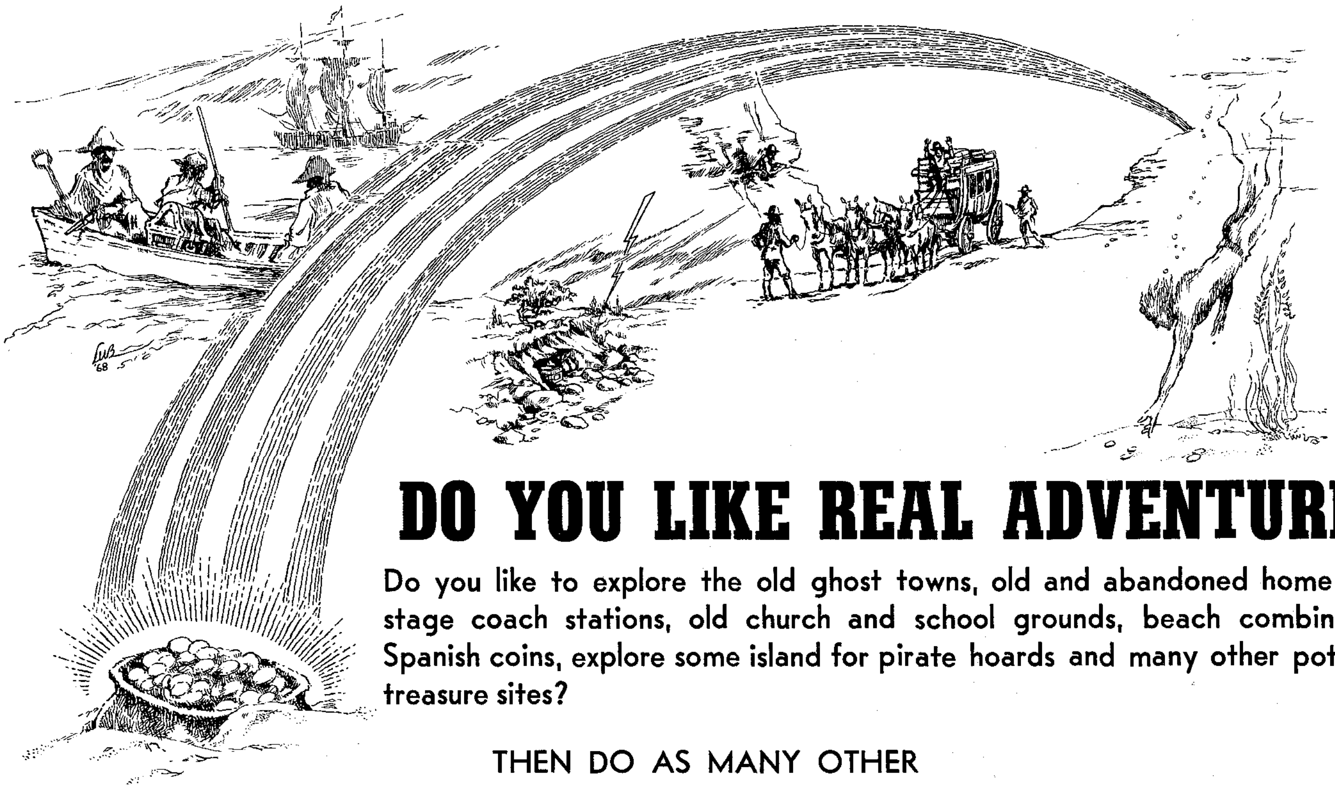
—by Tom K. Ryan
I'LL NEVER GET TO MARRY MY LITTLE PIGEON AS LONG AS HER FATHER HATES ME!... I MUST SOFTEN HIM UP!..I'VE GOT IT!... I'LL USE THE OLD SURE-FIRE, NEVER-FAIL, FUTURE-FATHER-IN-LAW APPROACH!...
1967, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
HELLO, LITTLE PIGEON! HI, DAD!
11-30
WELL...BACK TO THE OL' FIASCO HATCHERY
T.K. RYAN

IS THIS *YOUR* POT OF GOLD?



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